SADOR LIBRARY
FEB 12 1981
PASADENA CA 91123
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A 20-MINUTE CALL ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY WILL COST ME ONLY $3.33? WHAT'S THE CATCH?"

No catch. No hidden costs. You can telephone visit with out-of-state family and friends for 20 minutes for $3.33, or less. That includes tax.

Just be sure to dial direct when rates are lowest. That's any time Saturday and Sunday till 5; or, if you prefer, any night after 11 till 8 in the morning.

Twenty minutes is just an example. And $3.33 is for the maximum distance, so many of your calls could cost less.

The chart below gives you many more city to city prices.

Have a nice visit.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

Rate Chart

All prices are for 20 minute out-of-state calls dialed direct, without operator assistance, any time Saturday, Sunday 'til 5 p.m., or any night after 11 p.m. 'til 8 a.m. Rates do not apply to Alaska and Hawaii. To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEWARK	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE
ATLANTA		3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	2.99	3.16	3.00	3.16	2.83	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.33
BOSTON	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.16	3.33
CHICAGO	3.00	3.16		3.16	3.16	2.50	2.83	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.16	3.33
CLEVELAND	3.00	3.16	3.16		3.16	2.83	2.66	3.00	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.16	3.33
DALLAS	3.16	3.00	3.16	3.16		3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
DENVER	2.99	3.00	2.50	2.83	3.00		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33
DETROIT	3.16	3.00	2.83	2.66	3.00	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
INDIANAPOLIS	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
MEMPHIS	3.16	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
MILWAUKEE	2.83	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
NEWARK	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
NEW HAVEN	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
NEW YORK	2.83	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
OMAHA	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.16	3.33	3.33
PHILADELPHIA	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16		3.33	3.33
SAN FRANCISCO	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33		3.33
SEATTLE	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	
	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.33	

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're looking for people to write children's books

Writing for children is the perfect way to take up writing, says the author of 53 children's books. Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's probably the straightest possible line between you and publication — if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers.

By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

If you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin — to break into print — to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching (and 53 books) I can tell you this: you'll go a long way before you find anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people 'really dig' is an experience you'll never have anywhere else. (In this age of boob tube illiteracy, convenient morality, and plastic values, *do you know of a more important audience?)*

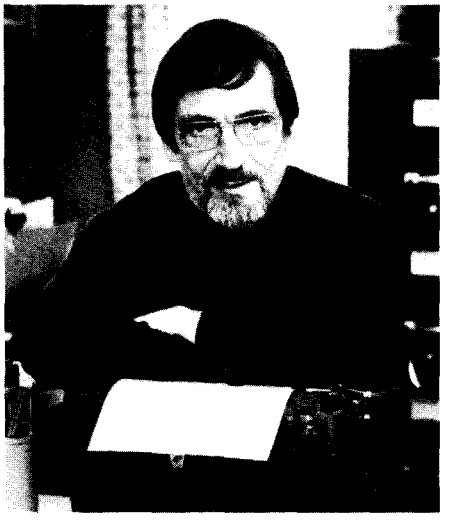
But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. Between 2,000 and 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for as many as half of them.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going!

Am I really qualified?'

Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer: "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

This is our definition of a "qualified person": It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.



Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into The Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

When we teach, you learn

I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own children's books I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for writers that does only one thing and does it better than any other educational institution I know of: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors — all of whom are experienced writers or editors — work more or less the same way.

When you're ready — at your own time and your own pace — you send your assignment to me and I read it and reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it. Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would — if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

The proof of the pudding

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at it if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that many of our students break into print even before they finish the Course.

Kathleen Huber, N.Y., N.Y., writes: "Regarding my sale to *Highlights for Children* for $125, it started out as an assignment for The Institute, and *Highlights* was only the second magazine I had sent it to. Certainly your Course made this sale possible. It may be the best investment I ever made."

A.M. Hummel, Danville, Pa., writes "When *Highlights for Children* accepted my short story — Assignment #8 in the Course, and sent me a $65 check, I could hardly believe it! Then, within a week, I got another check and a go-ahead assignment for a second piece."

'I won first prize of $400 for a Course assignment!'

"Before taking your Course (which I checked out with the National Better Business Bureau), the short stories I scribbled for my two tiny tots never caught an editor's fancy," writes Emily Burns of Salem, Oregon.

"My first sale, to *National Catholic Weekly*, was a Course assignment. Then I submitted another Course assignment in a writer's competition and won first prize of $400!"

Free Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find qualified men and women with an aptitude for writing, the Faculty and Consultants of The Institute have prepared a four-page Writing Aptitude Test. It is offered free and will be professionally evaluated at no cost to you by our staff.

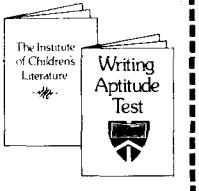
Just mail the coupon below to receive your free Test and 24-page illustrated brochure which describes The Institute, our Course, Faculty, and the current market for children's literature. If you demonstrate a true aptitude for writing, you will be eligible to enroll. But that's entirely up to you.

There is no obligation.

The Institute of Children's Literature
Redding Ridge, Connecticut 06876

Dear Mr. Tresselt: **G-76**

I am interested in your program to help new writers get started. Please send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and 24-page illustrated brochure. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and no salesman will visit.



Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss

Please circle one and print name clearly

Street

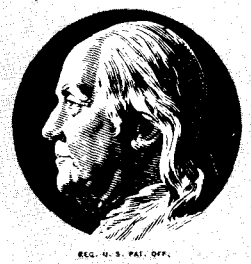
City

State **Zip**

Approved by the Connecticut Commissioner of Education

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

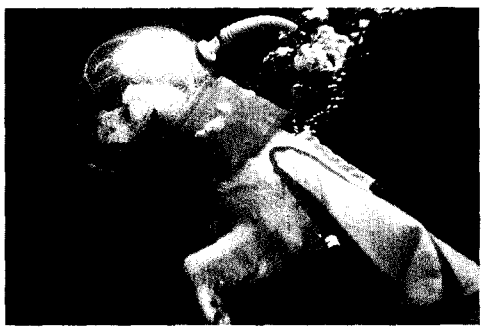
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CO.
a subsidiary of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
CORY SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Boning Up On Benji

Every dog has its day, but America's most lovable "mutt with brains" is having a heyday with owner/trainer Frank Inn.

60

Answer To Cancer?

Hope for the prevention of cancer may depend upon getting the bugs out of interferon and interferon out of the bugs.

76

The Saga Of Rudolph Hess

Something funny happened on his way to England—but for the past 40 years, Hitler's Deputy Führer hasn't been laughing.

50

Bobby Knight: Having a Ball

54

Malcolm Muggeridge On Solzhenitsyn

44

Copyright © 1981 The Saturday Evening Post Company, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All rights reserved. Title Reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN 0048-9239) is published monthly in 1981, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June, and July/Aug. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, business and circulation offices are located at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions: One year, $12.00. Canada: $13.50. All other countries: $14.00. POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Allow six weeks for change of address. Controlled circulation postage paid at Indianapolis, Indiana, and at additional offices.

CONTENTS

March 1981
Vol. 253, No. 2

FICTION

Lightning Never Strikes Twice, *Mary Roberts Rinehart* 18

FEATURES

New Life for the Aging, *Michael Allen* 28
He's Too Busy to Die, *David Bolling* 36
I Abused Credit Cards, *A Prisoner* 42
Saluting Three Flags 49
The Strange Saga of Rudolph Hess, *Nick Thimmesch* 50
How I Converted an Old Farmhouse into a Shambles, *Maynard Good Stoddard* 58
Bewitching Benji: Everyone's Best Friend, *Jill Williams* 60
Ray Kroc: Burger Master, *William Barry Furlong* 64
The School of the Ozarks, *Curt Smith* 70
Kiddies on the Keys, *Ted Kreiter* 74
Can Interferon Prevent Cancer? *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 76
The Exciting Promise of Interferon, *Alice Barruss* 77
Cracker Jack—Full of Surprises, *Maynard Good Stoddard* 82
New Hope for Jamaica, *Ken Artis* 84

DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editor 4
Speaking Out: The American Family is Alive and Well, *Al Moffett* 14
Adventures of the Mind: Solzhenitsyn Reconsidered, *Malcolm Muggeridge* 44
Sports: The Tempestuous Bobby Knight, *Fred Mitchell* 54
Post Scripts 86
Food: France Along the Diet Route, *Barbara Harris* 104
Where in the World? 110
Travel: New Zealand's North Island, *Ted Kreiter* 112
Medical Mailbox, *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 126
Post People 129
Photo Contest 130

Cover Photography by Joe Camp

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work, and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, or photographs.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

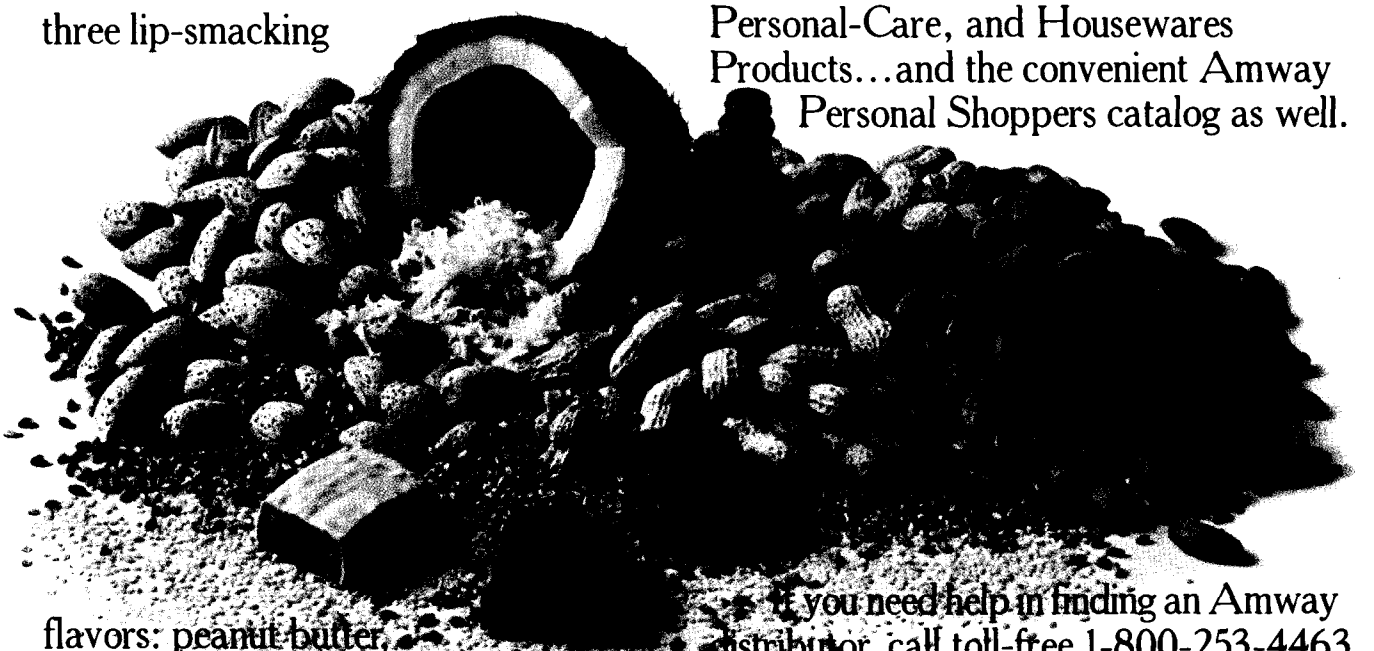
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nutrilite® Food Bars.

Three delicious new meals ...anywhere...anytime.

Introducing the newest addition to the Nutrilite Food Supplement family ...the Nutrilite Food Bar.

Combining the best of science with the best of nature...it's available in three lip-smacking flavors: peanut butter, creamy almond, and cocoa almond.



Each Nutrilite Food Bar provides 100% of Adult U.S. RDA of 10 essential vitamins and 2 essential minerals, plus significant amounts of 3 additional minerals and protein to give you twice the vitamin-mineral count of other leading bars. In fact, the Nutrilite Food Bar is nutritious enough to be a complete meal... while being relatively low in calories.

And each one is wrapped airtight for lasting freshness...for home, work, or play.

The Nutrilite Food Bar is sold exclusively by Amway distributors. There's probably one in your neighborhood.

Contact an Amway distributor today and get the whole story about the Nutrilite Food Bar and other Nutrilite Food Supplement products. And ask about Amway's fine Home-Care, Personal-Care, and Housewares Products...and the convenient Amway Personal Shoppers catalog as well.

If you need help in finding an Amway distributor, call toll-free 1-800-253-4463 (except in Hawaii and Alaska, write from there). (Michigan residents dial 1-800-632-8723). Do it now.

Amway Corporation,
Ada MI 49355.

© Amway Corp., Ada, MI U.S.A.
All rights reserved.

Amway
SHOP WITHOUT GOING SHOPPING

Get the whole story!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Saluting Simon

As one of the many journalism graduates of Dean Walter Williams of the University of Missouri in the 1920s, I was taught the importance of honesty and accuracy in news reporting.

Articles such as William E. Simon's "You Can't Trust The News" (November 1980) comes as a sickening indictment of much of today's media.

It is articles such as this that the citizens of the U.S. need in order to understand the counterculture of many writers for newspapers and the electronic media. Simon's comments on the dishonest reporting of the incident at Three Mile Island is just one example of the country's need for accurate interpretation in the press.

Thousands who read your November issue will fail to let you know of their appreciation. The quality and authenticity of *SatEvePost* articles is an asset of tremendous value to readers who want the truth.

Albert Karsch
Farmington, Missouri

"You Can't Trust the News" by William Simon certainly is true. In order to get a true picture of world affairs, I subscribe to a foreign monthly magazine and a weekly newspaper.

However, I have not found any foreign magazine or newspaper that reports the domestic news any differently than the American news media. That is because they receive all of their American news through an American news service.

Thanks very much for that article and for *The Saturday Evening Post.*

John Waggy
San Mateo, California

Watch this Space

After reading your delightful article, "At Home In Space," (December 1980) by the most prominent wizard of science and fiction, Isaac Asimov, I realized that the most brilliant minds of our time have ready the plans for a near-utopian interplanetary society. If only we humans could prepare ourselves for this daring step into the eventful world of the future. Please, *Post*, keep up the good work. It is periodicals such as yours that can help bring about the harmonious union of our peoples, thus guiding our culture into a new world, whose limits of prosperity are totally unbounded.

Tom Carpenter
Walled Lake, Michigan

Kudos for CAT Scans

Thank you for your articles about CAT scanning in your November 1980 issue ("The Doctor Will See You Now"). Having had a tumor of the brain removed in 1975, the horror of remembering all

Continued on following page

Subscription Service

To Subscribe or Renew:

☐ New subscription ☐ Renewal

1 year–$10.95 (foreign—$12.95)
U.S. currency only

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me initial here _____

03

Name (please print)

Address Apt.

City State Zip Code

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

MAIL TO: The Saturday Evening Post
1100 Waterway Blvd., Indpls., IN 46206

EDITORIAL
Cory SerVaas, M.D., Editor and Publisher
Curt Smith, Senior Editor and National Affairs Editor
Janet Kioski, Senior Editor
William A. Barton, Copy/Research Editor
Maynard Good Stoddard, Associate Editor
Beurt SerVaas, Foreign Affairs Editor
Robert Silvers, Religion Editor
Donna Nason, Associate Religion Editor
Ted Kreiter, Health Editor
Patrick Perry, Assistant Editor
Carol Brown McShane, Archivist
Kathy Simpson, Research Assistant
Tera Miles, Editorial Assistant

ART
Don Moldroski, Consulting Art Director
Chris Wilhoite, Assistant Art Director
Ron Ramsey, Art Manager
Lucian Lupinski, Illustrator
Greg Jones, Steve Miller, Art Assistants

PRODUCTION
Dwight E. Lamb, Production Manager
Patricia Simpson, Production Assistant
Greg Vanzo, Technical Director
Debra Chelf, Penny Lindsay,
Patricia Stricker, Compositors

CIRCULATION
Greg Joray, Subscription Director
Rita Cole, Fulfillment Manager
Lory Lindgren, Customer Service
Janet Judd, Single Copy Sales

GENERAL OFFICES
William J. Morris, Executive Publisher
Ron McIntyre, Robert L. Silvers,
Associate Publishers
Paul S. Petticrew, Director of Licensing
and Royalties
Linda Stillabower, Director Special Projects
J. Ellen Stanger, Permissions Editor
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100, Telex 27-440

ADVERTISING OFFICES
AND REPRESENTATIVES
Donald Sutton, Marketing Director
Jan Egan, Promotional Coordinator
Alana Hall, Advertising Administrator
Bill Hendrickson
Special Sections Art Director
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100, Telex 27-440

NEW YORK
Roger A. Barnett, Associate Publisher
John Logsdon, Advertising Director
Suite 1865, Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022, (212) 371-0400
Bob Bernbach
15 E. 48th St., Rm. 1001
New York, New York 10017
(212) 355-3760

ATLANTA
Miller & Tillman, Inc.
Corporate Commons
4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C
Atlanta, GA 30342, (404) 252-9588

BOSTON
Lee Arpin Associates
P.O. Box 227
Weston, Massachusetts 02193
(617) 899-5613
George W. Watts III
4 Conifer Drive
Wilbraham, Massachusetts 01095
(413) 596-4747

OHIO
Lawrence O. Dussault
741 Mt. Vernon Avenue
Marion, Ohio 43302
(641) 387-2480

DETROIT
Dave McDonald, Jack Sterling, Detroit Managers
The Clausen Building
1520 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 111
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013
(313) 645-2620

TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, ARKANSAS
Richard E. Hoierman & Associates
440 Northlake Center, Suite 203
Dallas, Texas 75238
(214) 341-4774

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Roger Zion
Resources Development, Inc.
900 17th Street, N.W., Suite 300
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 452-8211

WEST COAST
John Ponic
Ambassador Hotel Station
P.O. Box 70284
Los Angeles, California 90070
(213) 655-6055

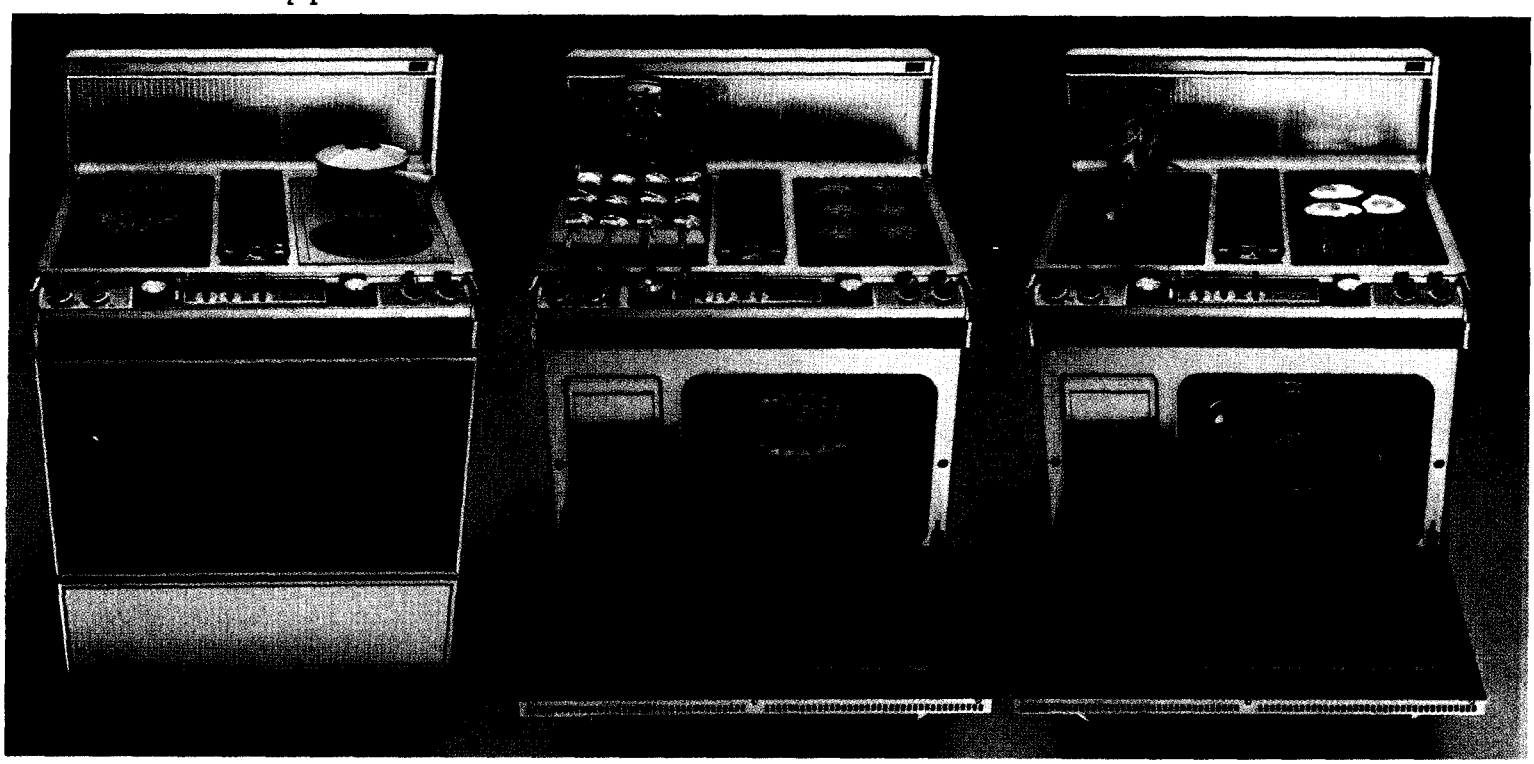
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO OTHER RANGE HAS AS MUCH RANGE.

No matter how accomplished a cook you are, there is one inescapable fact you must face. If your range has its limitations, you too will have limitations.

There is, however, one way to avoid such a fate: buy a Jenn-Air.

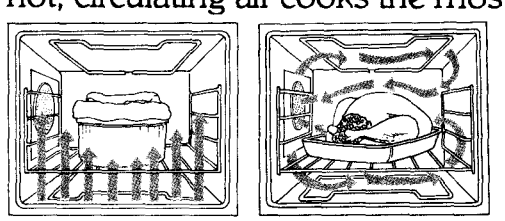
The engineers at Jenn-Air have designed such an incredibly versatile cooking system that the culinary possibilities are almost endless.



For instance, with our cooktop grill you can have all the tasty advantages of outdoor grilling, indoors. (Jenn-Air invented the surface ventilation system that vents smoke and odors direct to the outside, without the need of an overhead hood.)

With the Jenn-Air Dual Use Oven, you can convert from a regular, radiant oven to a convection cooker at the twist of a dial. In this mode hot, circulating air cooks the most tender and juicy meats you've ever tasted.

And up to 50% faster. (If you wish, we also offer a separate microwave oven.) To allow your imagination even freer reign, we've created a mind boggling array of accessories. Like a griddle, a rotisserie, a shish-kebab and a french frier/cooker.



RADIANT MODE CONVECTION MODE

Last, but not least, we offer all of the above in three distinct forms that will conform to almost any kitchen. Free-Standing, Drop-In and Built-In.

If we've been able to whet your appetite, we suggest you call your local Jenn-Air dealer and arrange a more thorough and satisfying demonstration. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages. Or write to Jenn-Air, 3035 Shadeland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind, 46226.

®JENN-AIR. THE FINEST COOKING SYSTEM EVER CREATED.

© 1980 Jenn-Air Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those tests that I went through the old way still makes me shudder. I am thankful to God for the ones who perfected the CAT scan. The ones who complain about the expense of one have never undergone testing the old way. Oh! What a difference.

Mrs. Herbert Gray
Fairfax, Alabama

I am shocked that critics would dismiss the CAT scanner as "yet another costly indulgence on the part of the hospitals." While it is true that medical costs have gone out of sight, it is impossible to place a price tag on human life. And at the cost of $200.00 to $250.00 for an average scan, the cost to the individual is much less than the thousands of dollars necessary for exploratory surgery.

Martha L. Carpenter
Aptos, California

Memories Launched from England

I was brought up on *The Saturday Evening Post*—which is not too common for an Englishman. My first memories were of my father—who'd taken it from before 1939—giving his well-read copies to the GIs stationed near us toward the end of the war.

I knew the magazine had had its ups and downs over the years, but I was pleased to pick up a copy last week at Kennedy International Airport and bring it home for the "old man" to read.

It struck me that you may find the reason for my visit to America of interest. In these days of international trade and commerce and the various fortunes or otherwise of such as Chrysler and British Leyland, to be the first (one-man band) builder of steam launches to conclude a license agreement for their manufacture in the United States must be just that bit different.

I was on my way home from Rhode Island Marine Services at Snug Harbor, Rhode Island, when I found the *Post* still alive and kicking. Unfortunately, no one in Manchester, England, our nearest city, had any news of it, and I had assumed it "gone."

Enclosed are a couple of photographs of my launches for your interest *(one shown below)*. I sometimes wonder what I am doing in the era of the silicon chip! My kind regards and good wishes to you for a marvelous 1981.

Glyn Lancaster Jones
Manchester, England

ExtraORDinary Tale

In the December 1980 issue, Mr. Russell, in "Planely Speaking," says the reason O'Hare Airport is called ORD escapes him.

The story I have been told is that the first landing strip was beside an old orchard and was referred to by the old bush pilots as the "Old Orchard Airport." Thus when code names were needed, old orchard was still used to some extent and ORD just seemed to fit.

Leland Townley
Topeka, Kansas

Credit Credibility

Your writer is shooting from the hip or, worse yet, firing blanks in the article "Dealing With Credit Cards" in the November 1980 issue. He closes with a slap at Virginia National Bank for promoting demonstrations of electronic banking terminals by giving coupons for free hamburgers.

The Cash Flow card demonstrated was a *debit* card, not a credit card.

There is a difference—a big one—and a writer who passes himself off as an expert should have done his homework.

W. Kelly Scott
Corporate Executive Officer
Virginia National Bank,
Norfolk, Virginia

Post-ed Security

This note of appreciation for the articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* that have a religious orientation is long overdue! You are to be commended for including such articles in your fine magazine.

I believe you are making a significant contribution to the "security" of our nation by your publishing policy.

Edward McClurg
Seattle, Washington

Poor Judge-ment

I have worked for a U.S. Congressman for the past 11 years, and I have a daughter in the midst of her "terrible 2s," so you *know* I have a sense of humor.

I am also a closet feminist in that I have worked long and hard for the concept of equal pay for equal work without entirely embracing the rest of the feminist cause.

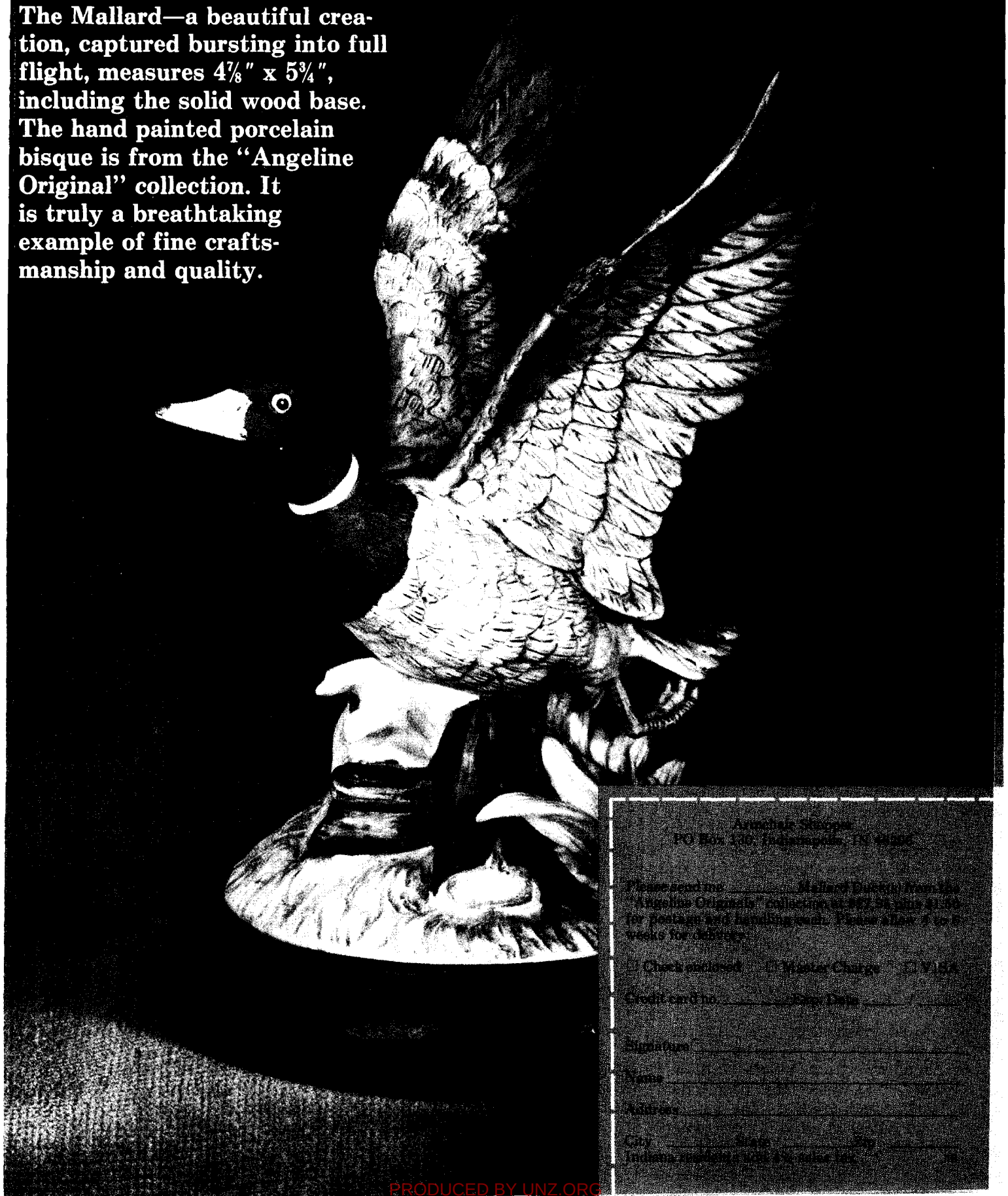
That said, your cartoon on page 14 of the December issue was one of the most offensive and degrading slaps at women that I have

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Timeless Flight...

The Mallard—a beautiful creation, captured bursting into full flight, measures 4⅞" x 5¾", including the solid wood base. The hand painted porcelain bisque is from the "Angeline Original" collection. It is truly a breathtaking example of fine craftsmanship and quality.



Armchair Shoppe
PO Box 330, Hodgenville, IN 46124

Please send me _____ Mallard Duck(s) from the "Angeline Originals" collection at $19.95 plus $3.95 for postage and handling each. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

Credit card no. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 5% sales tax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seen in a long time. The woman judge portrayed spouting stereotyped housewifery drivel was really a radical departure from your otherwise excellent magazine. T'wasn't funny, either.

Come on, *Post*, root out kneejerk chauvinism wherever you find it, even if it happens to be in your own back yard.

Signy S. S. Ellerton
Columbia, Maryland

Inspired by Fire...

I haven't laughed that much since I read Erma Bombeck's first book! I'm referring to Ralph Knight's view on fireplaces ("Fireplaces Burn Me Up," December 1980). Has Ralph written a book? My husband would like a fireplace—as an additional furnace—but I oppose the thought. This hilarious story can only add fuel to my fire.

I'd like to add—as a new subscriber—I have picked your magazine over two others. Your articles are pleasant and occasionally religious—a unique twist from other magazines I have seen. I'm sure I'll enjoy *The Saturday Evening Post* for a long time.

Lyn Berger
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Loves Maynard

As an old time devotee of The *Post*, I was delighted with its rebirth and especially pleased with the continuation of many of the well-loved and remembered features of the original *Post*.

I find the variety of your articles stimulating—something for every reader. And please, more of P.G. Wodehouse's stories of Jeeves.

And I *must* mention Maynard Good Stoddard. Love that man's featured articles!

Ruth M. Salisbury
Portland, Oregon

Sagamore—Or Less?

Most interesting, that little article—and its pictures—about Theodore Roosevelt's famous home, "Sagamore Hill" (December 1980). Much credit to the author, Lynn Gleason, and to the *Post* editors.

I did not know that Roosevelt had it specially built—and when he was only in his 20s.

However, the house can *not* be "160 feet tall." Maybe 60?

Ross Thompson
Palo Alto, California

Christmas Cheered

I like Norman Rockwell, but I *love* J.C. Leyendecker. It was a real thrill to see two of his illustrations in your December 1980 issue. Years ago, my family enjoyed the many covers he did for the *Post*. Thanks for reprinting two of his designs.

Another illustrator whose work graced your pages was Edwin Georgi. I haven't seen any of his work since the '50s and wonder if there have been any compilations of his work published.

Thanks again for a super Christmas issue—Leyendecker *(cover shown below)*, Paul Gallico, Ed Asner and the Muppets—just great!

Mrs. Maughan S. Mason

Jackson Rebuttal

I admire *The Saturday Evening Post* for giving Jesse L. Jackson the opportunity to speak to an audience which would not normally seek his opinion. And I admire much of what he does and says, as in his article, "Peace in Our Schools" (December 1980). But every so often, his words reveal radical sentiments and an underlying philosophy which, I believe, must be pointed out and opposed. These examples are from his "Speaking Out" article:

"The power of the board of education is derived from and granted by the parents." What about national and state laws on compulsory education? What about the interest and deciding power of the community that pays for the school system—parents and nonparents alike? What about the courts that decide who goes to what school?

"Even striking teachers are powerful not because of their union but ultimately because parents respect the picket line." There are few things that have undermined the respect of the community for "its" teachers more than their strikes. The huge administrative "overhead" which the school systems have developed, their experimentation with teaching methods, their willingness to pass students regardless of performance and the pitiful rate of illiteracy rank high in the list of negative factors—but not as high as teacher strikes.

Would it not have been kinder to the author and to his good cause to have eliminated just these two sentences?

Ernest T. Thiersch
Orlando, Florida

"Window" a Winner

I do want to thank you for the story of "The Christmas Window" (December 1980) by the Bosworths.

Years ago it was in one of the old *Posts*. I saved it for a long time, then it disappeared. To find it again in this issue was like meeting a dear friend once more. Thanks.

Mary Virginia Kingsbury
Zionsville, Indiana

Our whole family enjoyed your December Christmas issue, but we especially liked "The Christmas Window." It was wonderful to see the unselfish spirit of giving praised in a society noted for its commercialism. This is one magazine that's going into the box with our Christmas decorations so we can reread that story next year—and the year after.

Manuel Gomez
Corpus Christi, Texas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Rockwell left America a magnificent legacy. His Legacy Series can be your investment in this rich inheritance.

A Spoonful of Love
by Norman Rockwell

Knowledgeable art collectors have diligently sought out Norman Rockwell's work, not only for the American ideals he captured with great affection, but for the substantial growth investment value of his art.

Now, with the Legacy Series, you can enjoy the warmth of Rockwell's America and join the art world's most discriminating collectors. Mr. Rockwell himself authorized that this very special limited edition of four prints be published exclusively by Eleanor Ettinger Inc.

Authorized by
Norman Rockwell
EXCLUSIVELY PUBLISHED BY ELEANOR ETTINGER INC.
This is your guarantee of authenticity.

The Rockwell Seal of Authenticity embossed on each print, accompanied by a Certificate of Registration, guarantees that your selection is from the only series of this kind approved by the artist for posterity.

The Legacy Series is a hand-numbered edition of 2,750 colloliths of each image. All four originally appeared as Saturday Evening Post covers. A unique printing process together with a superlative French paper ensures that each 21½" x 27" print is a work of incredible fidelity and vivid color.

We are so confident of your continuing delight in these superb Rockwell pieces that we are offering you complete return privileges for one full year. And to protect your investment in the Legacy Series, no additional prints will ever be pulled.

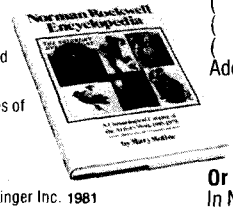
The Flirts
by Norman Rockwell

The Hitchhiker
by Norman Rockwell

Piano Solo
by Norman Rockwell

Special Pre-publication Offer!

Order within 30 days and get this bonus book, The *Norman Rockwell Encyclopedia*. 262 pages of illustrations and important biographical information.



©Copyright Eleanor Ettinger Inc. 1981

Eleanor Ettinger Inc.
Dept. SP-3 305 East 47th Street New York, N.Y. 10017.

Please send me:
( ) prints of *A Spoonful of Love* at $150 each.
( ) prints of *The Flirts* at $150 each.
( ) prints of *Piano Solo* at $150 each.
( ) prints of *The Hitchhiker* at $150 each.
Add $5.00 for packing and shipping.
☐ I enclose payment in full:
☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Charge my credit account for the full amount.
☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX

Or call, Toll Free: 800-257-7850.
In N.J. call 1-800-322-8650. Ask for Operator 668.

ACCOUNT NO. _____ EXPIRES _____

SIGNATURE _____

MR. / MRS. / MS. _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE / ZIP _____

If prints are returned undamaged within one year, your money will be refunded. But you may keep the book as our gift.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

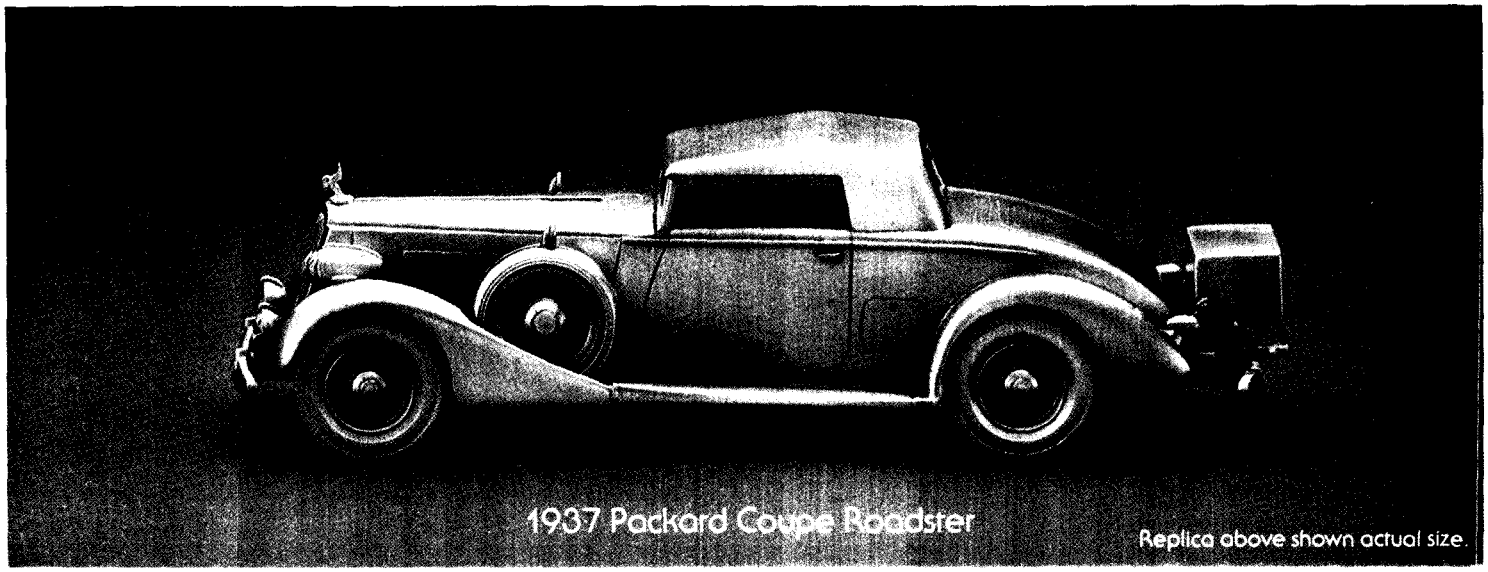
Announcing...

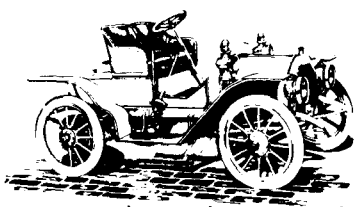
America's Historic Motorcars

A collection of authentic
hand-crafted pewter scale replicas
of twelve legendary American automobiles.

Replica in foreground shown actual size.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

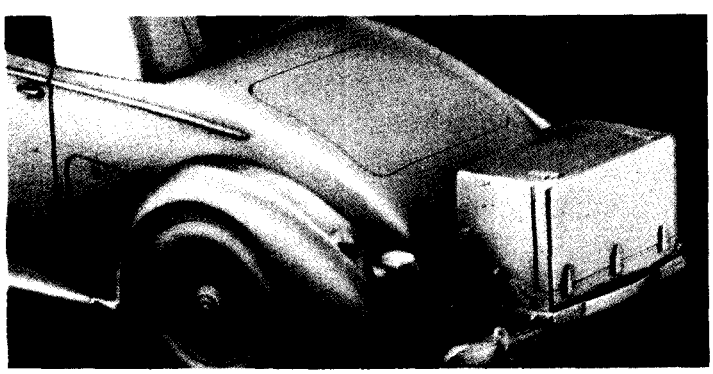




To the generations of Americans who grew up admiring them, our country's legendary automobiles represented much more than mere transportation. They were magnificent expressions of values we Americans have traditionally honored. They symbolized pride in craftsmanship, brilliant engineering, beautiful design, and a spirit of freedom and adventure that mirrored our national temperament.

To own one of these mechanical marvels was the cherished dream of millions. Just having one parked in the driveway was a source of incomparable pride. But more importantly, these classic cars gave wheels to our longings. They gave us the freedom, whenever the spirit moved us, to answer the call of the open road with speed, power and luxury at our command.

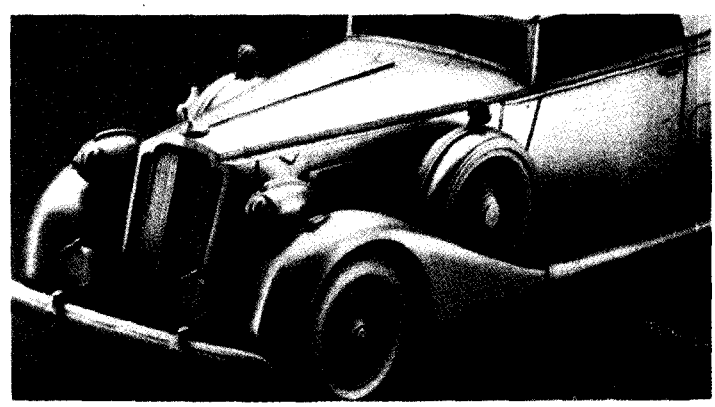
And now, twelve of America's most influential and renowned motorcars will drive out of the pages of history to capture our imaginations once more. This time they will be fashioned not from steel, leather and glass, but from intricately handcrafted pewter! Each will be flawlessly reproduced down to the tiniest detail...lovingly hand-



finished...and individually hand-polished to a gleaming luster. Here is a collection to treasure for all time!

America's Legendary Automobiles

Throughout the world, these cars were the royalty of the roadway, the crowning achievements of our "Yankee ingenuity" and industrial leadership. Automobiles like the 1909 Cadillac "30" Tourer...the 1929 Cord L29...the 1913 Mercer Type 35J Raceabout...the 1937 Packard Coupe Roadster. In all, it will be a dazzling "honor roll" from the Golden Age of American automotive genius!



Authentic and Astonishing Detail

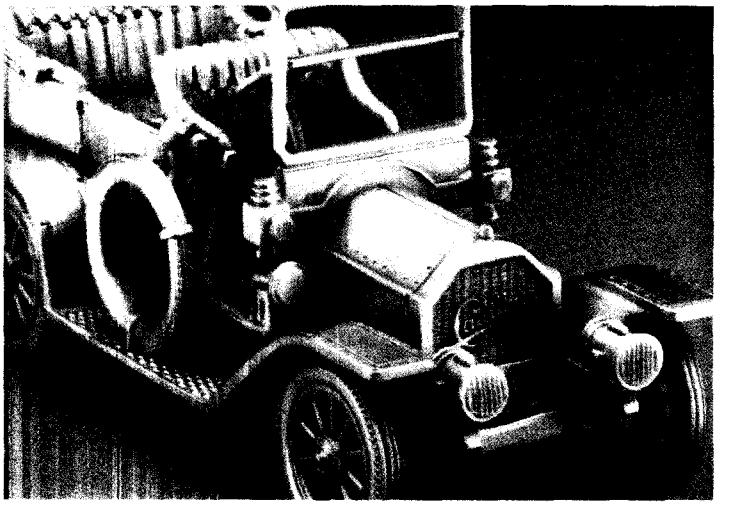
The replicas will be authentic in scale to each automobile's original size and range from approximately 3" to 6" in length. Each will be individually cast in fine pewter, and then the distinctive beauty of the pewter will be enhanced by a lustrous antique finish, individually polished by hand.

You'll immediately notice that the features of each of **America's Historic Motorcars** have been captured with astonishing realism. From the tire treads to the decorative hood ornaments...from the spindly wheel spokes to the intricate radiator grills — wherever your eyes turn, they will uncover incredible lifelike detail!

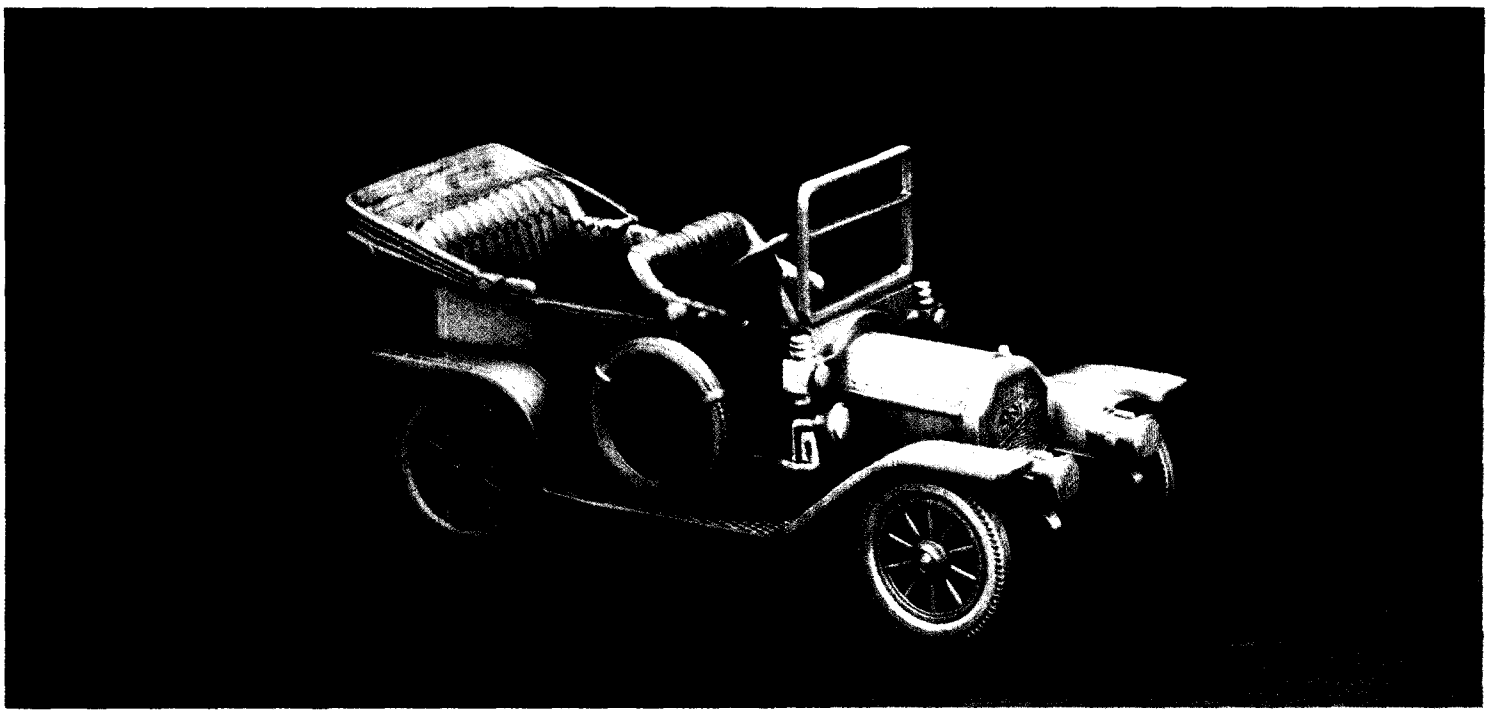
Accompanying each replica will be a fascinating historical folder. This charming "auto-biog-

(Continued on bottom of next page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The 1909 Cadillac "30" Tourer. 1909 was the year in which Cadillac was acquired by the newly formed General Motors Corporation. This car, named for the courageous French explorer and founder of the city of Detroit, had already blazed new automotive frontiers by becoming the first American automobile with interchangeable parts. Now, in 1909, it had been chosen to become the innovator and luxury car of the G.M. line. This "30" Tourer was quite deluxe for its day, with such advanced features as doors, optional top, and seating capacity spacious enough to accommodate five people.



Replica above shown actual size.

(Continued from previous page)

raphy" illustrates and explains the car's development, unique personality, and importance in automotive history. It tells you many interesting facts you probably never knew about each car. Reading the folder will add immeasurably to your enjoyment of the collection, for you'll be able to savor the mystique and romance of each motorcar.

Exceptional Value

The original issue price of each of **America's Historic Motorcars** is a remarkable value at only $43.50, payable in two convenient monthly installments of $21.75 each. Considering that comparable pewter replicas, when available at all, are sold at significantly higher prices, you can understand why this is a rare collecting opportunity.

Convenient Acquisition Plan

America's Historic Motorcars will be available only by advance reservation. None will be sold separately and none will be available in stores. To reserve your collection, you need send no money now. The twelve replicas will be issued at the rate of one every two months.

If you should receive any replica you are not completely satisfied with, you may return it upon receipt for replacement or refund. And you may cancel your subscription at any time.

Please Respond Promptly

You are among the first to be invited to acquire this unique collection. For production planning purposes, the attached reservation application should be returned no later than March 31, 1981.

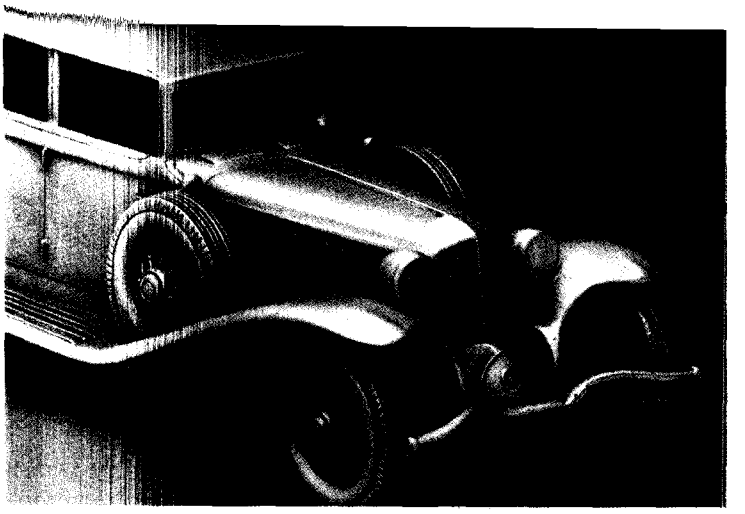
Displayed in your home or office, these stunning pewter replicas will attract the same kind of attention as the full-sized cars they model. If you have ever fantasized about owning a legendary American motorcar, you'll never have a better

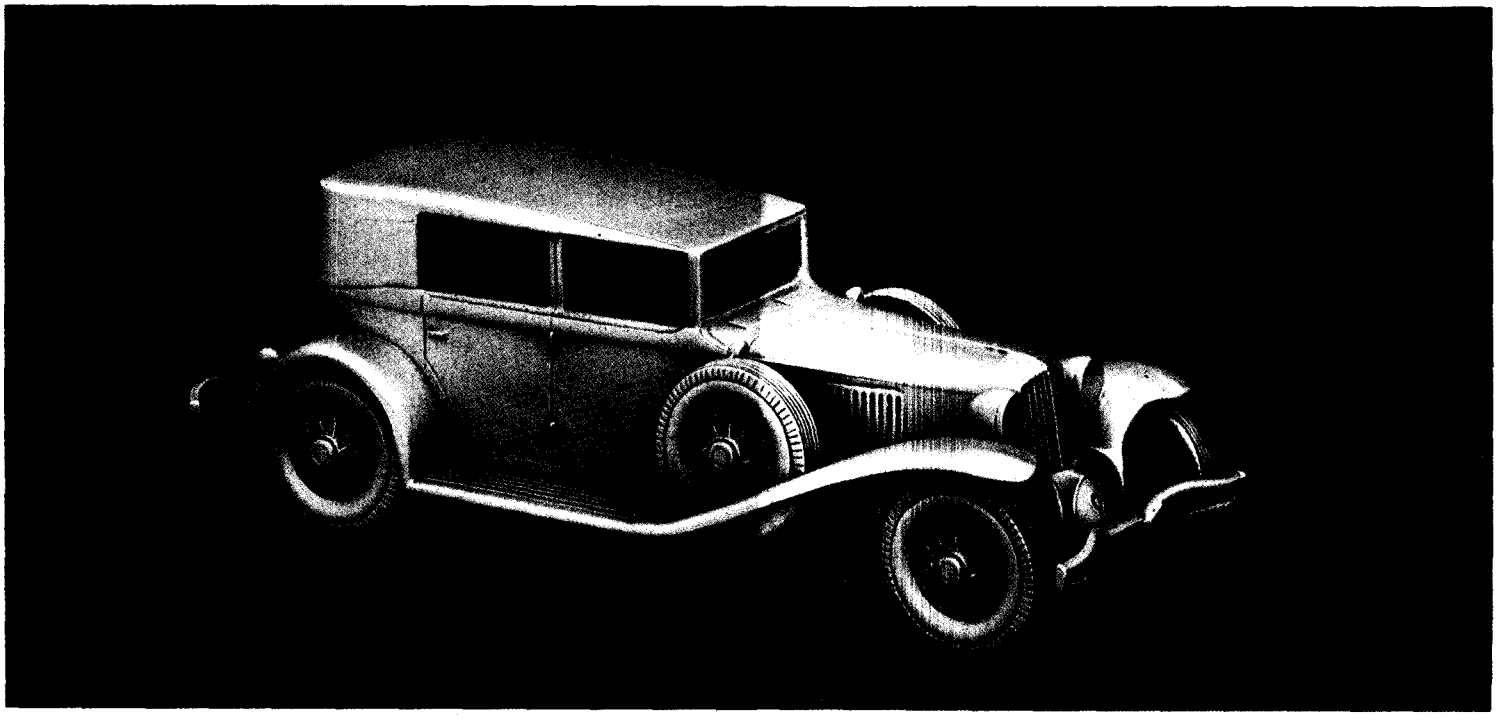
(Continued on bottom of next page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cord

The 1929 Cord L29 Cabriolet. Sleek, low and long were the lines of this first Cord automobile. Unveiled at the 1929 New York Auto Show, the L29 pioneered the long, low look that was to become popular worldwide. The substantial vertical bars of its slightly V-shaped front grill contributed an air of importance to the otherwise flashy body design. Powered by a Lycoming straight-8 engine, the L29 was the first frontwheel drive American car to gain public acceptance. The L29 was available in both closed and open models, and its design won over many former buyers of true sports cars.

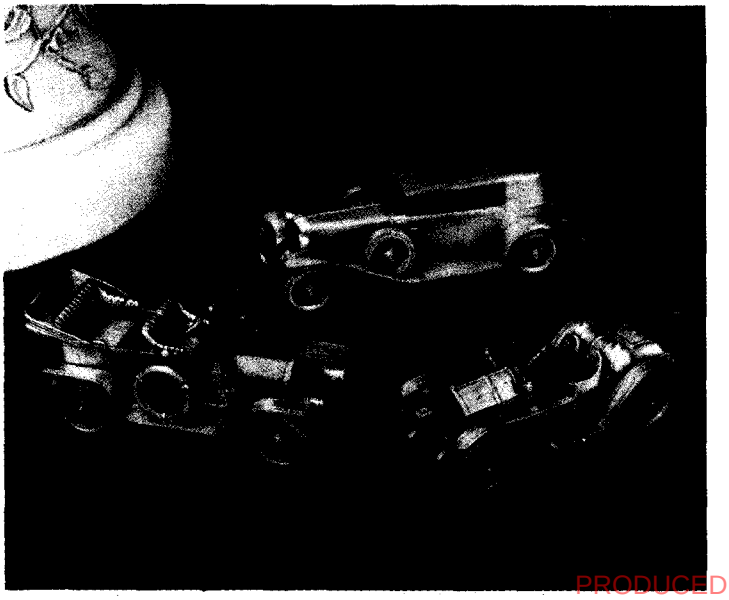




Replica above shown actual size.

(Continued from previous page)

opportunity than this to realize your dream in an affordable yet very meaningful way. Return your reservation today!



America's Historic Motorcars

L 27

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Please return by
March 31, 1981.
Limit: One collection per subscriber

Please accept my reservation application to **America's Historic Motorcars.** I understand this is a collection of authentic hand-crafted pewter scale replicas of twelve legendary American automobiles. The collection will be issued at the rate of one replica every two months.

I need send no money now. I will pay for each replica as billed in two convenient monthly installments of $21.75 each. Any replica I am not completely satisfied with may be returned upon receipt for replacement or refund, and this subscription agreement may be cancelled by either party at any time.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each monthly installment charged to your:
☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

_____
Credit Card Number Expiration Date

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking Out

THE AMERICAN FAMILY IS ALIVE AND WELL

Family breakdown is a hoax perpetrated by government agencies to build up their importance, their personnel and their funds.

by Al Moffett

A great hoax would have us believe otherwise, but families are thriving in Middletown, America.

My family's strong and solid, for instance, and the past holiday season proved this to all of us—as if we needed proof.

There were more than 20 of us. We had come from four states, as we do every year, to tell again the old stories about our golden days growing up together, working as soda jerks in Uncle Oscar's drugstore, first dates with those who are now members of the family. We felt lumps in our throats for those who are no longer with us.

We hugged and laughed and ate too much, and all of us felt warm and secure because our family is stronger than most. Outside our world, we knew, the American family as an institution was sliding downhill to oblivion.

There is a litany confronting us from political stumps and pulpits, television and books and even billboards—child abuse and wife beating are sweeping the country! Alternate life styles, such as homosexuals marrying and swinging singles living together, have become the norm! We were thankful our children and womenfolk are unscathed and our young are not seeking the alternatives.

We are the exception, right? Wrong! It appears we and hundreds of thousands of other equally strong American families have been taken in by a gigantic myth.

A new study has found the American family is not declining but is stronger than at any other time in the 20th century. Not only did this study uncover increased family solidarity, but it also found less of a gap between generations than in the "good old days," better communication between husbands and wives and more attention being paid to religion. This is a complete reversal of everything we have heard about those treasured American values and is such a radical change from what was expected that the findings surprised even the hard-nosed sociologists who conducted the study.

The myth of the decline of the American family fades when 22 members of the Kemmons and Dorothy Wilson family unite. Perhaps Kemmons had them in mind when he founded Holiday Inns, said to be the first chain to put up the kids free.

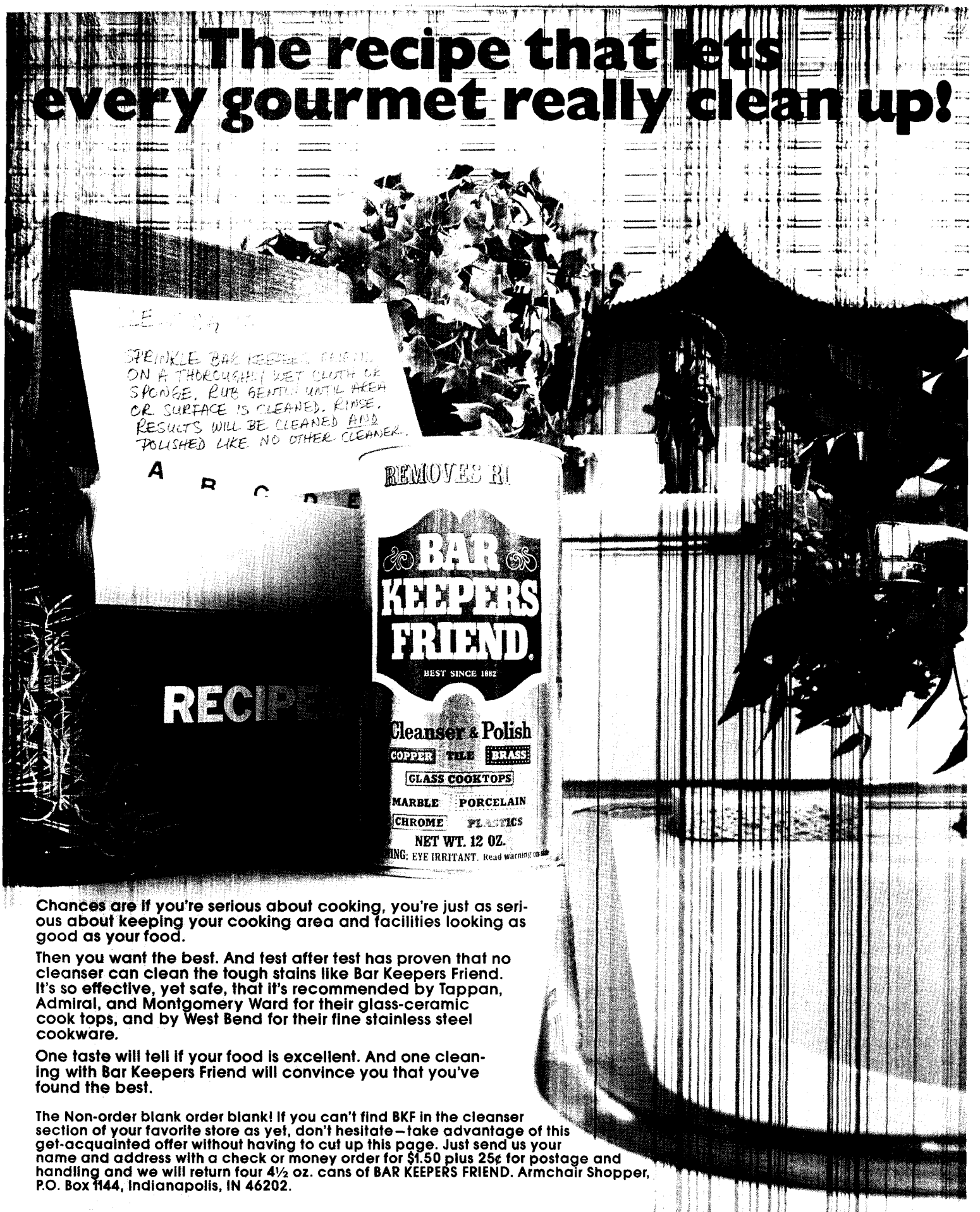
If future studies corroborate these findings, it could lead to the exposure of what may be the biggest hoax ever perpetrated on Americans, one that has lasted 50 years and which costs us thousands of dollars in taxes annually to support a phalanx of government agencies struggling against a problem that doesn't exist—the decline of the American family.

University of Virginia sociologist Theodore Caplow and Brigham Young University sociologists Howard Bahr and Bruce Chadwick directed a team of researchers who spent

Cont. on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The recipe that lets every gourmet really clean up!



Chances are if you're serious about cooking, you're just as serious about keeping your cooking area and facilities looking as good as your food.

Then you want the best. And test after test has proven that no cleanser can clean the tough stains like Bar Keepers Friend. It's so effective, yet safe, that it's recommended by Tappan, Admiral, and Montgomery Ward for their glass-ceramic cook tops, and by West Bend for their fine stainless steel cookware.

One taste will tell if your food is excellent. And one cleaning with Bar Keepers Friend will convince you that you've found the best.

The Non-order blank order blank! If you can't find BKF in the cleanser section of your favorite store as yet, don't hesitate—take advantage of this get-acquainted offer without having to cut up this page. Just send us your name and address with a check or money order for $1.50 plus 25¢ for postage and handling and we will return four 4½ oz. cans of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

We take the other cleaners to the cleaners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two and a half years studying the life styles and behaviors of thousands of individual families in a small American city that has "many features common to a wide group of communities."

Some of you may recall an epic sociological study published in 1929 called *Middletown*. The husband-and-wife team of Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd, both prominent sociologists, selected Muncie, Indiana, as their target and, with four staff assistants, spent several years studying the citizens of Muncie as a microcosm of life in the United States.

Dr. Caplow and his colleagues went back to Muncie 50 years later with a grant from the National Science Foundation. They asked the same questions the Lynds had asked—plus many more. After more than 6,000 interviews and many months of compiling the millions of bits of information, they found "no appreciable decline in the Middletown family during the past 50 years."

According to Caplow, "For Middletown, at any rate, we can show that much of what people think they know about the family as an institution is mistaken. But these errors are not scattered and random. The opinions that Middletown people hold about the family fit together in a coherent way and carry a significant message. They form what we may call a sociological myth."

Are the families of Muncie, Indiana, different from those throughout the country? "What we have discovered about marriage, divorce, child raising, housework, the employment of women, home ownership, family festivals, kinship networks and erotic behavior in Middletown does not diverge greatly from what is known for the country as a whole."

Who has fostered this huge myth —and kept it alive and healthy through two generations?

A large share of the blame can be laid on the marble floors of government agencies who use the myth to build their own importance and to increase their funding and on the many private organizations run by people whom Caplow calls "moral entrepreneurs."

The federal government, Caplow says, is involved not only in passive responses to the myth, but in active antifamily policies which result from accidents of badly drafted legislation. These are the heavier income-tax rates for married couples, welfare "bounties" for babies born out of wedlock and the promotion of adolescent sexuality (agencies funded on the basis of the number of adolescents to whom they distribute contraceptives).

The myth of the declining family is not a static situation; new beliefs are added to it regularly—almost on a formula basis. A family problem that has not been recognized as such is identified and announced to the public. If the public shows any sort of response, the first announcement is followed by a media barrage on the subject. As the problem begins to "catch on," new associations are formed to promote its existence, and old associations add it to their list of causes.

The new Middletown study makes the point that although the American family has not declined during the past 50 years, we have no way of knowing that it won't do so during the next 50. However, for the time being, "The survival of the Middletown family—or of the American family—does not appear to be severely threatened by any of the trends we have been able to establish in empirical evidence."

The new Middletown study has proved its worth in its startling revelation of American concepts of family life, but it may also introduce a new element into American sociology—a new social form developed and strengthened in America over the years, the composite family.

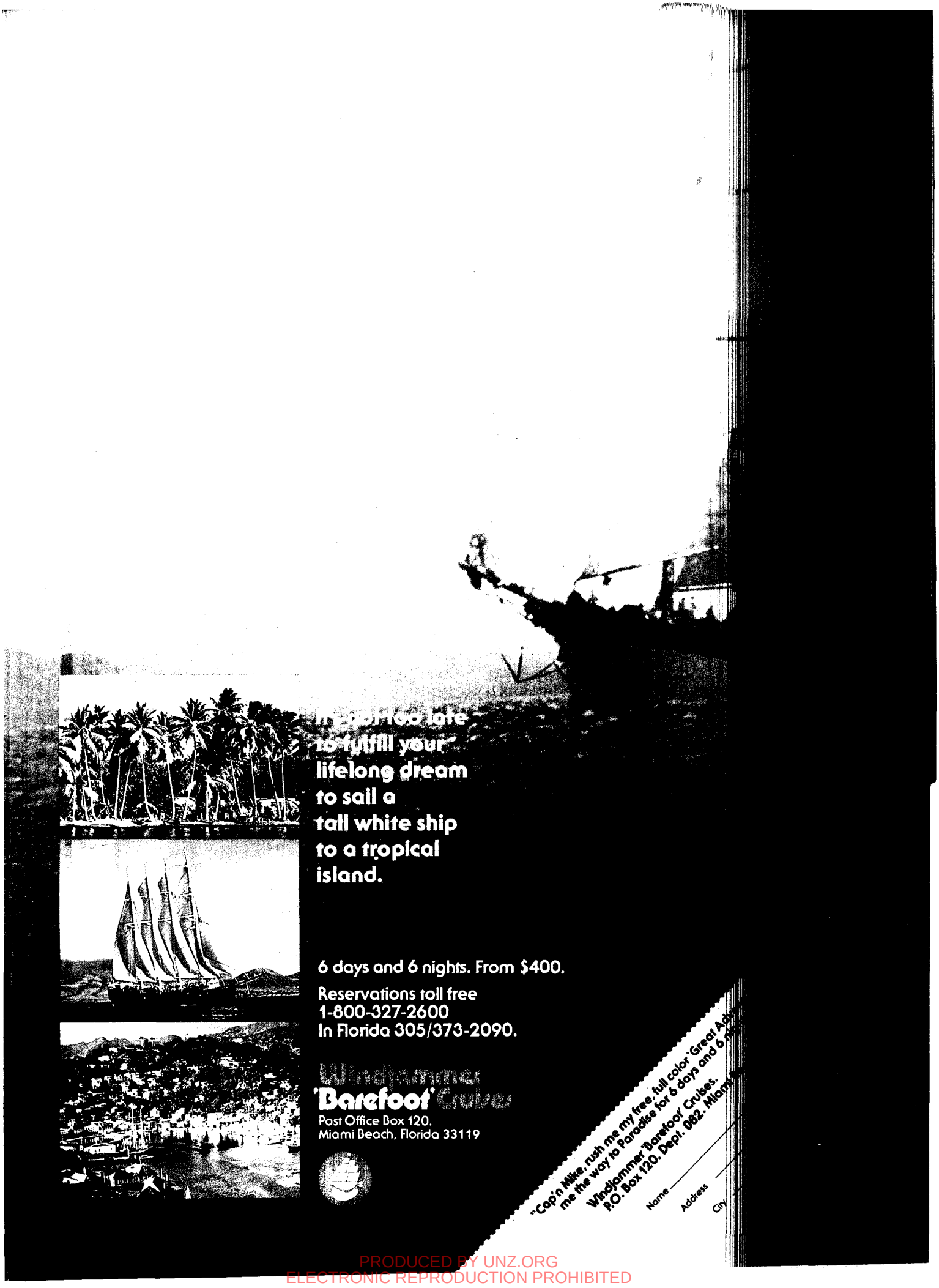
Caplow says Americans are in the habit of visualizing family life as the small group of persons forming the immediate family. This habit is so strong in our culture, Caplow says, "We are in danger of overlooking or forgetting the emotional, social and economic importance of those larger kin networks that we may call 'composite families' for want of any accepted term."

Caplow concludes that while the immediate family doesn't get "an entirely clean bill of health," the composite family, informally organized as it is, "is in splendid condition in Middletown."

The size of that composite family, interestingly enough, remains about the same from cradle to grave, fluctuating between 12 and 15. As people advance through life, the "constellation of relatives" changes, but the size remains about the same. The study found that relationships with more distant relatives are likely to be cultivated if there are no children or grandchildren living close by or abandoned if the family circle is already full.

This one study undoubtedly will not be enough to put to rest forever the myth of the declining American family, but it should bring increased confidence to those who do hear of it and will perhaps foster a measure of needed skepticism when another family issue is launched as "a growing national problem."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lightning Never Strikes Twice

He had asked for a divorce one night just like that—the way he would ask for a clean handkerchief. Lightning had struck for the first time.

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by Rob Sauber

Camilla Rossiter was in the early 40s when the lightning struck her. Later on she was to wonder whether a better simile would not have been going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, but perhaps this was a mistake. One has some volition about a barrel, or at least some time to worry while it drifts along before it drops; and in her case she had had neither. So far as she could tell, everything was as usual, and then—if you like the barrel idea—suddenly she was dropping through space, and no way to stop and get out and go somewhere.

It was the unexpectedness which hurt. It had always seemed such a satisfactory marriage. At dinner parties, when someone would state that there was no such thing nowadays, someone else was sure to say, "Well, look at Camilla and Jay Rossiter." That always ended the discussion.

Camilla herself had always thought she was a happy woman and that things would go on as they were until the end of time. She was a simple woman, so she took that for granted. Not Jay, of course. She never took Jay for granted. Indeed, she had developed quite a pucker between the eyes from keeping him contented and watching to see if everything was all right. However, all women did that, she thought, and Jay was very much of a man. Everybody said that, too, and Camilla always remembered with a thrill the time the housemaid turned out to be a thief and, when discovered, locked herself in the attic with the flat silver and Camilla's wristwatch in a suitcase.

Jay was superb then. He got a hatchet from the cellar and threatened to break down the door if it wasn't unlocked at once, and when the girl came out, he held her firmly until the police came. Camilla was filled with admiration for him that day, although she was just a trifle sorry for the girl, who turned out to have a sick mother and a sweetheart who had planned the job for her. But Jay got her five years and everybody in the courthouse was very deferential to him. This did not surprise Camilla, naturally. It was simply Jay having things the way he wanted them, as usual, and being looked up to by the community, also as usual.

She had never really got over her surprise that he had married her. He knew so many things, such as the law and how to keep the score at baseball games and what the figures meant on the financial page. She herself always felt small and unintelligent beside him, and she always blushed when they played bridge and she had to count the rule of 11—Jay insisted on the rule of 11—when she had to count it on her fingers.

"Any eight-year-old child could do better than that," he would say, coming home in the car.

She took it all meekly, and there were, of course, other times that made up for it. Sometimes when she was dressed for a dinner and went to see Jay give the final touches to his white tie—after throwing two or three on the floor—he would turn around in his shirtsleeves and give her a complacent glance of approval.

"You're looking very pretty, my dear," he would say, if the tie had finally tied properly. "I've got a very pretty wife." And he would look at her not only with approval but with a faint surprise, as though he had just remembered her.

She was still pretty in an anxious sort of way at 42, when the lightning struck. She had never cut her hair, because Jay hated short-haired women, and in the evenings she wore a good bit of pale blue because he liked it. She loathed it herself. It made her feel obliterated, so to speak. But she wore it, although other women were wearing strong colors that year.

"How quaint, Camilla!" they would say, and she would shiver inside.

But she was pretty and appealing, and on the way home, if they had not played cards and Jay reached over and took her hand, she would wonder what other women saw in the men they had selected and would look like anything but a woman with a married daughter and Jay, Junior, at college.

It had never occurred to her that she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was submerged, as J.J.—short for Jay, Junior—put it later. It seemed quite natural to her that Jay's clothes took most of her closet space as well as the closetlike space he called his dressing room, and to order only the food he liked.

"We might have onion soup," she would say to the cook in the morning. "Mr. Rossiter likes it." Or: "Do have the roast very rare. Mr. Rossiter said the last one was overdone." And that night she would dutifully eat her onion soup, although it gave her indigestion, or play with the rare meat which sickened her, and Jay would sit back at the end of the meal and light a cigarette and glance comfortably at her across the candles.

"Very nice dinner, my dear," he would say, his handsome square-jawed face relaxed and contented.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then he would look around the dining room, at its well-polished silver on the sideboard, at the shining old mahogany, at the low flowers on the table—he liked them low, so he could see Camilla when he talked to her—and last of all at Camilla.

And she would always know what was in his mind—that this fastidious living, these flowers and candles, the neat waitress in her black and white uniform and perhaps even Camilla herself were the proof to him that he was a man in a world of men and successful beyond most of them. When the dinner had been particularly Jay-ish, he would put his arm around her as they went out.

"Pretty good little housekeeper, aren't you?" he would say.

"I aim to please," she would answer demurely and feel very happy, although rather undernourished.

It had never occurred to her that between the hours of nine a.m. and six p.m.—except, of course, on Sunday—she knew nothing about him at all. As to his being Jay-ish, it was Jay, Junior, who had coined it. To J.J. his father was Jay-ish when he came home after a good game of golf or had won a case or descended the stairs in his evening clothes, very impeccable, and stood erect in the hall while Gertrude put him into his overcoat and handed him his hat and gloves. Camilla remembered the first time she had heard the word.

"Jay-ish?" she said. "Why, J.J., what on earth do you mean?"

"Complacent," he said, grinning broadly at her. "Good-looking. Prosperous. Smug. Center of the world. You know—that sort of thing."

"That's unkind, J.J. He is a good father to you, and you know it."

"Sure he is," said J.J. "I forgot that. Good-looking, good lawyer, good husband, good father. Mother, doesn't it pall on you?"

"Never," said Camilla firmly. "And if this is what you learn at college——"

There were actually tears in her eyes, and J.J. saw that he was tearing down something she had built up over quite a number of years and kissed her.

"After all," he said cheerfully, "he's Jay-ish 24 hours a day, but you've only got it evenings and Sundays. It's a break for you."

"You talk as though you hadn't any proper feeling for him."

"Good Lord, Mother! Of course I have. It's only—well, I'm fond of you in my own way"—he grinned at her—"and I'd like to see you being something more than the accompaniment while he sings."

"That's nonsense," said Camilla firmly. "He knows more than I do. If I defer to that——"

"Oh, hell," said J.J. "You know a lot he never heard of. Let's stop this. Who started it, anyhow?"

She put that conversation out of her mind. Life was a fixed and definite thing. When one day she found a few gray hairs in the mass which Jay had refused to let her cut, she accepted them as she accepted the fact that the clothes nowadays went on over the head, so that one dressed and then had to do one's hair, which was always awkward and sometimes almost impossible when that hair was long. But Jay did not like them. He came in one night when she was brushing her hair under the hard light of her dressing table and stood staring down at them.

"Don't tell me you're getting gray, Camilla."

"We're not children anymore, Jay dear."

He stood behind her for a moment, looking first at her and then at himself in the mirror. His face was rather like the face she had seen when he stood outside Mary's door with the hatchet, or like whoever it was—Camilla was vague on history—who had commanded the waves to stand still or the tide to come in—or something. Then he bent down and examined his own head, which showed no gray at all.

"We're certainly not old," he said stiffly and straightened himself, as though—instead of the tide or waves or whatever it was—it was time itself he was defying. Something about his attitude and his voice roused what little spirit he had left her, and perhaps she was just a trifle malicious when she finally said to him in her soft voice:

"It's queer that you haven't any. You are eight years older."

"Seven and a half," he said shortly and turned and went out of the room.

There was a change in him after that. Nothing you could put a finger on. Camilla, having accepted her graying hair, which was rather beautifying than otherwise, forgot all about it. But Jay began to play more golf than usual, and one day he sent home a scale and had it installed in his bathroom. After that she could hear him moving the weights in the mornings after his bath, and one day he ordered no fattening foods at dinner, and she and the cook went almost frantic trying to feed him well without butter or sugar or starch. Camilla almost starved during that period, and quite often the look he cast around the dining room after dinner was more nearly a glare. But he did lose weight, and if Camilla lost it, too, he did not notice.

It seemed quite natural to her that Jay's clothes took up most of her closet.

"Down to a hundred and seventy-five," he said one day. "I'll bet I could wear the clothes I was married in."

Camilla's wedding dress would have hung on her, but she said nothing, and some time later she heard him rummaging about. When he came down, he had on his ancient morning coat—he still had it; he kept all his old clothes—and by letting out all his breath he could button it.

"Perfect fit," he said. "Another couple of months and I'll be back to my weight in college."

He was so boyish about it that she smiled, although another couple of months of the diet and she would have to stand twice to make a shadow. He did look younger, however, although that did not worry her. He was faithful to her. She knew that, although it was a long time since, unless she coughed, he had really

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known that she was in the next bed.

"It's a dirty game," he would say. "This thing of giving your wife a diamond bracelet out of remorse as a peace offering! Besides——"

"What, Jay?"

"Well, a man's a fool to let himself in for that sort of trouble. I see enough of it in my business."

Not a sign of the lightning then. A clear sky and the sun by day and the stars by night. Onion soup—not fattening—and rare roast beef and raw wild ducks that turned Camilla's stomach in the shooting season. Jay eating an apple every night before he went to bed and taking a liver pill Wednesdays and Saturdays. New clothes to fit his new figure and still nothing to give to the Thrift Shop. An occasional check to Milla, who was going to have a baby, but a slight sense of grievance at her, as though by so doing she had played him an unfriendly trick. Otherwise no clouds in the sky, save for now and then a weekend out of town on business and a Monday-morning grouch as a result.

If the weekends gradually increased, she did not notice it. When he was about, she catered to him; and when he was away, she thought of him. There were one or two mental pictures of him that she particularly cherished. One of them, of course, was the day they were married in her father's garden. They had built an altar there, and, what with the rector in full canonicals and the assistant rector and the women's dresses and the garden flowers, the scene had been most impressive. Only, in the very middle of things, a bee had tried to settle on Jay's handsome nose, and he had had to slap at it. Over and over, it came back, and at the end he looked faintly dazed, as though he had hardly known he was being married at all. And another was the time they were riding together, and his horse had thrown him in the middle of a creek. He had merely sat there, looking surprised, and he had been furious when she laughed. He had never ridden since.

There were one or two others. She did not know why she remembered them, but probably it was because they reduced him to the level of common humanity.

There were other memories, of course; very sacred ones, such as the evening after Milla's wedding and something he had said then. J.J had gone back to school, and the house was fairly orderly once more. The caterer's men had taken away the gilt chairs for the reception, the furniture was in place again, and except for the odor of the flowers—which smelled like a funeral—it might have been any evening. She had taken off her blue taffeta dress and put on something loose and was slipping her feet into low-heeled slippers when Jay came into the room.

"Well, that's over, thank God," he said. "I've been looking at the presents. She got a lot, didn't she?"

"More than she can use."

"Well, after all, why not?" he demanded. "We've given enough. And we count in the community. Why fool ourselves about that? If a man does his best, it's bound to tell in the end."

J.J. would have called that Jay-ish, she thought. Nothing about her. Nothing about Milla and her joyous youth. But she dismissed that as *lèse-majesté,* and he surprised her then by putting an arm around her.

"Just you and me now, my dear," he said. "We'll

The new take it easy laxative.
Take it easy with Orange Flavor Instant Mix Metamucil.*
It's effervescent so it mixes instantly and it's pleasantly orange-flavored so it tastes great.
And best of all, it's easy on your system, because Instant Mix Metamucil is made from natural fiber. No chemical stimulants.
No wonder doctors recommend Metamucil more often than any other laxative brand.
Try Regular or new Orange Flavor Instant Mix Metamucil in convenient, travel-size, single-dose packets.
And take it easy!
Easy to take
Easy to take along
Read label and follow directions.
SEARLE
ORANGE FLAVOR
INSTANT MIX
Metamucil
A Natural-Fiber Laxative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to stick pretty close, won't we?"

And she had turned her face up to him as a sunflower—or almost any other flower or vegetable, too, for that matter—to the sun, and her eyes had filled with tears.

"I've been so frightfully happy with you, Jay," she said huskily. "I was sitting here, thinking about our own wedding. Do you remember? And the bee?"

He looked bewildered.

"What bee?" he said. "What's a bee got to do with it?"

It was a year after Milla's marriage that he told her one night that he would like the divorce. Just like that. Just the way he would ask for a clean handkerchief. "D'you mind getting me a handkerchief, Camilla?" It would have been easier, possibly, if he had shouted, as he did when the studs were not in his dress shirt or the car was late. But not at all. He stood very calmly on the rug in front of the library fire and looked exactly the way he used to look when J.J.'s school report was bad.

"You and I must talk this over, J.J. If you think I'm going to pay good money for your education and then let you go ahead and throw it away——"

It was rather like lightning, and he stood like Jove, or whoever it was, pitching his thunderbolt. For there had been no preliminaries at all. They had been out to dinner and, so far as she could remember, he had eaten a normal meal and afterward had played a normal game of bridge. In the car, coming home, he had been rather quiet; but then, he often was quiet unless he was telling her, without rancor, where she had thrown away a game here or there.

All she did was try to stop the feeling that her brain was whirling inside her skull.

Actually, she had thought he looked more than usually handsome that night; and sitting back in her corner of the car, she had glanced now and then at his fine profile. The only thing unusual she had noticed was that he had said nothing about her dress, which was new and, of course, pale blue.

"What? Another blue dress?" Milla had said when she saw it. "Why in the world don't you let me go with you when you get your clothes? Blue again, for heaven's sake!"

"Your father likes it, Milla."

Milla, however, had gone rather silent after that.

So, leaning back in the car, she thought of Milla.

She had her baby now, a little thing with tremendous lungs, but very sweet for all that. Camilla did not feel like a grandmother, but there it was, and Jay had said that they would have to stick pretty close. Well, they were doing it. She felt warm and happy, but she knew better than to put that feeling into words, so she slipped her hand into his, and he held it for a moment. Then he let it go, and the next moment he was looking at the back of the chauffeur's head—only a dark silhouette ahead of them—and saying:

"Why on earth don't you tell Smith he needs a haircut?"

There was no way of knowing then that Smith needed a haircut, but that was like Jay. He would see something and take note if it, and then bring it out when nobody expected it. Which was precisely what happened when they reached the house. He turned into the library and stood there while she slipped off her evening coat in the hall, and she was surprised to hear him say, through the open door:

"Do you mind coming in for a few minutes, Camilla?"

"I'd better heat your milk first."

A glass of hot milk at night had been a part of his diet, and he still kept it up. But he did not want it, it appeared.

"Hot milk?" he said, with an edge to his voice. "I tell you I have something important to say, and you babble about hot milk."

From his voice, one would have gathered that Camilla's habit was to babble, but she was accustomed to things of that sort.

"In a second," she said, and stood for just about that instant of time in front of the hall mirror, smoothing her hair. What she saw was really very nice and certainly slim enough, in all conscience, and she felt pretty and almost young when she turned away and went in. And Jay looked at her with eyes that never saw her at all and said:

"Camilla, I don't want to hurt you, but I'd better say this and get it over."

"Say what, Jay?"

"I want a divorce."

Just like that. No preamble. No explanation. A clean surgical cut and then it was all over. Or was it? For she was merely standing there looking bewildered.

"Are you joking?" she asked uncertainly.

"Do I look as though I am joking?"

She looked at him then. In the firelight he appeared much as usual—as though what he wanted was not a divorce at all, but his clothes sent to the cleaner's. His voice was odd, however, so she took a long breath and said:

"I see. You want a divorce. But what for? I don't——"

"What does any man want a divorce for?" he said impatiently. Then it dawned on her.

"You're not telling me you want to marry again? At your age! I don't believe it."

"I'm not Methuselah!"

Her chief feeling was one of intense amazement. Perhaps she would suffer later. She supposed women did suffer over things like this. She even supposed that Jay had expected her to faint—which she had never done—or to go into hysteria. All she did, however, was to sit down and try to stop the queer feeling that her brain was whirling inside her skull.

"Then there is another woman?" she managed to say.

"What do you think I'm telling you?"

"And—you're in love with her?"

"Do we need to go into that?"

Continued on page 122

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch your family tree blossom with life.

"Roots" helped develop an interest in our beginnings—and now Craftique presents *A Family Tree* to make tracing your family heritage desirable and attractive. Create a living gift for your *family—an invaluable history to be* treasured and handed down from generation to generation. The book's cover and interior illustrations are by Norman Rockwell, charts and record pages are ample and easy to use. The 128-page book includes detailed information on where to look for records pertaining to family history and how best to utilize the book. Sections include information on family forebearers, where our ancestors lived; marriages, births and deaths, military records; a section for letters and diaries; and a section for oral history as remembered by parents, aunts and uncles and grandparents.

We also feature *Baby's Own Book, a delightfully nostalgic baby book* including illustrations on flower-bordered pages by famous *Saturday Evening Post* artists such as Leyendecker, Rockwell, Pyle and Wireman.

The book covers the first five years of a child's life with ample space for recording detailed information. Its 88 pages contain sections on birth and the early months, a family tree, health *records, special times to* remember and a detailed look at each year and concludes with the dramatic climax of babyhood, the first day of school.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gift of Spri

Life's simple pleasures are often the best pleasures. Take spring, for example—the return of balmy eather, jubilant birds, baby-green buds and a freshness in the air that fairly makes you want to burst. By combining the old and the new, the *Post* tries to recreate a little of that spring spirit all year round. We offer great fiction by such contemporary writers as Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., balanced with old *Post* favorites like Clarence Budington Kelland's Scipio Mather tales and Mary Roberts Rinehart's incomparable love stories; a fair-minded and open look at today's political climate; cheery humor by our own Maynard Good Stoddard and others, ranging from Corey Ford to Woody Allen; a preview of this year's baseball season; preventive medicine and self-help pieces to keep you healthy and happy to be alive; interviews with such old favorites as James Garner and new faces like Goldie Hawn; delicious recipes with your health and pocketbook in mind; travel spots to pique your curiosity; and page after page of informative articles to keep your conversation as bright and interesting as a spring day. Every time your new issue of the *Post* arrives, you'll be glad you took the time to treat yourself to another of life's simple pleasures. The gift of spring—all year round.

Free Bonus!
Get the April issue as a free bonus. That's 10 issues for the price of 9.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

☐ **1 year (9 issues)—$10.95**
☐ **2 years (18 issues)—$19.95**
☐ **3 years (27 issues)—$29.95**

☐ Enclosed check or money order
☐ Bill me later
Bill to: ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above name.

_____ _____ _____ _____

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year. U.S. currency only.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Boulevard · Indianapolis, IN 46202

Signature _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send subscription to my name. ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years

Gift Name _____ ☐ Renewal ☐ New

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

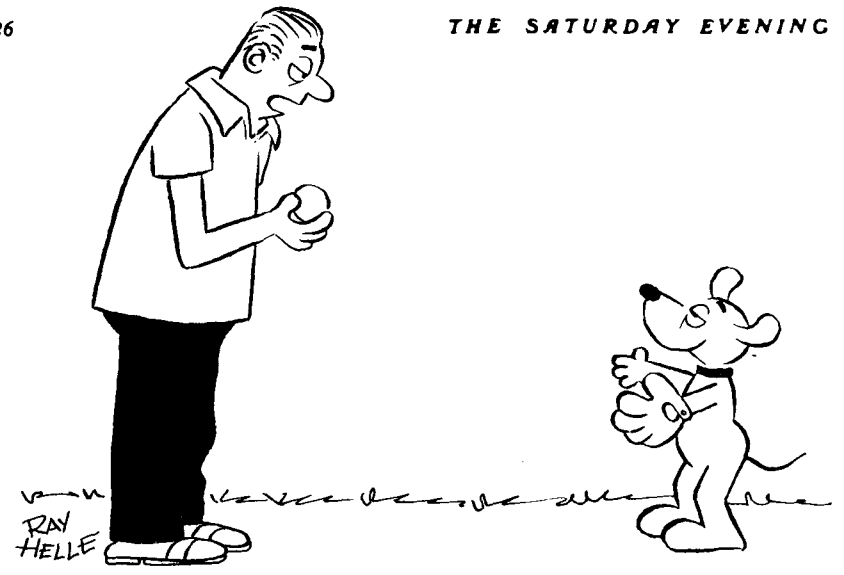
☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

One premium per paid subscription.

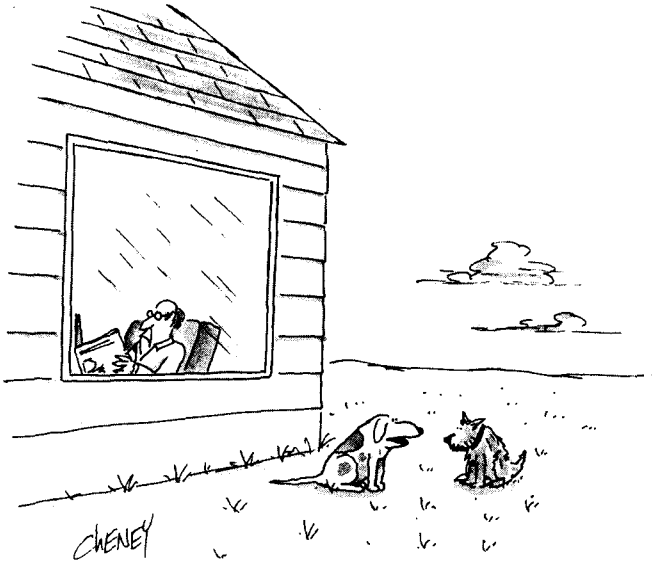
277

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

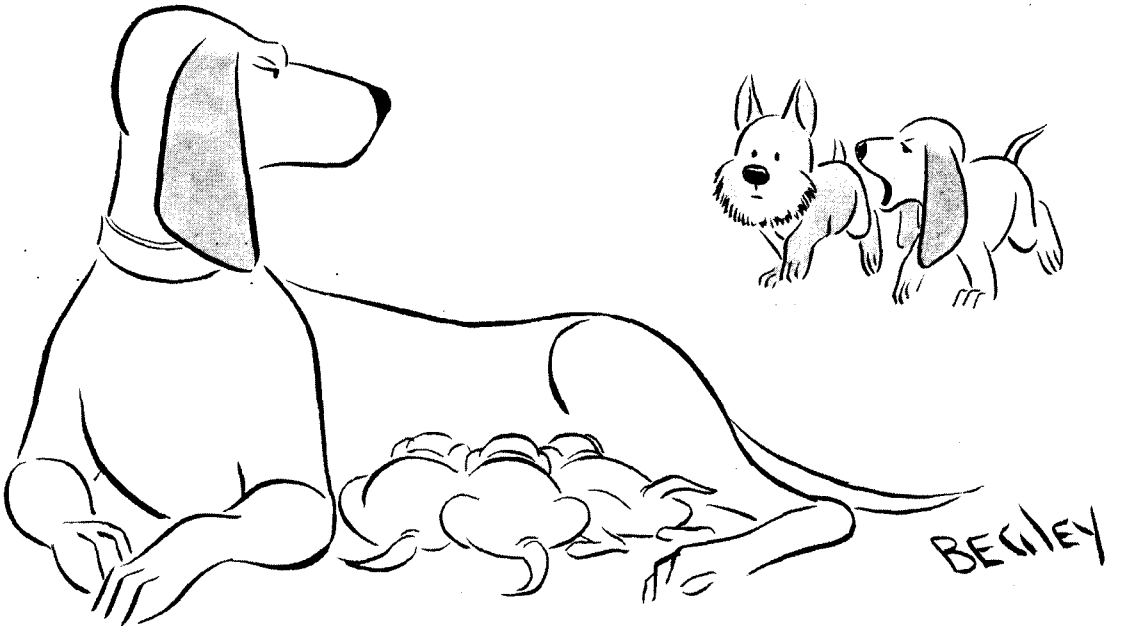
DOG DAYS



"Other *dogs can catch it with their mouths.*"



"We're close, but I'm not his best friend."



"This is the place I was telling you about."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Great "BEAT INFLATION" COOKBOOK SALE!

The Parents Magazine Cookbook —Now Yours at a Special Low Price!

SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!

Originally published at $10.95 (now listed in catalog at $12.95), The Parents Magazine Cookbook is available to you at a special low price of only $5.95.

We bought the publisher's entire inventory, and when these copies are gone, there will be no more! Don't miss out on this one-time offer...order your copy of The Parents Magazine Cookbook today!

The Parents Magazine Cookbook, with 1,500 kitchen and kid-tested recipes, is a must-have for any kitchen library and a tried and true friend for a busy mom. This cookbook, hardcover bound with 640 pages and 40 full-color illustrations, is simply one of the best basic cookbooks around.

1,500 delicious and nutritious recipes including 87 ways to get your family to eat vegetables...54 recipes for chicken...339 treats for a sweet tooth...everything you need to create yummy soups and hor d'oeuvres, main dishes, party meals, plus sample menus, cooking timetables and nutrition charts... built-in cooking secrets that bring variety to mealtimes with a minimum of effort...tips on family food shopping to help you stretch your budget...imaginative dishes using convenience foods...old favorites brought up to date, plus regional and ethnic cooking ...AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

Remember, quantities are limited, so use the coupon to order your copy today.

The Parents Magazine Cookbook is sure to be a family favorite—and at only $5.95, it's more than a bargain, it's a necessity.

MAKES A GREAT GIFT TOO!

PARENTS MAGAZINE COOKBOOK PM-1 P.O. Box 2035 G.P.O. New York, NY 10116

Please send me _____ copies of the Parents Magazine Cookbook. I enclose $5.95 plus $1 postage and handling for each copy ordered. New York, New Jersey, Illinois and California residents add applicable sales tax.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Do not send cash. Make check or money order payable to Parents Magazine Cookbook. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

SP3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW LIFE FOR THE AGING

An increased life span is putting new emphasis on the need for living those dividend years in good health, free from financial worry.

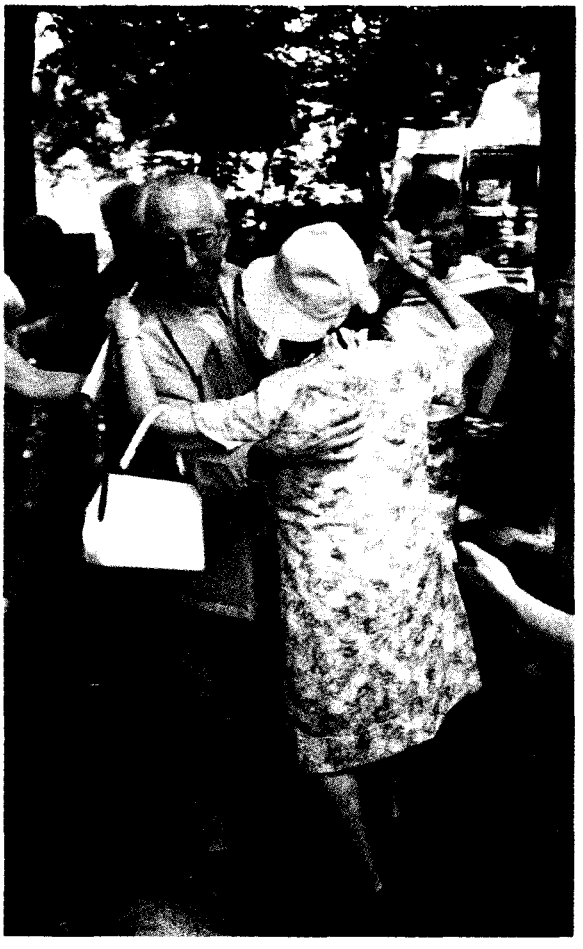
by Michael Allen

Chronological age you can do nothing about; spiritual age lies in your own hands. *Your* hands, *your* feet, *your* stomach, *your* mind. The choice is yours: to rehabilitate yourself by keeping occupied or to rust out by occupying a rocking chair. You can decide to stay fit, eat right, prepare for the proverbial rainy day or simply let yourself go to pot and take your chances that the golden years do not turn out to be copper-coated and quickly tarnished.

Robert Browning surely wrote from a happy heart, looking Age unblinkingly in the eye when he set these lines to his immortal *Rabbi Ben Ezra*:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which
the first was made,
Our times are in his hand.

Whatever the inspiration, it could in no way compare to the promise offered this generation of senior adults for living enthusiastic lives into their 70s, 80s, 90s and beyond. Not that you'll be another Norman Vaughn competing, at 75, in the Alaskan dog-sled race and covering 1,049 miles of wilderness between Anchorage and Nome. Or a Gloria Swanson, writing and selling the story of her life at age 81. Or an 82-year-old Armand Hammer continuing to run his 33,000-employee Occidental Petroleum Corporation. But, with proper exercise, diet, encouraging new discoveries in medicine and ever-increasing concern for the aging, *your* life can very well give substance to those inspiring words of Browning—"the best is yet to be."



Rather than tripping and falling, as their parents and grandparents were wont to do, today's elderly generation is instead tripping the light fantastic in their 70s, 80s and even 90s.

The 20th century has seen an explosion in the number of advocates of exercise, and most concur that it has a favorable effect on all age groups. One study of a large group of 50- to 54-year-old men showed conclusively that those who didn't exercise were five times more likely to die of a disease than those who had turned in their rocking chairs for treadmills.

For example, exercise has emerged as a routine treatment for the century's most deadly age-related malady, heart disease. Consider the 60-year-old dentist from Florida who had already suffered a myocardial infarction and who showed an inoperable two-vessel cardiac disease. Within three months after enrolling at the University of Florida's Cardiac Prevention and Rehabilitation Program of supervised exercise, his symptoms of weakness and breathlessness disappeared, and he was able to return to his practice part-time and lead a close to normal life.

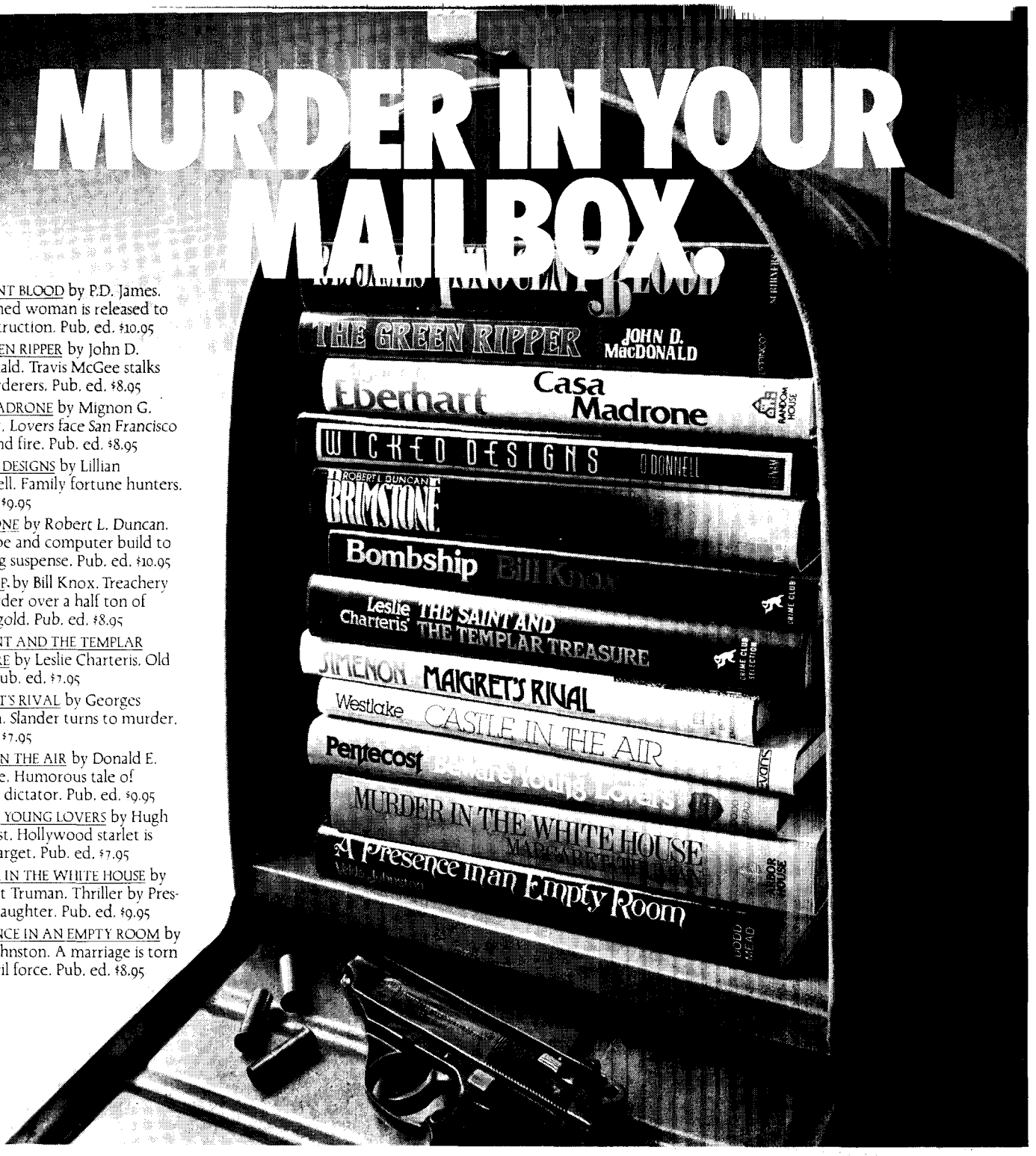
Although walking is considered the best possible exercise for the over-50 generation, this doesn't mean you should discontinue the exercises you have been doing and enjoying—be it swimming, jogging or, with your doctor's blessing, the more strenuous activities of tennis and skiing.

Don't forget that Doc Counsilman, at 58, swam the English Channel, becoming the oldest swimmer to accomplish this feat. But he no longer carried the 245 pounds he had weighed at age 50, no longer had a bad case of asthma, arthritis, lower back pain and high blood pressure. Told by his doctor

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MURDER IN YOUR MAILBOX.



INNOCENT BLOOD by P.D. James. Imprisoned woman is released to face destruction. Pub. ed. $10.95

THE GREEN RIPPER by John D. MacDonald. Travis McGee stalks cult murderers. Pub. ed. $8.95

CASA MADRONE by Mignon G. Eberhart. Lovers face San Francisco quake and fire. Pub. ed. $8.95

WICKED DESIGNS by Lillian O'Donnell. Family fortune hunters. Pub. ed. $9.95

BRIMSTONE by Robert L. Duncan. Map, tape and computer build to terrifying suspense. Pub. ed. $10.95

BOMBSHIP by Bill Knox. Treachery and murder over a half ton of sunken gold. Pub. ed. $8.95

THE SAINT AND THE TEMPLAR TREASURE by Leslie Charteris. Old curses. Pub. ed. $7.95

MAIGRET'S RIVAL by Georges Simenon. Slander turns to murder. Pub. ed. $7.95

CASTLE IN THE AIR by Donald E. Westlake. Humorous tale of deposed dictator. Pub. ed. $9.95

BEWARE YOUNG LOVERS by Hugh Pentecost. Hollywood starlet is killer's target. Pub. ed. $7.95

MURDER IN THE WHITE HOUSE by Margaret Truman. Thriller by President's daughter. Pub. ed. $9.95

A PRESENCE IN AN EMPTY ROOM by Velda Johnston. A marriage is torn by an evil force. Pub. ed. $8.95

$1 GETS YOU ALL 12.

These 12 best-selling tales of mystery and murder are yours for only $1. They're worth $111.40 in original publisher's editions—but to introduce you to The Detective Book Club, we'll send you all these superb mysteries in four handsome triple volumes (shown in coupon) for only $1.00 plus shipping.

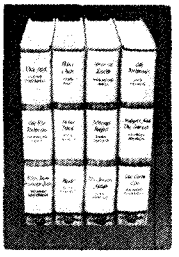
SAVE $5 OR MORE ON EVERY MYSTERY

Monthly club selections include three full-length detective novels in one hardcover triple volume for only $6.39. That's $2.13 per mystery—at least $5 (and sometimes $7 or $8) less than *just one* costs in the publisher's original edition.

As described in the coupon, you're under no obligation to accept any offered selection. You may preview selections, reject or return any you don't want and cancel at any time—even after taking our terrific 12-for-$1 offer!

Please enroll me as a member and send me my four triple-volumes shown here, containing twelve mysteries. I enclose no money now. I'll examine them for one week, then will either accept all four volumes for $1 plus shipping, or return them and owe nothing.

As a member, I will receive free the club's monthly Preview which describes my next selections but I am not obliged to accept them. I will always have at least 10 days to reject any volume by returning the form provided. I may return any book for full credit within 21 days. For each volume I keep, I'll send you $6.39 plus shipping. I understand I may cancel my membership at any time.



THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

1-OF

Street _____

D21D1E

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Note: Members accepted in USA and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he had "better shape up, or you're gonna ship out," Counsilman lost 60 pounds in nine months through swimming and dieting. "Swimming," he says, "saved my life." No wonder he so strongly recommends swimming for older people. Or that he as sincerely believes that if middle-aged and older people treat their bodies properly, their physical potential is beyond all expectations.

Other than *what you do* with your body, *how you fuel it* may also add years to your life. Along with altitude and a simple life of manual labor with no obligation to retire, diet has played a big part in setting the world records of healthful longevity.

In Ecuador there are people who live to be 150. In remote villages in the Andes, people are still working at the age of 100. Inhabitants of the Caucasus have included one who died at age 168. On his birthday the previous year, he is said to have performed a local dance with two of his grandsons, aged 88 and 71. Competitors in a short distance race varied in age from 80 to 104. The man who had won the race the year before (at age 93) could not compete because he was on his honeymoon.

These frisky centenarians still enjoying life and having little use for the civilized institution of the Old Folks Home, dine with gusto on a diet nearly devoid of meat. A little chicken once or twice a week suffices. They never eat fish. Instead, they nibble plenty of vegetables such as green onions, cabbage, lima beans, tomatoes and cucumbers, and for dessert they consume generous quantities of grapes and—in particular—apricots. Garlic is a staple. They abstain from coffee and tea, and they rarely smoke. Instead of regular bread, they substitute corn meal mush.

It has been proved that Benjamin Franklin wasn't just chewing the fat when he said, "To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals." Scientists have learned that they can double the maximum natural life span of white rats by putting them on a low-calorie diet from birth.

Morris H. Ross of the Institute for Cancer Research in Philadelphia gave rats a choice of three different diets, all containing the same number of calories, vitamins and minerals but varying in the ratio of protein to carbohydrates. Beside proving that rats aren't any better than humans at selecting a diet for longer life, he learned that the "smart" rats, who ate moderate levels of the protein and low-carbohydrate diet all their lives and then decreased protein intake with age, outlived their fellows by a tail's length.

Fat is the great antihero when it comes to aging. Doctors now relate fat to many common diseases of the middle-aged and elderly: coronary heart disease, colon and breast cancer and atheriosclerosis. It is therefore desirable that a person over 60 actually *lose weight.*

Modern medicine is also helping to give you an old age free from inhibiting disease. Better treatments for hypertension along with changes of life style have recently curbed the incidence of cardiovascular disease. Cigarette smoking is down 26 percent from 1965, and lung cancer and obstructive pulmonary disease statistics show the happy results. Marvels of medical technology, such as the CT scanner, help to pinpoint brain lesions and other problems at a glance, thus increasing the success of lifesaving surgeries.

In the maintaining of health at any age, vitamins and dietary supplements play an important role. Every day, your body loses some of its most important vitamins —vitamins your body doesn't store and which should be replaced. In capsules or liquid form, daily potent amounts of these nonstorable vitamins will restore the old desire to "get-up-and-go," where before you might have been more inclined to "sit-down-and-stop."

Aside from the comfort

Cont. on following page

Creativeness is one trait that does not diminish with age. Grandma Moses waited until she was 80 to touch brush to canvas. Rather than slacken your pace in retirement, switch to those interests you neglected to develop during years on the job.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best investment you can make for the best years of your life

Time to Face the Facts.

Time to get out of the cold and into the best investment of your life. *You can afford* to join over 2,000 satisfied families who beat inflation and enjoy the best years of their life in year round balmy climate. You, too, will find a new life and new friends in our three great communities.

This lifetime investment pays all kinds of dividends all year long. You'll enjoy recreations, beaches, sports, shopping. You'll save on food, fuel, clothes, auto expenses, insurance, etc. You'll be living in your dream house that increases in value *each day.*

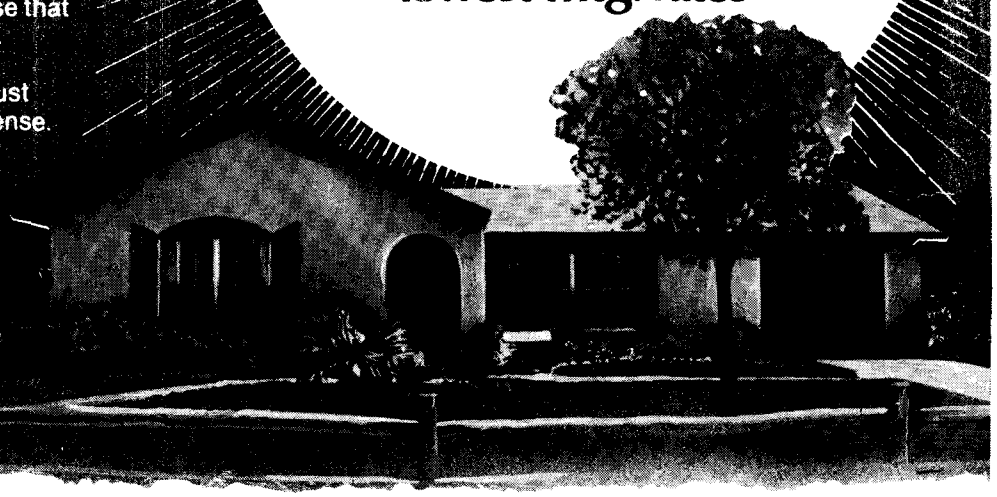
These are the facts. . . it's just plain Good Sense, Dollar Sense.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE KIT TODAY. THERE IS NO COST OR OBLIGATION.

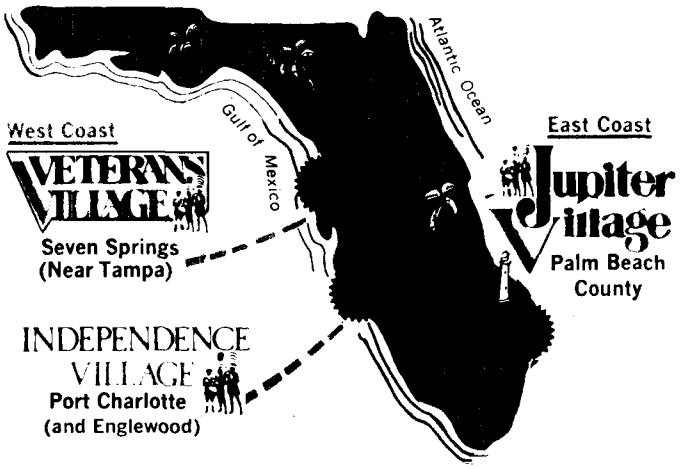
Beautiful Houses & Villas in Florida from $33,990 to $66,990

without touching your savings

no cash down*
no closing costs
lowest mtg. rates



Three great locations on Florida's East or West Coast



YOU MUST SEE OUR NEW MODEL CENTER AT VETERANS VILLAGE

*** Qualified Veterans As low as 4% down for Non Veterans**
Prices subject to change without notice.

NO COST OR OBLIGATION

Check which locations you are interested in to receive your free kit and color brochure:

West Coast ☐ Veterans Village $39,990 to $49,590
West Coast ☐ Independence Village $44,490 to $52,490
East Coast ☐ Jupiter Village $46,690 to $66,990

Prices include fully landscaped lot, carpeting, range.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I intend to visit Florida on: _____

My phone No. is ( ) _____

Clip and mail to: Mature Communities
3818 Seven Springs Boulevard
New Port Richey, Florida 33552

SEP-1

EQUAL HOUSING OPPORTUNITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a feeling of youthful vitality, physical fitness and the absence of disease are requisites for one of the greatest pleasures of life—sex. A well-cared-for and pain-free body remains the world's only proven aphrodisiac. A third requisite, too often missing in the boring routine of long-married couples, is desire.

Awakening this desire is not the impossible dream you may have come to believe. A change of schedule, of locale, of technique—or of all three—could very well turn the old stalemate into a second honeymoon.

Sex at bedtime and only at bedtime might once have been a necessity. Today, with the house and the entire day often to yourselves, romance can name its own time and place. A man's most energetic time may be after a good night's sleep or an afternoon nap. And the place may be anywhere but in the bedroom, with its deterring pictures of kids and grandchildren staring down from the walls or dresser. After a warm bath, and perhaps a little dry white wine, turn on the soft music, lock the doors and let wise old Mother Nature direct the action from there.

Physical fitness and the ideal setting will help, but for peak performance, the spirit must also be willing. And the spirit is never at its best with the mind distracted by money matters or the pros and cons of retirement.

One question that could be muddling your mind is: Should you retire or not? A second question—with gasoline selling at well over a dollar a gallon and certain to go higher, fuel oil close to a dollar, service charges sky-high and grocery prices increasing by the week—is: *Can you afford to retire?*

One of today's popular bumper stickers reads, "The Battle of Inflation is Over—Inflation Won!" It is true that retiring on a fixed income is one of the hazards of aging. But it is also true that Americans over 60 are enjoying a higher standard of living today than were either their parents or grandparents at the same age. For all of inflation's devastation, Social Security, Supplemental Security Income, Medicare, pension plans and private insurance programs have given relief to many. It is a seeming contradiction, then, that in spite of the fact that old age has been given more attention than ever before in history, many older adults still find themselves poor for the first time in their lives.

So who would want to take advantage of those added years only to struggle for the necessities to stay alive? It is, after all, quality of life that makes quantity of life important. And how to attain—or maintain—that quality becomes the primary purpose of the man and woman "bothering" 60.

The number-one solution for turning the wolf at the door into a pussycat, of course, is to turn your back on retirement. This decision may be influenced not so much by monetary gain but by the continued contribution you can make to society. If you were 50, say, before you learned all of your trade that is known, and you retire at 65, that gives you a top-level life of only 15 years. This isn't long compared with the many years you spent in preparation. The late George Bernard Shaw, for example, was actively at work after he was 90. Had he chosen to retire at age 65, many of his most important works would never have been written. Or had the recently deceased Colonel Harland Sanders chosen to retire at age 65, there would have been no Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Before making the big retirement decision, why not make the life of ease your next vacation? Retirement communities now offer a fabulous vacation for two in one of their air-conditioned apartments with private patio, color TV and completely equipped kitchen. You will be invited to special parties, may play golf and tennis, swim, drive to an exciting city nearby or perhaps take in the sur-

It's a physically fit body that calls the tune. Aerobic dancing classes are sprouting up all over the country, but these oldsters have known all along that square dancing helps keep them fit as a fiddle. Keeping physically active is the keynote to staying young.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rounding scenic views. After a week or two (at a weekly rate of $150 to $200), you'll come home with at least some idea of whether this is the retirement life for you.

A federally funded report, *Older Americans: An Untapped Resource*, points out that older Americans are "a resource that the nation can no longer afford to ignore." The report further stresses that the health of the economy, the increasing strain on our resources (to support Social Security, pensions and other benefits) and the problems of keeping up with inflation all require new policies that stop discarding older people as useless and dependent.

Older workers can best compete in the labor market, the report continues, by taking part-time jobs or working in self-employed capacities. Door-to-door or telephone sales is traditional among older people. A man in Phoenix, for example, is still selling Watkins products at age 96. The report further points out that longevity, higher levels of education and better health among older people have combined to open up new views on the part of employers and older people themselves about the span of worklife.

It is the prediction of this report that a number of factors will encourage more and more older people now working to remain on the job, among them: the need for wages to keep up with inflation, the new statutory right to delay retirement to age 70, the fact that women entering the work force in their late 40s and 50s will need to work past 65 to qualify for meaningful pensions and more and more people in their mid-60s having the mental and physical capacity as well as the desire to keep active.

There are as many good reasons why employers are willing to keep older people on the payroll or put them on the payroll in full- or part-time positions. Turnover rate for workers over 46 is about one-sixth that of workers 17 to 25 and one-fourth that of the 25-to-45 age group. Older employees are more satisfied with their pay, their supervisor and the work itself. And older people are quite capable of learning new jobs.

Choosing to trade the old rat race for the snail's pace of retirement need not, however, spell doomsday in this day of inflation. Thirty percent of senior adults are now adding income to the family budget by working part-time. (Earnings in 1981 can total $5,500 without affecting Social Security checks; $6,000 in 1982.)

Should you elect not to work even part-time (and saving the money you get from Social Security, investments and pension becomes a necessity rather than a virtue), retirement affords you the time to shop around for bargains, to become more familiar with businesses offering special discounts to people aged 60 and older. You should also, whenever possible, request that your doctor prescribe generic rather than the more expensive brand-name drugs.

Regardless of how late it may seem to prepare for retirement, it

Continued on following page

I had no idea Geritol does so much for you.

"To tell you the truth, I always thought Geritol was for older people. Like my parents. But you know what I found out? Women my age are especially susceptible to iron-poor blood. It's a problem millions of us have...iron-poor blood is the most widespread nutritional ailment in America today.

So now I take Geritol every day. With Geritol you're sure of getting enough iron to build iron-poor blood back to normal. Plus you get vitamins that are important to your health."

Geritol.® Every day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will never be any earlier. With this in mind, more and more of the over-50 age group are going back to school. According to Dr. Herbert London, Dean and Director of Programs at the Gallatin Division of New York University, quoted in *50 PLUS* magazine:

"Students over 50 not only *can* compete with counterparts in the 17-to-21 age bracket, but because of well-developed study habits and conscientious attitudes toward work, they actually do far better in their academic studies."

Among the prime examples, Shelton Hubbard is a student at Loyola U. at age 85. Alice Pearce, 82, is a recent graduate of Arkansas Methodist College. Ethel Magee, 63, a widow, went back to school to get her Master's degree. Blanch Drezen, now Secretary for Minority Finance in the New York State Senate, after both of her children got Master's degrees, decided she'd better get her Master's to "keep up." Many schools offer life-experience credits, along with weekend, evening and lunchtime classes.

Okay, so you have gone back to school, and you've taken a part-time job or even stayed on the old job, and still the struggle for survival is causing you to sink deeper into the quicksands of debt and despair. Take heart; President Reagan has promised to help come to your rescue. Inscribed on the banner heading his vanguard are the pledges to:

- Vigorously pursue a campaign commitment to end the Social Security system's earnings limitation which reduces monthly Social Security payments to older Americans who earn more than the maximum allowed amount.
- Fight the "inexcusable" waste, fraud and abuse of government programs for older persons.
- Promote better health care by strengthening the Medicare and Medicaid programs, while exploring incentives for home-based care.
- Rigorously enforce the Age Discrimination in Employment Act.
- Continue to implement the Older Americans Act of 1965 (which authorized some 500 Area Agencies on Aging to provide service to help meet the real needs of the elderly).

The final obstacle to overcome in turning back the economic enemy of inflation is an inherited Yankee characteristic called independence. This feeling of pride too often gets in the way of taking advantage of government assistance. But don't let it rob *you* of needed aid. As a citizen, these services are simply benefits to which you are entitled, benefits to help you win the battle that is currently calling our nation to arms.

"Everything I do lately seems to irritate you."

Pick up almost any newspaper today and cheering evidence will pop out at you that this goal of making the golden years of America's senior adults 18-karat is not too far distant. According to yesterday's columns—in spirit, at least—it is already here.

An 82-year-old Hutchinson, Kansas, man didn't let a little thing like a cracked pelvis, acquired on the way to his wedding rehearsal, stop him from being married the next day.

A couple living in Friendly Village, Rhinelander, Wisconsin, observed their 73rd wedding anniversary.

A woman in South Bend, Indiana, is celebrating her 105th birthday.

There is ample physical evidence that proper diet and exercise combined with an optimistic attitude can make for good living up to the limits of the human life span. But what are those limits? Can medical science increase the ultimate life span? Dr. Allan L. Goldstein of the Department of Biochemistry at George Washington University School of Medicine says, "Yes. It is entirely conceivable that people could live to be 150 years old." Dr. Goldstein and his collegues are studying the effects of the drug Thymosin, a hormone made by the thymus gland, which may act to slow down the aging process by restoring the body's immune system to the vigor it had in youth.

By controlling cancer and heart disease, only about 15 years would be added to the average lifespan, he says, but by controlling the body's immune system, perhaps 50 or more years could be attained.

Today many people who are past 65 are still employed. They counsel younger people, help out when someone is ill, take care of small children, use their wisdom to give advice on jobs or business matters. Many do volunteer work. They help out in hospitals, with civic affairs and in social agencies. The benefit to society of the great untapped workforce of millions of older people is something we've only begun to realize.

That good old Yankee stubbornness, then, rather than resisting the benefits to which the aging are entitled, might better be directed toward the battle to keep physically fit, the weight down, the spirits up, the dreams alive. The years ahead will then hold the bright and shiny promise of becoming, as the movie title put it, "the best years of your life."

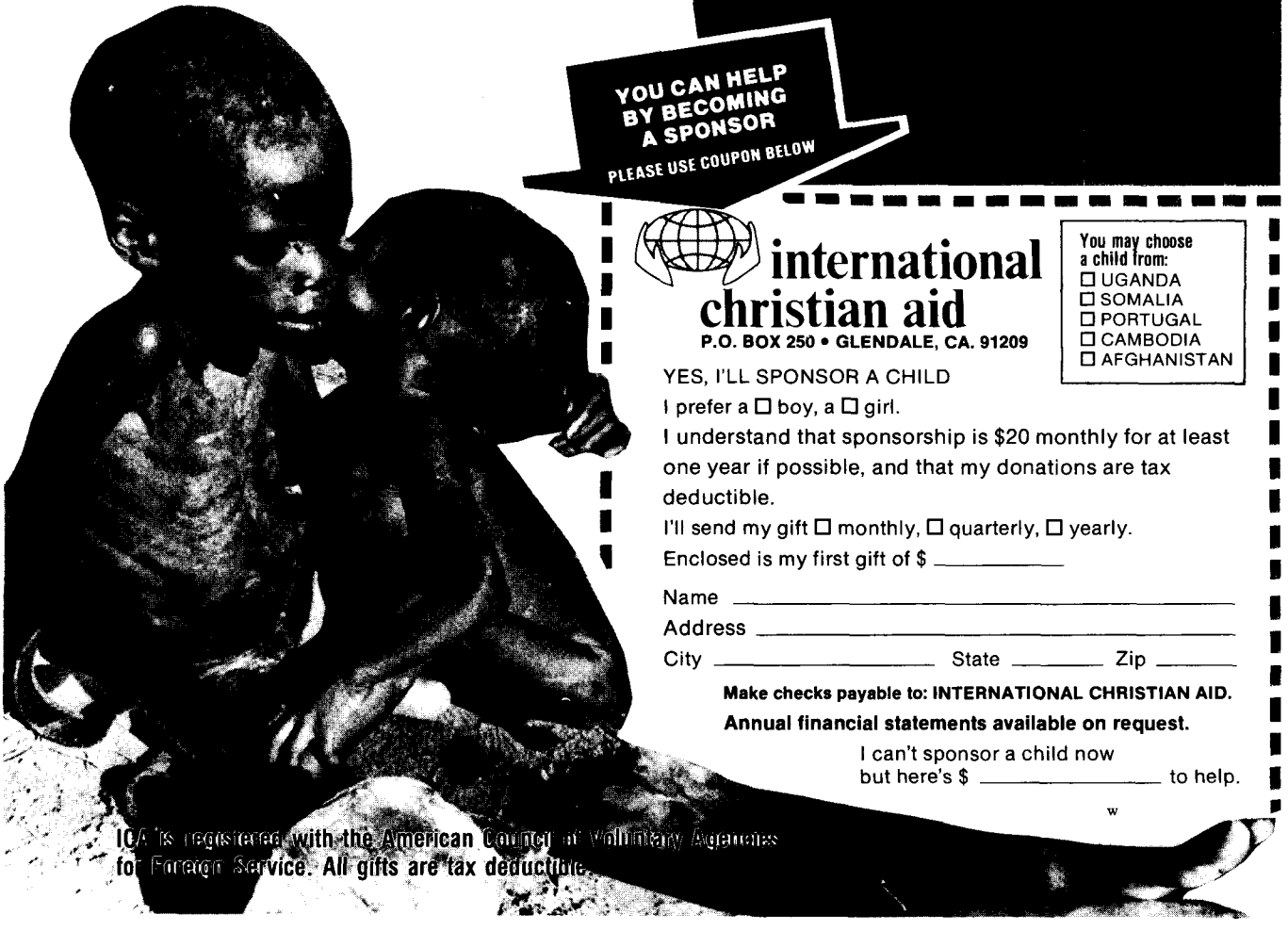
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT...!

That War, Famine And Starvation Have Driven Them From Their Homes . . . !

THEY ARE HELPLESS, HOMELESS REFUGEES . . . INNOCENT VICTIMS!

UGANDA . .



YOU CAN HELP BY BECOMING A SPONSOR

PLEASE USE COUPON BELOW

international christian aid

P.O. BOX 250 • GLENDALE, CA. 91209

You may choose a child from:
- ☐ UGANDA
- ☐ SOMALIA
- ☐ PORTUGAL
- ☐ CAMBODIA
- ☐ AFGHANISTAN

YES, I'LL SPONSOR A CHILD

I prefer a ☐ boy, a ☐ girl.

I understand that sponsorship is $20 monthly for at least one year if possible, and that my donations are tax deductible.

I'll send my gift ☐ monthly, ☐ quarterly, ☐ yearly.

Enclosed is my first gift of $ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make checks payable to: INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN AID.

Annual financial statements available on request.

I can't sponsor a child now but here's $ _____ to help.

w

ICA is registered with the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service. All gifts are tax deductible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE'S TOO BUSY TO DIE

Working two secretaries 10 hours a day and still skydiving at age 80-plus leaves Paul Davis little time for dying.

by David Bolling

On the living room wall of his Carmel Valley bungalow there is a photo of Paul Herbert Davis perched in the door of an airplane, strapped into a jump suit, parachute and helmet, a wide smile stretched across his face.

The photo was taken just before Davis stepped out the door 2,800 feet above Fort Ord, California. There is no fear in his eyes, just anticipation and an almost innocent wonder. He made that first jump when he was 79 years old. He did it again at 80 to prove, he says, "that the first time wasn't a fluke."

Davis' doctor wasn't particularly pleased with this elderly derring-do and lectured him sternly on the medical realities of age. But Paul Davis has been bucking medical odds all his life. Skydiving is just the latest in a long list of adventures that have punctuated an amazing career.

At 83, Paul Davis could call it a day with no apologies, but he has too many ventures occupying his time to even contemplate retirement.

In his 83 years he has been held for ransom by Mexican bandits, crashed biplanes along the Texas border, wing-walked his way through Stanford University, fished with Herbert Hoover, managed all of San Francisco's depression-era relief programs, served as vice president of Columbia University under Dwight Eisenhower, managed a utility company in Brazil, acted as education advisor for *Reader's Digest*, been a widely sought consultant on college administration and financing, waged a personal campaign against inflation and nursed a small forest of bonsai trees.

That's clearly enough to fill several lifetimes, more than enough to drive one man into an early grave. If you ask him how he's managed to survive, Davis will crack a sly grin and joke about being "a tough old goat." But if you study his life you soon discover that he's still alive because he simply hasn't had time to die. He's been too busy.

What sets Paul Davis apart from the legions of other once-active men and women who have slid quietly into retirement is that he hasn't stopped; he's barely slowed down. He still drives two secretaries through 8- and 10-hour days, working out of his residence in a comfortable retirement community on the edge of Carmel, California. His energy seems to be fueled by a complete disregard for death, almost as though he knows he's survived so much already, whatever time he has left is icing on the cake.

Indeed, everyone who knows him eventually is drawn into his myriad interests and causes via the Paul Davis mailing list, a conduit for an unending stream of letters, clippings, books, articles, quotes, snatches of wisdom from every conceivable source, all intended to provoke the recipient into action—and if not action, at least the uneasy awareness that there is a lot we ought to learn about the state of the world and that we ought to do something about it.

All this activity naturally leads to the question: Why isn't Paul Davis comfortably settled in affluent retirement there in Carmel, which sits on the Pacific coast like a Japanese garden with wind-sculpted cypress trees and narrow, shaded lanes leading down to the nearby sea?

What drives Davis is the conviction that America is declining, that much of the energy, commitment, vision, virtue, determination and leadership that pushed this country to the forefront of civilization is on the wane.

That, of course, is not exactly news. But Paul Davis is convinced that each man can make a difference, that America can still move forward to solve its problems if enough people care, act and stop waiting for government to come to the rescue.

It makes little difference to him that he is 83 years old and living in a retirement home.

Because of his multi-faceted career and broad acquaintances (people like Eisenhower, Earl Warren and Pop Warner have been colleagues and mentors), Davis figures "there are various things that I can and should be able to do that are helpful." Those things have recently ranged from a crusade to improve the training of elementary-school teachers to a nationwide citizens' campaign to end inflation. Davis believes part of our collective problem is that ethics, imagination, leadership and vision aren't being stressed in our schools. And not much can be done about that problem, he argues, while we're faced with the prospect of a collapsing economy.

Davis lays part of the blame for our economic woes on public ignorance of economics. In some circles, free enterprise has become a dirty phrase; in others, totally misunderstood. To overcome that ignorance, Davis

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR EXCLUSIVE OFFER TO COLLECTORS OF GOLD COINS

Solid 14-Karat Gold Krugerrand

The World's Most Famous Gold Coin in exquisite miniature

Only $10 if you act within 30 days!

The famous Krugerrand, symbol of gold's elegance, beauty and value! In today's gold market, the Krugerrand has become the most popular gold coin of our time; in fact, on February 19, 1980 the International Monetary Mint purchased from a major New York bank the famous Krugerrand for $725.

Now, you have the rare opportunity to possess the International Monetary Mint *miniature* Krugerrand in solid gold...for the special price of just $10 if you act within thirty days.

An Exquisitely Detailed Miniature

Individually die-struck by International Monetary Mint's commissioned craftsmen, each miniature captures the full three-dimensional relief of the striking full-sized coin. Each brilliant uncirculated gold piece has the likeness of Stefans Johannes Kruger, the late 19th century President of South Africa on one side, and the distinctive depiction of the Springbok, the small African antelope, on the reverse side.

Each gold piece is presented to you in a specially designed collector's case, accompanied by an individually-numbered Certificate of Authenticity. It's a golden treasure to be cherished for years to come—and the ideal gift for every occasion. A stunning solid 14-Karat Gold Frame for your miniature gold piece is also available.

Price Guaranteed For Only 30 Days

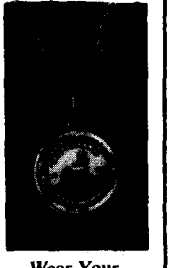
Due to the constant fluctuation in the price of gold on the world market, our low prices for these stunning miniature Krugerrands can be guaranteed for only 30 days. *In addition, we must set a strict order limit of fifteen coins per order.*

An Unusual UNLIMITED Guarantee

We are so sure that you will be thrilled with the workmanship and value of your miniature Krugerrand that we offer it to you on an unlimited guarantee of satisfaction:

You may return the coin(s) at any time in the original collector's case with the Certificate of Autheniticity for full refund of your purchase price (except postage and handling, of course) no questions asked.

Obviously, we anticipate unusually heavy demand for these exquisite gold miniature Krugerrands, and we will fill orders strictly on a first-come, first-served basis. To avoid disappointment or delay, you must place your order now—and in no event can we guarantee this low price of $10 for longer than 30 days.



Wear Your Miniature Gold Piece In A Solid 14K Gold Frame Now Available $15

International Monetary Mint is not affiliated with any government mint.

© 1980 International Monetary Mint

Each *miniature* comes in its own custom-designed case.

Coin Shown Actual Size

PMOS, PO Box MF 600
Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621

Please send me the 14K Gold Krugerrand Miniature(s) indicated below on your UNLIMITED GUARANTEE of Satisfaction!

- ☐ One Krugerrand Miniature at $10.00 plus $2.00 postage, handling, and insurance.
- ☐ SAVE! Send TWO miniature Krugerrands at $19.00 plus $2.00 postage, handling, and insurance. (You save $3)

SAVE EVEN MORE ON QUANTITY ORDERS—WE PAY POSTAGE, HANDLING AND INSURANCE

- ☐ Five miniature Krugerrands at just $45.00 (you save $15)
- ☐ Ten miniature Krugerrands at just $85.00 (you save $35)
- ☐ *LIMIT: Fifteen miniature Krugerrands at just $120.00 (you save $60)*
- ☐ *Solid 14K Gold Frames at $15 each for your miniature gold Krugerrand. ($12 each for 2 or more)*

Indicate quantity. _____.

☐ Check or ☐ Money Order enclosed for $ _____
Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express

Account # _____

Signature _____

MC Interbank # _____ Card Expires _____

(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. NJ residents add 5% sales tax.)

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DEALER ORDERS ACCEPTED AT ABOVE PRICES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spearheaded development of a model curriculum to train teachers how to teach economics. Pepperdine University set up such a course, which Davis hopes will help fill the void in economic understanding. "A healthy economy isn't possible," he warns, "when the public is economically illiterate, because most teachers have a very inadequate understanding of the American economic system."

But Davis sees two deeper problems at America's core: the lack of leadership at all levels of society and the failure of ethics in family and school. Maybe, he speculates, America's very success has been its undoing. "I find in the histories of leading nations that while they are struggling to achieve, their efforts and attitudes are high, and they become prosperous and affluent. But then, inevitably, they seem to grow wasteful and arrogant, and they start going down."

Davis has been a student of ups and downs since he flew DeHaviland biplanes in Texas during the hot August summer of 1919 after World War I. Back in the days when Army Air Corps pilots wore knee-high boots and aviator helmets, Davis was flying over the desolate Big Bend region, scouting the Mexican border. The planes were heavy and slow, and a lot of them landed nose-down.

After 14 operations, four of them for cancer, Paul Davis is still lighting fires under people by his own daring examples—such as skydiving at the age of 79, and again at 80, "to prove it wasn't a fluke."

Aeronautics involved engineering and—naturally enough—Davis graduated from Stanford with an engineering degree. He then got early experience solving budget problems when he was hired to find a way to finance the school's athletic program. Stanford had recently built a new stadium which had created a sizeable debt. Davis' job was simple: Find the money to pay for it. His solution was equally simple: Put Stanford in the Rose Bowl.

Davis figured a Rose Bowl-quality team would easily generate enough gate receipts to pay for the stadium. That left only the small matter of getting into the famed bowl game with an undistinguished team. To overcome that obstacle, Davis suggested hiring the best football coach in the country. That meant Pop Warner, who was then coaching at Pittsburgh. Warner came, recruited famed fullback Ernie Nevers, and the rest is football history. "In three years," grins Davis, "he put us in the Rose Bowl and we paid for the stadium."

Pop Warner's success at Stanford underscores another Davis dictum: Without strong, capable leadership, no team, no school, no organization, no government, no nation can succeed.

The responsibility to solve America's problems rests on all of us, Davis insists. We *have* the resources, the ability, the means. We *need* leadership now, in all sectors of society, to make this society work.

That concern is shared by DeWitt Wallace, founder of *Reader's Digest* and, for the last 30 years, one of Davis' closest friends. With Wallace's backing, Davis embarked on a cross-country quest, tracking down and interviewing a dozen prominent people for state-of-the-nation opinions.

Among those Davis talked to were Soviet dissident and Nobel Prize winner Alexander Solzhenitsyn, economist William McChesney Martin, Jr., and Texas Instruments founder John Erik Jonsson. Badgering Jonsson in his opulent Dallas office one day, Davis says he asked the electronics wizard and former mayor, "Erik, are you just going to sit in that big, comfortable chair and watch all that you've created in your lifetime slide down the chute?"

When Jonsson, who has contributed legendary amounts of time and money to social causes, turned the question back to Davis, asking what *he* would do, Davis' answer summed up his current obsession. "I intend to bat around this nation," he said, "and talk to people hither and yon until somebody comes up with ideas that look as though they've got a chance. I'd rather make an error of effort than sit on my tail and watch the thing slide, whereas if a few of us had gotten into it, we could have saved the show."

Working *with* others is a Davis trademark. He has a kind of genius, says California business man and management consultant Bob Shafer, for "bringing key people together. All of a sudden Paul is in for a one-day meeting, and before you know it you're working for three months on this project, and you realize he's done it again, that Paul has lit another fire

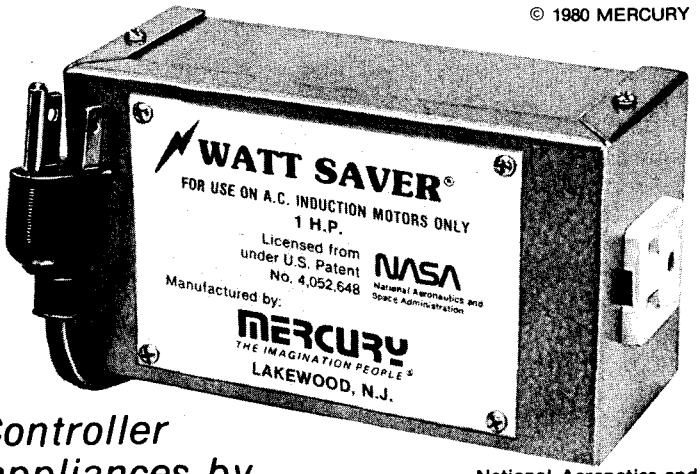
Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1980 MERCURY

ELECTRIC BILLS TOO HIGH? GET A

watt saver™



National Aeronotics and Space Administration Patent #4,052,648

Advanced-design Power Factor Controller cuts the cost of running electric appliances by as much as 40%! See for yourself—try it for 60 days!

If you think your electric bills are high **now**, brace yourself. They'll be even higher next year, and for years to come—even if your use of electricity remains constant—due to utility company rate increases.

Right now, it's probably costing you $120 to $160 a year to run a refrigerator ...about $130 for a freezer...and other outrageous sums to power your attic fan, washing machine, sump pump, electric typewriter and/or trash compactor. Even a gas clothes dryer uses expensive electricity (to rotate the drum).

So it makes a lot of sense to use a lot less electric power. And now you can do just that—***without*** *cutting down on your use* of electric appliances!

INTRODUCING THE WATT SAVER

Our exclusive new Watt Saver is based on an invention developed and patented by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. "The NASA/Nola power saver," wrote a ***Popular Science*** senior editor, "was developed by Frank Nola at NASA's Flight Center in a program to reduce power consumption in spacecraft motors. Nola calls it a PFC—power-factor controller. I prefer to call it a power saver, however, because that's what it does."

NASA TESTED IT

According to NASA documents, "The device has been tested at Marshall Center on over 40 types of motors, with power savings ranging up to 60%, depending on the loading. The motors tested were both single-phase and three-phase, ranging from ½ H.P. to 5 H.P. Most motors will show up to 40-50% savings when running lightly loaded or unloaded, and some will show 5-to-7% savings at rated load."

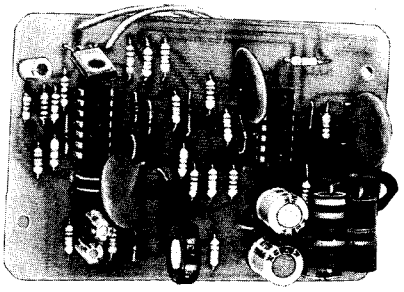
NASA's Technical Support Package showed that "The Power Factor Controller applies to induction type electric motors—the most commonly used type in all major home appliances and the most commonly used in industry." Such as those in refrigerators, freezers, washing machines, dishwashers, trash compactors table saws, drill presses, electric typewriters, gas dryers (without electric ignitors), fans, grinders, food processing machines, lathes and various types of pumps (e.g., heat, sump, swimming pool).

HOW IT SAVES POWER

Popular Electronics explained it this way: "AC induction motors characteristically run at a nearly constant speed that's fixed by power-line frequency and independent of load and supply voltage. When heavily loaded, the motor draws line current that is nearly in phase with the applied voltage....Under light load conditions, the motor develops less torque by allowing more lag between the voltage and the current. This reduces the power factor while leaving the current essentially the same in magnitude." (The wasted power is given off as heat.)

"To minimize this waste, Nola's device monitors the motor's power factor, and when it detects light load conditions, it reduces the supply voltage....The current, now more nearly in phase with the voltage, therefore does as much useful work as before, but it and the voltage are smaller, resulting in a net savings of electric power."

Besides saving power, the Watt Saver also allows motors to run cooler—which lengthens their life—and quieter.



Inside the Watt Saver: electronic components work automatically, microsecond by microsecond, to make sure an electric motor receives no more voltage than what's needed to handle the load at any given instant...to save you money!

IT'S SIMPLE TO USE

The Watt Saver—made in the U.S. under license from NASA—is housed in a sturdy metal case (just 5¼"W x 3"H x 2"D) with an electrical outlet and a 2-foot cord. Simply plug the cord of your appliance into the Watt Saver, then plug the Watt Saver's cord into any electrical outlet. You can move the Watt Saver to various locations as needed or, better yet, get two or more.

(For air conditioners, order the wired-in model and if you are electrically inclined no electrician is necessary to connect it.)

Whenever the appliance is used, the Watt Saver goes to work instantly. There are no buttons to push, no gauges to watch. The Watt Saver works automatically, to reduce the amount of electric power used and (therefore) to reduce your electric bills—**without** reducing the efficiency of your appliances!

LOW COST—AND A TAX CREDIT

Although we're the only company in the world offering the Watt Saver, the cost is modest—only **$39.95** for the 110V, 15-amp model that handles motors up to and including 1 H.P. Want two? They're just **$37.95** each. Or splurge and get three at **$34.95** each. Specify plug-in or wired-in models.

We also offer a 220V, 15-amp model for motors up to and including 2½ H.P. The price is **$49.95** for one; **$47.95** each for two or more. Specify plug-in or wired-in.

No matter which model you order or how many units you order, the postage/handling charge is just $2.50 per order.

And next year, when you fill out your tax return, you can deduct a 15% energy tax credit—for additional savings.

60-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Try the Watt Saver for as long as 60 days. If not completely satisfied, return it (insured) for a full refund.

Naturally, the sooner you send for the Watt Saver, the more you can save on your electric bills. So order today. Send your check or money order to the address below. Or charge it to your Visa, Master Card, Diners Club or Carte Blanche account. If using your credit card, you can order via our toll-free number:

800-526-2801

If it's busy, or no answer, call our other toll-free number:

800-257-7850

(In New Jersey, call: **800-322-8650.** *N.J. residents: add 5% sales tax.)*

Or mail your order to:

NATIONAL SALES GROUP
MERCURY
THE IMAGINATION PEOPLE®

Dept. SE3 404 Madison Avenue
Lakewood, N.J. 08701
201-370-0446

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for you, and you say, 'My God, how did I get into this one?' "

Davis doesn't get that kind of commitment by browbeating his friends or by shaming them into action. Instead, he works a kind of alchemy on their thought processes, converting skepticism into commitment, asking questions, probing for answers, subtly steering people from positions outside the problem to positions inside the solution.

Davis also lights fires under people simply by the example he sets himself. He seems almost oblivious to danger, defeat or failure. He has survived enough major operations to kill a dozen men, perhaps because he simply couldn't be bothered with being sick. Shafer, who has watched Davis recover again and again, is almost incredulous at what he has seen. "I sat with Helen, his wife, when Paul had major surgery. It was an appendectomy. It was rough; but when the doctor came down he said, 'Paul's going to be all right.' Three and a half days later I went back to the hospital and Paul's gone. And I said to the desk nurse, 'This can't be. The man had major surgery. They cut his stomach open and everything. Where is he?' And she said, 'He's in New York.' Well, I couldn't believe it. He got up, got dressed, put his clothes on over the stitches and flew to a meeting in New York.

"Later I had the same doctor for a hernia operation, and he kept me in for five days. So I told him about how Paul had left so quickly, and I asked him why I couldn't do that. And the doctor said to me, 'He's just a tough old goat. He just got up and left.' And I said, 'Well, who took the stitches out?' And he said, 'He did.' "

If Davis is unsatisfied with the level of leadership in this country, he's even less satisfied with the level of learning. He is profoundly impressed with the importance of early childhood education and credits a seventh-grade teacher in Lindsay with helping to set his life on a positive course. "Her name was Miss Burmingham," he says, reaching back more than six decades. She was "extraordinary. . .in terms of inspiration, in terms of motivation, in terms of ideals. She didn't preach it, she didn't teach it. She lived it."

Believing the world needs more Miss Burminghams, Davis has committed a great deal of his energy to lobbying among friends in education for better training of teachers. The famous Lamplighter School in Dallas, which Erik Jonsson helped fund, could be a model for the kind of education Davis thinks kids need. And Kate Masson, founder of a private school in Marin County, California, could be a model for the kind of teacher Davis admires. In a newspaper interview, Masson explained that her Mount Tamalpais Primary School hires teachers on the basis of "dedication, energy, interest and involvement and an understanding of what it's like to be seven years old and three feet tall.

"We should stop emphasizing the *techniques* of teaching. The important thing about the teacher is personality or attitude or empathy, the understanding and appreciation that person has for children."

Davis has a habit of acting on his interests. When it occurred to him that elementary-school teachers might need more training as human beings and less in technical teaching skills, he began haunting classrooms. He found his suspicions confirmed in a second-grade classroom in the Watts ghetto of Los Angeles. "The quality and the participation and the attitude of the students were extraordinary. There were about 40 students in the class, more than I had ever seen before. I asked one of the lads, 'Do you like your teacher?' And he smiled and said, 'Oh yes. Sunday she took us on a picnic.' Now that kind of dedication has nothing to do with the technique of teaching, but it had a terrific amount to do with the spirit of that classroom.

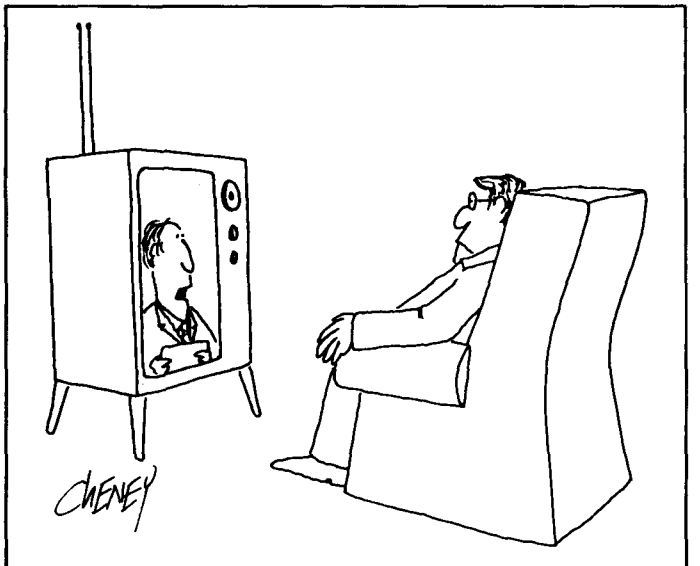
"I checked and found that this teacher had specialized in courses on how to teach and how to handle minority classes. She somehow cared enough to put herself in a place where it's difficult and took the training she needed for that kind of assignment."

One offshoot of Davis' classroom research was a Bank of America-funded program to teach parents how to raise their children creatively. Davis sold the idea to the world's largest bank with the argument that if children are being properly raised, bankers will have more time for their business.

By now, more than 20,000 adults have gone through the training—evidence, believes Davis, that there are indeed major gaps in our national consciousness that need critical attention.

He sees the Watts schoolteacher as an exception to a dangerous rule. "This nation," he worries, "has a tendency to focus and improve on the things in which we're already great while ignoring the areas where we need to improve. Take medicine; the schools of medicine, the quality of professors, the quality of students all tend to be triple A. Technology and management are the same. And yet in political science, social science, philos-

Continued on page 132



"In this evening's news: the nova of our sun, the melting of the polar ice caps and the obliteration of time, space and dimension as we know it. . .but first these important messages."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Free Health Cookbook...

with a two- or three-year paid subscription to The Saturday Evening Post *to give you health for the zest of your life.*

We stalked nutritionists round the globe for these delectable high-fiber, low-sodium dishes your family will welcome with improved health.

There are 124 newly created and tested recipes in the handsome, hefty 8½" x 11" tome for gourmets who now may have their cake and eat it too, dietwise and nutritionwise. The book also includes eight full-page reproductions in color.

This enviable collection of wholesome, easy-to-follow recipes is yours to keep, with our compliments.

144 big pages of Better Health for your family.

SATURDAY EVENING POST ALBUM
BETTER HEALTH FAMILY COOKBOOK
Cory SerVaas, M.D.
Charlotte Turgeon
Delicious new high-fiber diet recipes. How to prepare tasty meals with less salt, and retain maximum vitamins while cooking for better health.
Masterpieces of classic art to frame.
Norman Rockwell · Claude Monet · Salvador Dali · J.C. Leyendecker · Gauguin

☐ **1 year (9 issues)—$10.95**
☐ **2 years (18 issues)—$19.95**
☐ **3 years (27 issues)—$29.95**

☐ Enclosed check or money order
☐ Bill me later
Bill to: ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above name.

_____

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year. U.S. currency only.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Boulevard · Indianapolis, IN 46202

Signature _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send subscription to my name. ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years

Gift Name _____ ☐ Renewal ☐ New

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

One premium per paid subscription.

277D

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I ABUSED CREDIT CARDS

Instead of paying on time, he is doing time—despite his credit card schemes.

by A Prisoner

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

I am writing in reference to Nick Thimmesch's article, "Dealing with Credit Cards," in your November 1980 issue. I am currently serving a prison term in Tennessee for passing bad checks. Although I'm in prison because of my checks, I've spent many years using and manipulating our national credit card system.

In the article, different people are mentioned as using assorted schemes in ripping off the numerous credit card companies. Although the mentioned methods seem extremely effective, the article doesn't mention the simplest of methods. For instance, instead of physically using assorted credit cards, it's been proven that using information from different cards is safer and financially superior. Instead of fraudulently abusing a credit card in stores, etc., where the chance of arrest is good, by using the numbers of a card without the cardholder's knowledge, the chances of arrest are slim and the rewards great: for example, using credit card information to fly for free, for mail-order fraud, etc.

I've abused the credit card system for seven years; I am presently only 22. To many, my age is hard to believe, considering what I've done. In your article, the people mentioned each chalked up respectable figures with their fraudulent credit cards. My figures were higher.

Also mentioned in the article was the ease involved in obtaining credit. By the age of 17, I had amassed 15 department store accounts, plus three major accounts. All of these accounts were obtained by simply filling out applications and operating a fictitious business (as mentioned in the article). For example, I obtained a business license and paid all necessary taxes; I had an answering service, plus business cards, etc., to help the con. I maintained the facade for several months with a bank doing my payroll and handling business matters. After the required six-month period, I applied for a business loan of $75,000. The bank, no questions asked, said yes. I then burnt my credit cards in a three-week span. My totals surpassed $500,000.

I would like to go into more detail, but since no formal charges were ever filed, it would be unfeasible at this moment. I am presently writing a book, with a detailed description of my credit dealings.

Your article mentions certain people who obviously have benefited from their short prison terms and all their publicity. My prison term will be over in March, and I would like to use my hard-earned knowledge in a productive manner instead of using it negatively.

Although the card companies would obviously prefer restitution, in many cases legal sources still push for prosecution. This seems to me to be a poor way to deal with white-collar criminals. A more productive method would be to have these people work *with* certain companies, combining their knowledge so as to help improve the credit system, making such crimes more difficult.

Thank you very much for publishing your article. I feel it's important that the public be made aware of the workings of our credit system and of its failures.

Sincerely yours,
Name withheld by request

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sensational Opportunity For People Who Travel For Business or Pleasure

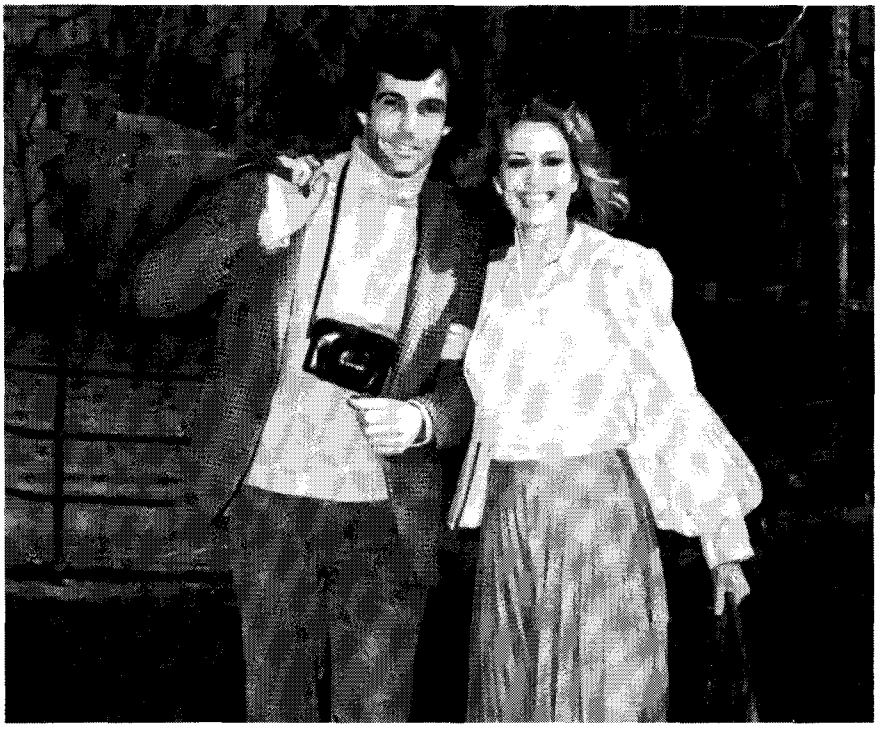
Discover the most exciting new way to travel — with the highly-acclaimed International Travel & Vacation Club. You'll save money. Earn FREE gifts. Enjoy 15 other valuable benefits.

There's an exciting new club (with already more than 100,000 affiliated members) that actually gives you the opportunity to receive FREE gifts—every time you travel!

Now you can soak up the sun in the Caribbean... luxuriate at a Hawaiian resort... see the latest show in London's West End... take a short business trip inside the U.S.A.—just travel *anywhere* and earn wonderful FREE gifts at the same time!

All the while, you can enjoy spectacular savings on transportation, meals, hotels... and a lot more.

Yes, when you belong to the International Travel & Vacation Club, your trip can be more affordable, more fun, and more rewarding to you! International Travel & Vacation Club is the best thing to happen to travelers since discount airfares.



HERE'S HOW YOU BENEFIT

Every time you travel, you will be awarded the Club's special "Travel/Credits," whether it be a short business trip, a holiday visit with relatives, a vacation package—*anything and everything.*

And these "Travel/Credits" (which don't cost you a cent!) ARE VALUABLE! They'll earn you a wide selection of gifts, including luggage... radios... appliances... cameras... sporting equipment... and, of course, even exciting vacation packages!

As you travel, you'll be amassing a host of valuable "Travel/Credits."

And since you can accumulate your "Travel/Credits," we'll set up a "Travel/Credit" savings account for you—and send you statements of your Credit total regularly.

A WONDERFUL WAY TO SEE THE WORLD

You can make whatever travel arrangements you desire. Fly first-class or super-saver. Stay in four-star hotels or thrifty pensions.

As a Club member, you pay no more—and often far less—than if you made your reservations elsewhere. And *you get valuable "Travel/Credits" every single time.*

Yet "Travel/Credits" aren't the only reason to join the International Travel & Vacation Club.

The Club offers you a host of superb low-cost travel packages (for members only). You can travel to some of the most interesting places on earth—at savings of up to 50 percent and more.

In addition, as a member, you receive a host of other valuable benefits, such as: a superb $10,000.00 Travel and Accident Insurance Policy (covering you 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, while riding any common carrier) ... a FREE subscription to the nationally-renowned *Travel Advisor* Newsletter ... discounts on Hertz and other major car rentals ... and *much more* (see box to the right).

How much does it cost to join—to get all these 17 valuable benefits?

Less than you'd probably pay for a taxi to the airport!

Right now, you can still become a member of the International Travel & Vacation Club for **only $10.** (This is a special charter rate *only.*)

International Travel & Vacation Club is the most sensational travel program to come along in years! Already, more than 100,000 smart travelers belong to the Club and its affiliates. When you get the urge for going, go with ITVC. *We reward you for traveling!*

JOIN NOW — WE GUARANTEE YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED

We're so sure you'll be absolutely delighted with the Club, that we give you this extraordinary guarantee: If, *at any time,* you're not fully satisfied, simply let us know *and we'll give you a full refund of your membership dues — no questions asked!*

AS A MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL & VACATION CLUB, YOU RECEIVE THESE 17 VALUABLE BENEFITS:

1. The opportunity to earn a wonderful, wide selection of gifts—whenever you travel.
2. Discounts of up to 50 percent on travel and vacation packages.
3. Your own superb $10,000.00 Travel and Accident Insurance Policy (underwritten by one of the nation's largest insurance companies).
4. A special subscription to the nationally-renowned *Travel Advisor* Newsletter (a full $10.00 value!).
5. A full year's subscription to the Club's "World of Travel" Journal.
6. Discounts of at least 20 percent on Hertz, Avis and other car rentals.
7. Discounts of up to 55 percent on film and film processing (including super-fast service).
8. **A full $10.00 in Cash Certificates**—which can be used for any Club travel and vacation package.
9. Personalized travel planning for you and your family—at any time.
10. Free cocktail parties at the hotels—when you take any one of the Club's special travel packages.
11. Free transportation to and from the airport—with many of the Club's "bargain bonanza" tour packages.
12. Exciting low-cost nightclub tours.
13. Fabulous opportunities to earn extra "Travel/Credits" (which can mean extra gifts for you).
14. Special discounts from famous mail-order catalogs.
15. Extra benefits when you introduce the Club to others (friends, relatives—anyone).
16. Your own personal Membership Card—guaranteeing you all the privileges and benefits of membership.
17. Guaranteed satisfaction or your money back—at any time.

CHARTER APPLICATION — NOW ONLY $10

(This Application guarantees you a full, bonafide membership in the International Travel & Vacation Club—including all the benefits listed here—*without risk.* If you are not fully satisfied, your membership fee will be refunded, in full, *at any time.*)

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL & VACATION CLUB
210 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010

Yes! I want to be eligible for all the benefits listed: the opportunity to earn FREE gifts, the Travel and Accident Insurance Policy, all the discounts, the subscriptions, the Cash Certificates—*everything.*

Please enter my Charter membership in the International Travel & Vacation Club—at the special *annual rate of* **only $10.** *If not totally delighted, I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund of my* membership fee.

☐ My $10 membership fee is enclosed
or charge to my ☐ MasterCharge ☐ BankAmericard/Visa

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

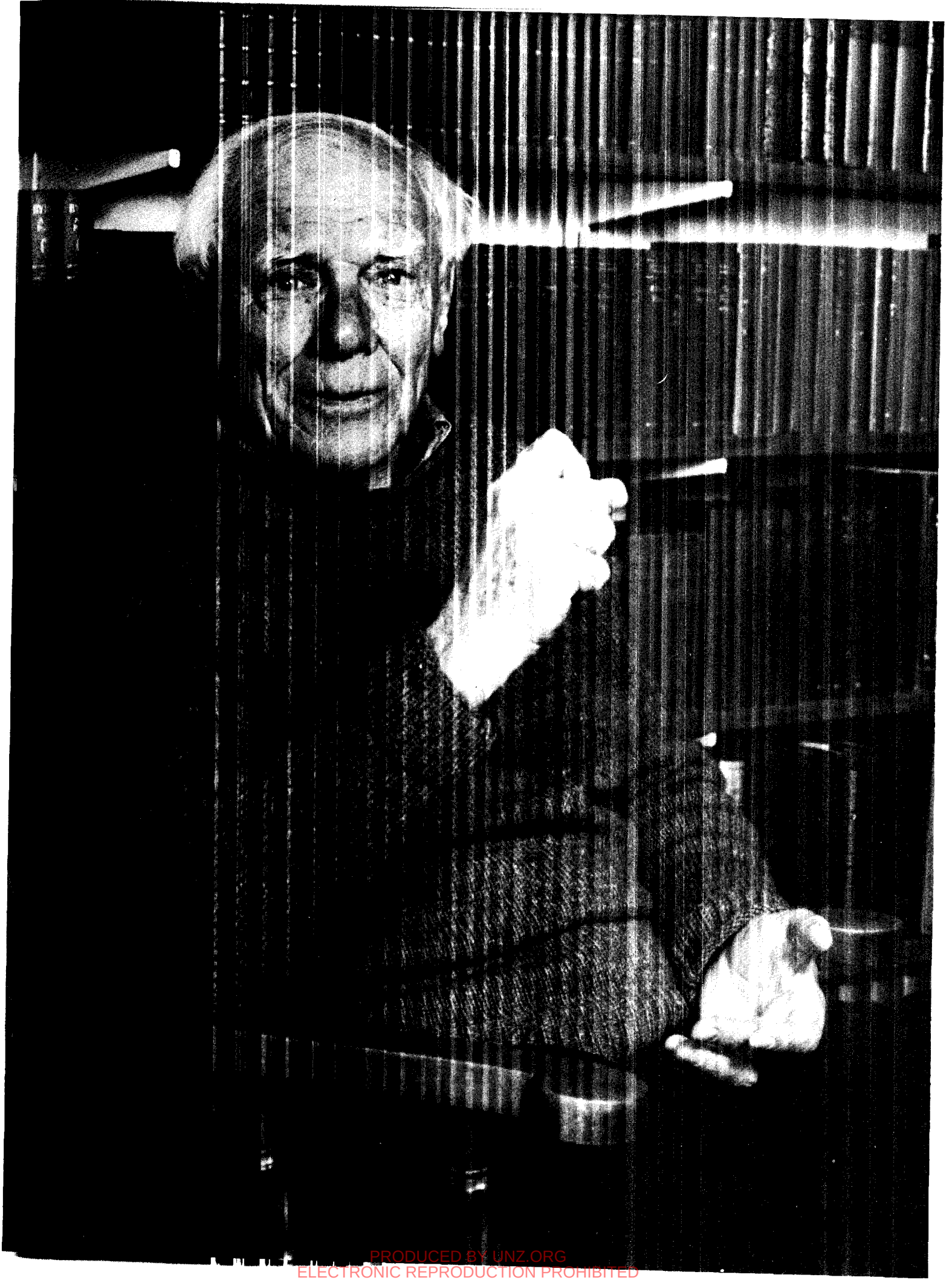
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

301

© 1981 International Travel & Vacation Club

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

Solzhenitsyn Reconsidered

By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Ever since Alexander Solzhenitsyn's address at Harvard University, the changed attitude of the media pundits in the West toward him has become manifest. Old media hands like myself get to know the signs—the casual innuendo, the throwaway line ("not the liberal we would like him to be"), the tone more in sorrow than in anger, the barking in unison as the consensus pack moves collectively toward the kill.

It was in the Harvard address that he deviated most drastically from the basic liberal orthodoxy that freedom consists in being allowed and provided with the means to do whatever anyone has a mind to, and that a free society is one in which this is possible and the means readily available, the supreme example of such a society being, of course, the United States. What magnified his offense from the consensus point of view, making it quite intolerable, was that, on his own admission, Solzhenitsyn derived his view of freedom from the New Testament rather than from such impeccable sources as the American Declaration of Independence and the judgments of the U.S. Supreme Court, in effect repeating to his Harvard audience what he had already written in his "Letter to the Soviet Leaders": *"I myself see Christianity today as the only living spiritual force capable of undertaking the spiritual healing of Russia."* (emphasis added)

In his Gulag Archipelago books, Solzhenitsyn established once and for all the role and extent of forced labor camps as an instrument of terrorism in the USSR. Thenceforth, thanks to him, apologists for the Soviet regime will have to take due account of the Gulag Archipelago rather than seeking to deny its existence, or dishing it up as part of an essentially humane penal system. Then, in his autobiographical work, *The Oak and the Calf*, he deals with the pains and penalties of being a writer in the USSR, describing his own experiences as a dissident between his release from the labor camps and his expulsion abroad in 1974.

About the Author

Malcolm Muggeridge—prolific author, playwright, journalist, humorist, television personality and educator—has been called the finest writer of English prose of his generation. Seemingly a man of many contradictions, he has been both a supporter of Soviet communism and, later, its bitter opponent. He was a spy for British intelligence in World War II, editor of *Punch* humor magazine and a TV film writer. In his religious life, Muggeridge has gravitated from atheism to an avid nondenominational Christianity. He has prepared many documentaries on religious themes for the British Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System and has published numerous books on the same subject. Now, at age 78, he is engaged in the completion of the eagerly awaited third volume of his autobiography, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*.

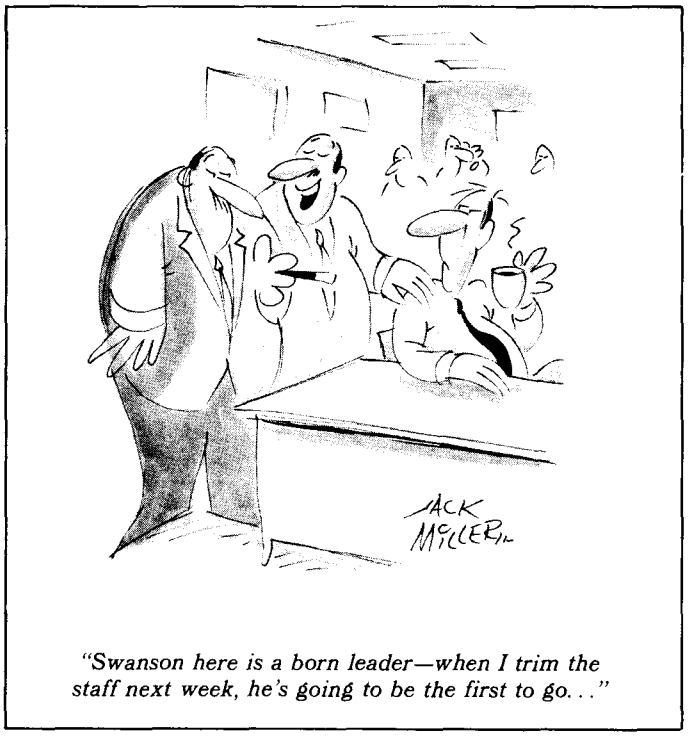
Photography by Bern Schwartz

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a sense, of course, all serious writers are in some degree dissidents; but whereas in the so-called free world their concern is to earn a living, in the USSR conformity with the party line is obligatory, and to deviate from it in word or even in thought can involve not just penury and obscurity, but a one-way ticket to the Gulag Archipelago as well. As a sometime political prisoner (in Soviet slang, a Zek), Solzhenitsyn was not allowed to come to Moscow. So, on his release, he worked as a teacher of mathematics in the provinces, devoting all of his spare time and abundant energies to writing.

In ordinary circumstances the procedure would have been to submit his work to some local or national publication or publishing setup. In Solzhenitsyn's case, this was precluded because the subject of his writings has been precisely the terrorism and mental chicanery whereby a Marxist oligarchy has ruthlessly imposed its will and ideology on a subservient population. Being a Zek himself, Solzhenitsyn felt a duty to the others he had left behind in the Gulag Archipelago to speak up for them, telling his fellow countrymen and the world about their suffering and privations and the monstrous injustice of their treatment. In all that he has written and spoken and done, he has been true to his duty. And, let it be remembered, he could perfectly well have settled, as, for instance, Maxim Gorky did, for being a distinguished Soviet author, free to travel abroad, well provided with foreign currency and honored at home and abroad. All that would be required of him would be to keep off a few sensitive themes. But this was what he was in no circumstances prepared to do.

Solzhenitsyn has the honesty to admit that his self-imposed duty has proved arduous and often frustrating. When he completed the first draft of *The Oak and the Calf* in the spring of 1967, he entertained a hope that he might be released from the agonizing role he had chosen for himself. Six years later, when he prepared the text for publication, he asked himself more urgently than ever when the din of battle would cease for him. "If only," he writes, "I could go away from it all, go away many years to the back of beyond with nothing but fields and open skies and woods and horses in sight and nothing to do but write my novel at my own pace." Now, in enforced exile, he has the additional anguish of observing how, in the West, where the means to be free still exist, people have wearied of freedom, finding it an intolerable burden, and are all unconsciously sleepwalking into the very servitude Solzhenitsyn has so valiantly and faithfully resisted and denounced.



"Swanson here is a born leader—when I trim the staff next week, he's going to be the first to go..."

In the circumstances in which he was placed on his release from the labor camps, he had no choice but to hide away his writings as he completed them, in the expectation that they would one day be published and fulfill their purpose. In every moment away from his teaching, he tells us, he wrote and wrote, diligently, day after day and sometimes night after night. When, as a veteran free-lance practitioner, I think of the difficulty of producing commissioned copy to meet a deadline, I marvel at the books he produced in this manner, so brilliantly, so conscientiously and so nobly disinterested in their purpose. Take the case of the Gulag books, very dear to his heart and not just a literary feat of the highest order, but, as well, an integral part of the history of our time and, for that reason alone, forever memorable. They were no mere exercise in writing; he had to collect in the greatest secrecy the testimonies on which the books are based, at the same time scrupulously protecting his sources in the knowledge that the consequences for them would be ruinous if it came out that they had provided him with information. Nonetheless, the books were completed while he was still living in the USSR; and in due course, a copy of the manuscript was sent abroad, so that whatever might happen to him, the peoples of the West would know what the Gulag Archipelago was like and what it signified to Russians and others forcibly absorbed into the Soviet sphere of influence.

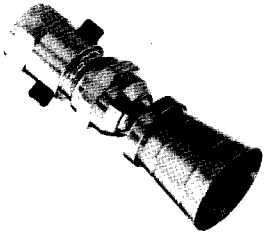
In his career as an undercover writer, Solzhenitsyn was greatly beholden to Samizdat, the clandestine publishing system established in the USSR, steadily growing in output and influence. Now it has spread through the whole country, and its productions are printed, not handwritten or cyclostyled as in the early days. All Solzhenitsyn's forbidden works have been circulated by Samizdat and have reached tens of thousands of readers despite the KGB's efforts to stop it. With one or two notable exceptions, it can be taken for granted that whatever serious literature is being produced by the so-gifted Russian people bears the Samizdat imprint. Some notion of the gap between what Samizdat published and the officially produced volumes displayed in the bookshops may be deduced from the recent award of the Lenin Prize for Literature to Brezhnev, whose

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING™

MONEY DOWN THE DRAIN

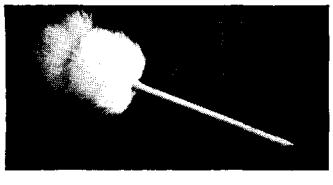


America got to its place of world prominence by the energy and inventiveness of its people and the energy in the ground. Running short of the latter, the best and brightest scientists and technologists have been hard at work insuring the energy we burn is used sensibly and efficiently. The ShowerSaver is one result of this work; it cuts the use of hot water in the shower from 8 to 10 gallons a minute to 2.2 gallons. Studies show heating water in a house is second only to the cost of heating that house. With the normal shower head—designed when energy was plentiful and cheap—the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water—most of it heated—every day. With the ShowerSaver that same family uses 70% less water or, according to figures from the U.S. Department of Energy, a savings of up to $350 a year for electrically heated water or $195 for gas-heated water.

Hamilton Township, N.J. was so impressed with ShowerSaver, they passed them out free to 30,000 residents in the interest of saving water and energy and saving an already overtaxed sewage system. The result was a dramatic 25% reduction in residential water use. Although the amount of water used is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, it is guaranteed for one year. It installs easily over the standard ½″ pipe with pliers or a wrench, and no plumber is needed. We offer the ShowerSaver for **$19.00** ($2.95)#EVA76/4. At that price, it will pay for itself in a matter of months.

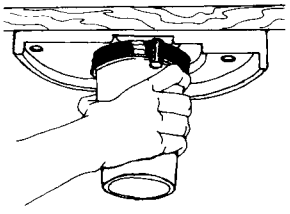
DUST MAGNET

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. It evokes memories of all those movie scenes of starched maids humming happily to themselves as they dust endless feet of library shelves. On its own it actually *attracts* and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When the duster is soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water, let it dry and fluff it out. We are happy to offer a 20″ authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only **$8.00** ($1.95)#EVA163/3.



OFF AND ON AGAIN

The world is promised to the man who builds a better mousetrap. Now a clever Denver man, as a retirement project, has invented a better jar opener, the Off/On Un-Skru. For those sticky jar lids that no woman, man or beast can better, the Off/On Un-Skru makes opening (and resealing) them child's play: a one-handed maneuver at that. So easy is it to use, you'll never need resort to drowning, boiling or bashing a recalcitrant lid again. The Un-Skru mounts easily (2 screws provided) and unobtrusively under a shelf or cabinet. It works on any lid from toothpaste cap size to a large 5″ and is rugged enough to out-muscle lids for years. And on the theory that what comes off should go back on just as easily, the Off/On Un-Skru works with the same one-handed ease to put the top back on as snugly as you found it. **$9.00** ($1.95) #EVA208/2.



PLANT SITTER

Plants are like pets—what on earth to do when vacation time or a trip comes around? A dog or cat at least you can put in the kennel. But how do you water the plants? Just put the plants in this clear plastic, tent-like Plant-Watcher where they will do fine without *any* watering or other care for an incredible *8 to 10 weeks*. The Plant-Watcher works on the same principle as a terrarium, trapping and recycling moisture (and like a terrarium it is not suitable for those plants, such as succulents, that do not like a high humidity environment). The Plant-Watcher is easy to use—it goes up and down much like an umbrella and stores just as handily when not in use. In addition to baby-sitting plants while you are away, the Plant-Watcher is an ideal place to start seedlings or cuttings in the winter months for indoor or outdoor spring replanting. Large: 36″x36″, holds over 16 pots of mixed size, **$25.00** ($2.95)#EVA247; Medium: 30″x30″, holds over 12 pots, **$20.00** ($2.95)#EVA246;Small: 24″x24″, holds over 7 pots, **$17.00** ($2.95) #EVA245.

OUR SHIPPING POLICY AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The cost of each item is shown followed by the shipping and handling charges in ( ). If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.

TOOLS FOR LIVING, c/o The Saturday Evening Post,
P.O. Box 130, Indianapolis, IN 46206

send to: (please print)_____

address_____

city_____ state_____ zip_____

☐ check or money enclosed (no cash please) ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA exp. date _____

card # _____ signature _____

item #	qty	description & color choice	cost $	shpg. & hndlg. $	total $
				total $	

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.

EV031

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flat-footed sentences in his speeches and addresses can scarcely be considered prizeworthy. If Western publishers wanted to retaliate for the fiasco of their efforts to hold a bookfair in Moscow, a good idea would be to mount a Samizdat exhibition in London or New York and ask Solzhenitsyn to open it. I can't, however, see them doing this.

The big break came for Solzhenitsyn when Nikita Khrushchev, while still the head man in the Kremlin, praised his book, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*—about life in the labor camps—and authorized its publication in the USSR. How exactly this came about remains obscure, and anyway, shortly afterwards, Khrushchev reverted to the worst kind of Stalinist censorship. Nonetheless, the book was duly published and widely acclaimed, so that Solzhenitsyn became a celebrity at home and abroad. Also—which was more important for him—he came into contact with *Novy Mir*, the leading literary magazine in the USSR, and its editor, Tvardovsky. Solzhenitsyn's account of this truly remarkable man and of the relationship between them makes fascinating reading.

Tvardovsky was torn between joy in his own literary talent and genuine appreciation of literature and of Solzhenitsyn's genius and his satisfaction at finding himself a member of the top Soviet elite with all the privileges that went therewith, including a *dacha* in a restricted area—an inner conflict that led him, like so many of his fellow-countrymen, to resort increasingly to vodka. The affection between the two men survived all hazards, and when, as a result of a stroke, Tvardovsky became helpless and incoherent, Solzhenitsyn sat patiently and lovingly at his bedside. At his funeral he mourned his passing, both for Russia's sake and on his own account. In a particularly venomous attack on Solzhenitsyn in *Harper's* magazine, George Feifer alleges that in his account of his transactions with *Novy Mir* and Tvardovsky, Solzhenitsyn has vilified both. What Solzhenitsyn does show—and I am sure justly—is that *Novy Mir*, despite its good record in Soviet terms, has no choice when it comes to the crunch but to obey its political masters. Likewise Tvardovsky, despite the essential nobility of his character.

In retrospect, it is hard to make any sense of the vacillations of Soviet policy in dealing with Solzhenitsyn. After the fame he acquired from the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, he soon found himself once again being trailed by the KGB, as well as excluded from *Novy Mir* and expelled from the Writer's Union, an organization wholly controlled by the authorities.

"And the time he won a trip to Hawaii for two. . .he went twice."

As the struggle to silence Solzhenitsyn went on, he fought back single-handedly and managed to hold his own for a time—until his expulsion abroad settled matters.

Running through everything Solzhenitsyn has written about his struggle to stand up to "them," the present masters and manipulators of the Russian people, there is the assumption of his Christian faith. He neither expounds nor stresses it; but the reader is conscious of it all the time—acquired in the Gulag Archipelago, where, being totally deprived of freedom in earthly terms, he came to understand what constituted true freedom—the glorious liberty of the children of God about which the Apostle Paul speaks so eloquently. In the second Gulag book, in the wonderful chapter called "The Ascent," he even refers thankfully to his time in the labor camps as having brought him this illumination, and I truly believe that he would have found it more congenial to resume his old Zek existence rather than to watch, as he has had to do in his compulsory exile, the continuing surrender to "them" of whatever power, authority and influence still pertains to what we go on calling Western civilization.

Now, with the consensus pack after him and with his Western readers requiring variety and the crazed expectations of an illusory kingdom of heaven on earth such as he cannot possibly provide, his immediate worldly prospects must be considered uncertain. Yet there is no sign of his own courage and determination faltering. "In moments of weakness and distress," he writes, "it is good to tread closely in God's footsteps." He goes on:

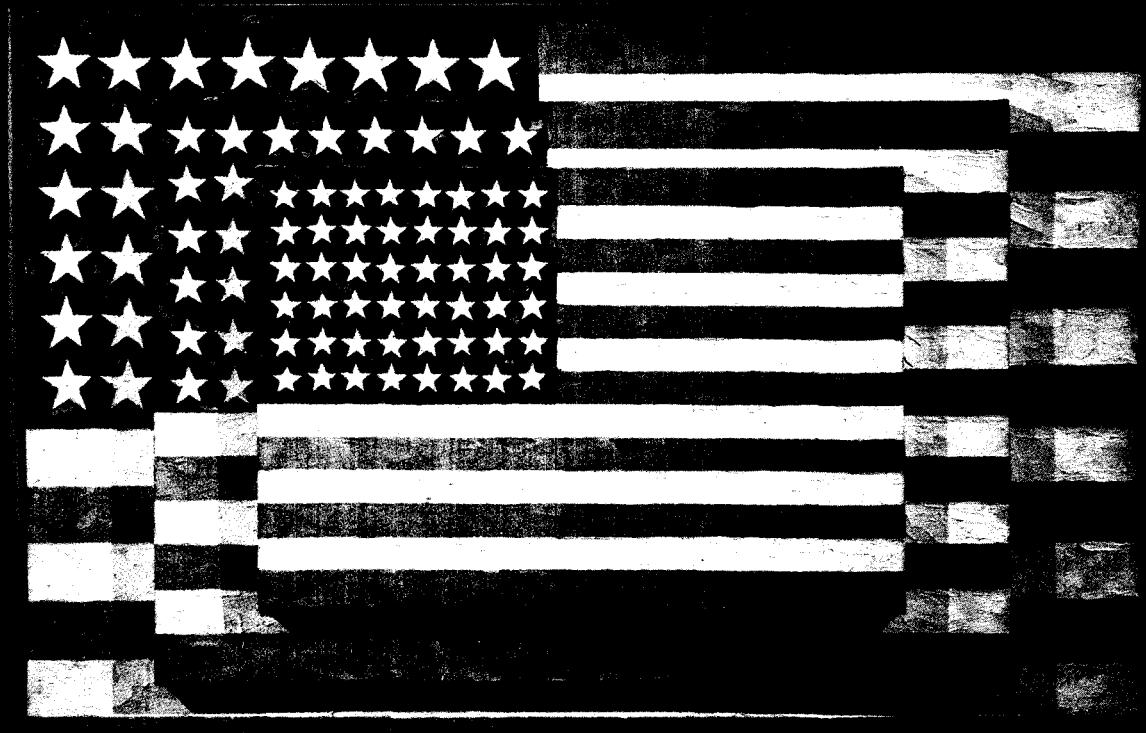
"Where would I be in a few days' time—in jail or happily working at my novel? God alone knows. I prayed. I could have enjoyed myself so much, breathing the fresh air, resting, stretching my cramped limbs, but my duty to the dead permitted no such self-indulgence. They are dead. You are alive. Do your duty. The world must know *all about it.*"

Well, thanks largely to Solzhenitsyn, the world now does know all about it, but his battle with "them" goes on. It is one man against the Kremlin, which might seem hopeless odds, but when that one man is Solzhenitsyn, against all the odds he must win. As he concludes his splendid Nobel Prize lecture: "*One word of truth outweighs the world.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saluting Three F

The $1,000,000 Painting



As Jasper Johns' *Three Flags* leaps out at you like a jack-in-the-box and bowls you over, so may the price paid by the Whitney Museum of American Art for this candid restatement of the Stars and Stripes. Bought in 1959 by Mr. and Mrs. Burton Tremaine of Meriden, Connecticut, for $900 plus a $15.00 delivery fee, this 30″ x 45″ masterpiece today hangs in the Whitney at a cost of one million dollars and is thus believed to be the highest-priced painting in existence by a living artist.

Painted on three successively smaller canvases, one superimposed on another, *Three Flags* is hailed by Tom Armstrong, director of the Whitney, as "without a doubt a monument of 20th-century art, a unique statement emerging from the dominance of abstract Expressionism."

The editors of the *Post* salute—three times—what Jasper John has done to wrench the timebound American flag out of context and "embalm it," as critic Robert Rosenblum says, "like a miraculous relic of a civilization to be unearthed by archaeologists of another era."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STRANGE SAGA OF RUDOLPH HESS

Forty years have elapsed since the "Deputy Führer" parachuted into England on a peace mission—and he's still in prison.

by Nick Thimmesch

One of the strangest consequences of World War II is the case of Rudolph Hess. He was born 86 years ago in Alexandria, Egypt, and after 40 years in prison has yet to die. Most people in the West have forgotten about Hess. Those who think of him at all very likely are waiting for something to happen—for Hess to be freed from Spandau prison in West Berlin; or to fall seriously ill and be rushed to a hospital, where the press would keep vigil during his last days; or simply to be found dead in bed one morning in his small prison cell. But Hess, the only prisoner left in Spandau, quite remarkably goes on and on, his life unchanged after all these years.

He was in prison when war raged in North Africa, Jimmy Doolittle raided Tokyo, millions of Germans and Russians were killed in fierce battles, the Allies triumphed and Adolf Hitler committed suicide. Hess was locked up when Japan was atom-bombed, the United Nations was formed, the Iron Curtain descended, Israel was founded, communism conquered China and the Korean war was fought. He sat in Spandau through Milton Berle, Sputnik, the rise of the Common Market, Castro's taking of Cuba, John F. Kennedy's election, Charles de Gaulle, Pope John XXIII, the Berlin Wall, Marilyn Monroe's suicide, the Beatles, German and Japanese economic miracles, Mickey Mantle, Günter Grass, Konrad Adenauer and Willy Brandt. He was still waiting when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia, when the United States put men on the moon and 500,000 in Vietnam, when Richard Nixon went to China and when Watergate occurred. As an imprisoned octogenarian, Hess learned that a Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan got elected and learned about Bert Lance, Billy, Camp David agreements and the Olympic boycott. The world moved much in 40 years; Hess didn't.

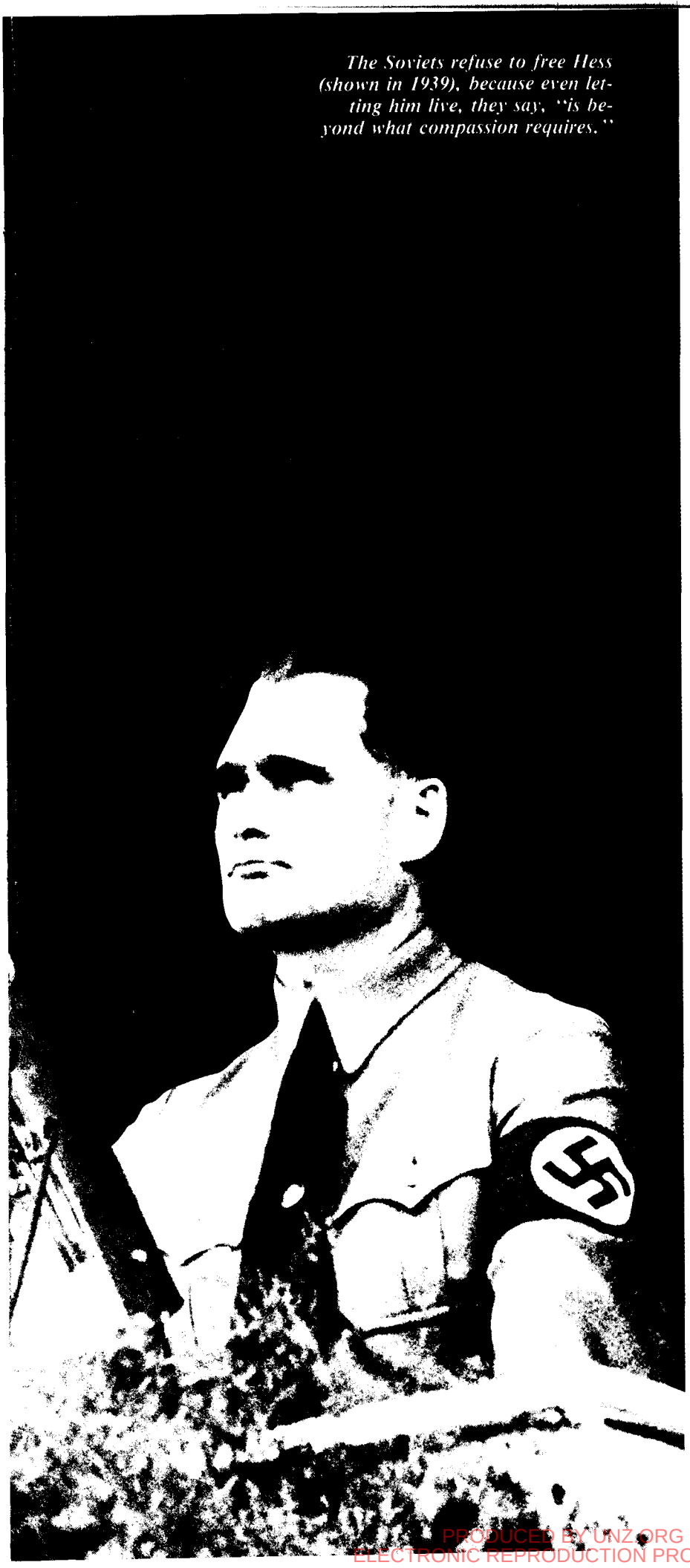
Hess was known as the Number Two Nazi after Hitler, but that designation had to do more with his title of "Deputy Führer" than the actual power he held. He had joined the Nazi party in 1920 after being thrilled by a bombastic speech of Hitler's. He soon became blindly devoted to Hitler and demonstrated his loyalty during the celebrated Munich beerhall *Putsch* of 1923.

Soon after, he and Hitler were tried as insurrectionists and sent to Landsberg prison, where he helped Hitler write *Mein Kampf*. When they were released from prison, Hess was virtually Hitler's private secretary and, in the next eight years, was constantly at his Führer's side. When Hitler took power in 1933, therefore, it was not unusual that he made Hess his deputy with powers of attorney in matters concerning Nazi party leadership.

Hess was Hitler's doorkeeper, but he also implemented his master's wishes in arranging for Nazi control of the universities, schools, religious groups and labor organizations. Hess also played a role in pushing the odious anti-Jewish legislation enacted in 1935.

With such a record of loyalty and obedient performance, Hess could well have become one of the worst of the war criminals were it not for his bizarre flight to Scotland on May 10, 1941, which, to this day, he claims was an unauthorized mission to make peace between Nazi

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Soviets refuse to free Hess (shown in 1939), because even letting him live, they say, "is beyond what compassion requires."

Germany and England.

By being captured and jailed by the British that early in the war, Hess avoided participating in the ugliest deeds of Nazism. Consequently, the tribunal at Nuremburg, which tried the leading Nazis, found Hess *not guilty* of war crimes or of crimes against humanity, but did find him *guilty* of conspiracy and crimes against peace—meaning he was around when the Nazi armies invaded Austria, Poland and the Soviet Union.

The Soviets hated Hess and wanted him executed. But the tribunal gave Hess life imprisonment. The Soviets, so obsessed with World War II, have insisted all these years that Hess be given no favors, no leniency and be kept in prison until he dies. The Soviets are adamant, even though all the Allied powers would like to see Hess released on humanitarian grounds. Even Jews who went back to Germany to live after the war say, *"let the old man go,"* according to Colonel Eugene K. Bird (USA, Retired), once the commandant at Spandau and Hess' biographer.

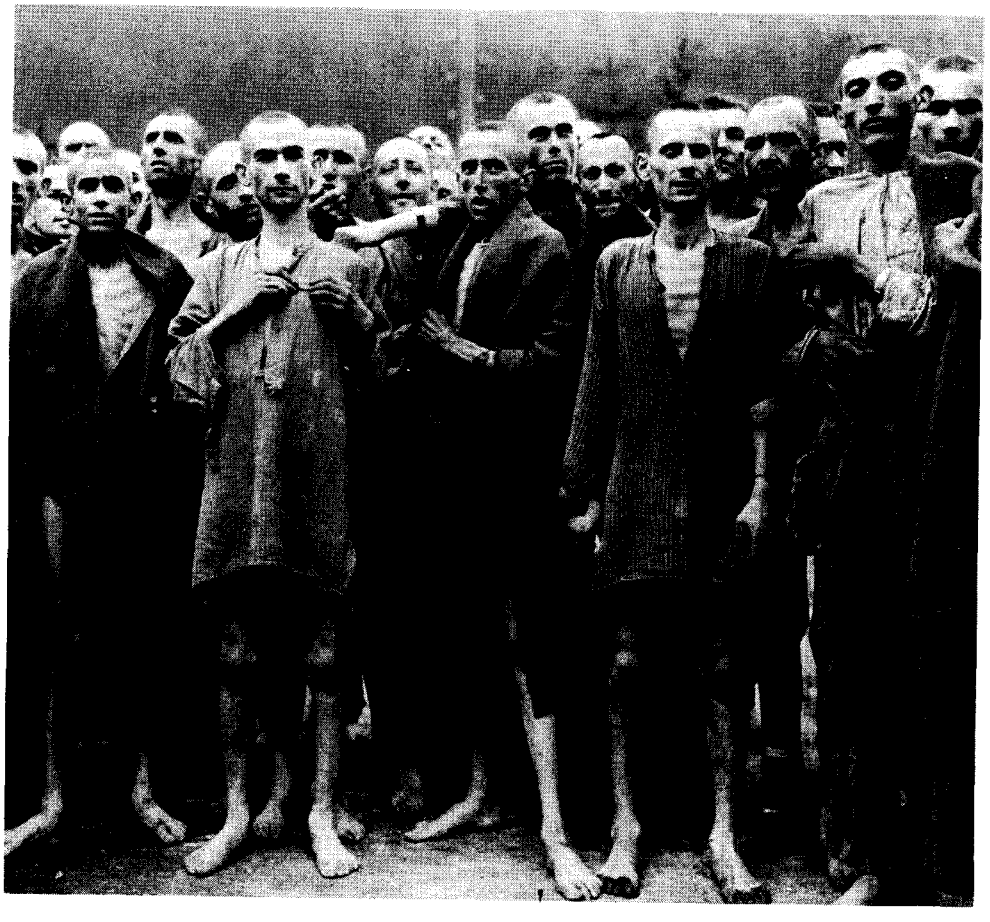
The forgiveness which Colonel Bird attributes to returned German Jews is not shared by the Israelis, however, who remember that Hess was part and parcel of the Nazi regime when crimes were committed against individual Jews and that Hess had a solid record of anti-Semitism.

Hess has spent more than two-thirds of his adult life in confinement, 34 years of it in the sizable, foreboding, red-bricked Spandau prison. This century-old structure, with its Gothic windows, cylindrical towers and high-walled grounds, looks like a fortress with dungeons undoubtedly inside. Indeed, until 1947 Spandau still contained an execution chamber with a guillotine and a chambered, tiled floor so the condemned's blood could wash away.

Since September 30, 1966, when Albert Speer (author of *Inside the Third Reich*) and Baldur von Schirach (Nazi Youth leader) were discharged after serving 20-year terms, Hess has been the only inmate left in Spandau. Thus, he has been in virtual solitary confine-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When German soldiers were trampling roughshod over the countries of Europe during the heady days of World War II, attention often turned to the number two Nazi, "Deputy Führer" Rudolph Hess (front row, third from right).



It was an emaciated group of survivors from one of Nazi Germany's largest concentration camps that greeted their liberators, the 80th Division of the U.S. Third Army, in Ebensee, Austria, May 7, 1945.

ment for the past 14 years, a feeble, sickly old man squirreled away in a huge, grim old prison.

His quiet presence in Spandau is eerie. The inside enclosures are cavernous, and there is room for 600 prisoners. Administration of the prison is bureaucratic, based on the notion that the four powers which conquered Nazi Germany—the U.S., Britain, France and the Soviet Union—are charged with the custody of the Nazi war criminals. This solemn mission requires a staff of 105, including 37 armed military guards who peer from security towers as though Spandau might be stormed one day by neo-Nazi fanatics.

West Germany pays the bill, $1 million a year, to keep Hess locked up. There were several instances when it seemed that the responsibility would be ended. Two of Hess' four suicide attempts occurred in Spandau (the others were in a British prison), and in 1969, he came close to death when he had an ulcer burst and was rushed to a hospital in West Berlin, where British soldiers with machine guns stood by.

No one on earth has been fussed over by doctors more than Rudolph Hess. He has variously been proclaimed an hysteric, an amnesia victim, a schizophrenic and a hopeless, terminal case.

In 1966, three months after Speer was released, the Spandau board of physicians from the four powers met to discuss how long he could be expected to live. According to Colonel Bird, one doctor said he could live a year; another, less than a year; the others gave him three years at most. Hess has suffered from infected teeth, an ulcerated stomach, poor circulation, bad kidneys, a weak heart and an enlarged prostate, the surgical removal of which Hess will not consent to.

By all accounts, he is a grumpy, hypochondriacal, introverted and often disobedient prisoner. He pushes his warders to the limit. After refusing to eat for days and being confronted with forced feeding (by funnel and tube), Hess suddenly complies and is remorseful. His intransigence seems epic. For many years Hess refused to give consent for his wife and son to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visit, maintaining that to see them would be undignified. Then, on December 24, 1959—more than 18 years after Hess' "peace" flight to England—Frau Ilse Hess and her son, Wolf-Rudiger Hess, then 32, entered Spandau. When Hess saw his wife, he kissed her hand, but could not shake it or his son's when they left because that would be a violation of prison regulations.

Hess has been singularly stubborn in refusing to acknowledge any guilt for his role in the Nazi movement. He has admitted that there were excesses against the Jews, but he has never spoken disparagingly about Hitler.

This information comes from Colonel Bird, who was a young American guard officer when Hess entered Spandau on July 18, 1947. Colonel Bird became fascinated by him and the other six Nazi war criminals, and on being transferred to other duties, including a stint in the Korean war, vowed to return to Spandau one day. When the U.S. commander at Spandau was to be relieved, Bird volunteered for the job and took command in August 1964.

He remained in command until April 1972 and got to know Hess, Prisoner #7, extremely well. While Hess' health, emotional state and moods varied markedly during the many years Bird knew him, Hess' daily routine as a prisoner didn't.

"The Russians don't change things once they've agreed on them," Bird told me earlier this year in West Berlin. "The Russians insist on the instructions and regulations on these prisoners that were formed at the Nuremberg trials."

By Bird's account, Hess lives a regimented life. He rises at six a.m., turns on his light and removes the wax earplugs he wears at night to block out sounds from clanging metal doors. He could sleep until seven, but Hess always wakes at six, so he lies in bed until about 6:45 a.m., when he performs limbering-up and breathing exercises.

Then, after muttering "*Morgen*" to his warder, who has been sleeping nearby, Hess walks slowly to Cell 19 and uses the toilet. Then he plods to Cell 8, the washroom, where he cleans his dentures and shaves with his electric razor.

By 7:15 a.m., Hess is back in his cell, where he gets out of his pajamas and into the prison uniform—a black-and-white checkered shirt bearing his "Number Seven," gray denim trousers and gray socks.

At 7:45, Hess hears a steel door closing, and he knows that his breakfast is on the way as it has been for many years.

The rest of the day amounts to cleaning his cell, washing his socks and underwear, a walk in the prison garden, feeding crumbs to the birds, returning to his cell for lunch, writing a letter to his wife or son, a nap, another walk in the garden, being searched on return, dinner at 5 p.m., a visit to the library cell to choose a book or write notes and then to bed at 10 p.m.

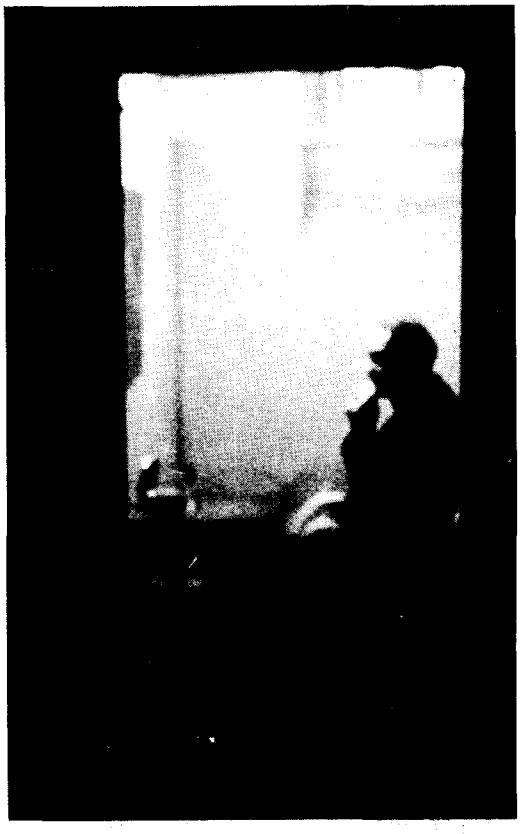
The regulations set for the Nazi prisoners at Spandau were drawn up at a time when there was an enormous sense of outrage and anger at what this cruel regime had done to much of the world. The prisoners were to be virtually robots, speaking only when spoken to; rising from their beds or chairs when a warder entered their cell and then engaging in discussion only on official matters, no pleasantries; light switched on in the cells every ten minutes to prevent suicides; no talking between prisoners at any time; walking in an orderly, almost military manner when going from cell to prison yard or wherever; no shaking of hands with visitors—these were just some.

But according to Speer's book and from what Bird told me, the regulations were observed in more relaxed fashion after a number of years, particularly when the Americans, French or British were taking their turn at running the prison.

The real rigidity on Hess lies in the Kremlin, whose rulers have consistently refused not only direct requests from West German officials for his release, but even tenuous diplomatic "feelers." Konrad Adenauer asked the Soviets, even during the Cold War, to let Hess go. So have other West German leaders, right up to 1978 when West German President Walter Scheel made a face-to-face request of Leonid Brezhnev when the Soviet leader visited Bonn.

Over the years, there have been various "Free Rudolph Hess" movements, none of them large and none getting any response which could be regarded as encouraging. Wolf-Rudiger Hess has offered repeatedly to change places with his father, but he doesn't even get a comment or reply from the Soviets.

Next to the West Germans, the British have been the most active



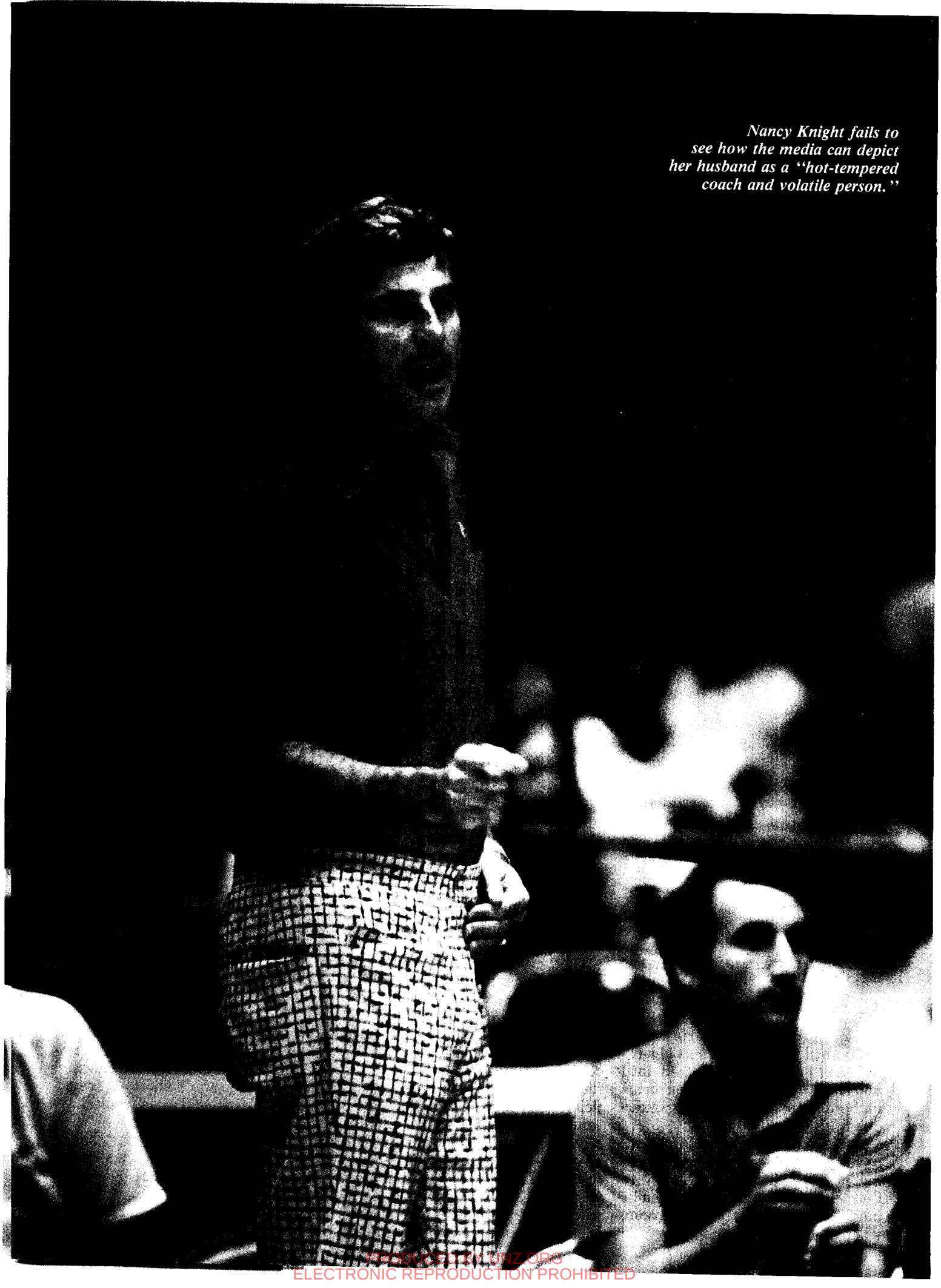
The only inmate for the past 14 of his 40 years in Spandau, Hess has become a feeble, sickly old man.

in trying to get Hess freed. The British have never been sympathetic with the Soviet Union anyway, and there has always been the lurking notion that Hess really wanted his Nazi regime to spare the British, make peace with them and turn the German war machine full force on the Soviets—a scenario some British Tories would have approved.

So it wasn't surprising that in 1975 Lord James Douglas-Hamilton demanded that the Soviets consent to releasing Hess, whose virtual solitary confinement, he said,

Continued on page 88

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nancy Knight fails to see how the media can depict her husband as a "hot-tempered coach and volatile person."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TEMPESTUOUS BOBBY KNIGHT

However you score him, to run afoul of Indiana University's volatile basketball coach is to court disaster.

by Fred Mitchell

The man remains an enigma.

The first puzzle piece reveals a studious-looking 40-year-old man reclined on the living-room sofa in his quiet Midwestern home, feet propped up by toss pillows, fireplace crackling a few feet away and his eyes focused on the text of one of his favorite readings—a book by Gore Vidal, perhaps. Or maybe a collection of sayings by Chinese sage Sun-tzu.

The second puzzle piece depicts the same man the following night.

Hair tousled, countenance frayed, the man appears imbued with fire and rage. He is yelling at the referees, kicking his chair, pounding his clipboard harder and harder to the court. It is a major college temper flare-up, captured on national television.

In both instances, the man is doing what comes naturally.

He is Bobby Knight, basketball coach of Indiana University. He can't (or at least doesn't find it necessary to) explain either of the roles he portrays—the refined reader or the tempestuous coach. He does, however, have provocative things to say that may help explain his motives and, to some extent, his actions.

Love him or hate him, there seem to be few Bobby Knight critics who straddle the fence. The man, however, should be judged objectively. And in so doing, Knight asks that he be judged by the number of players at Indiana who have graduated in four years, or by his ability to exact the most from his players and, finally, by his record.

The list of sportswriters he has verbally upbraided over the years has become voluminous. Yet, Knight insists, he has no built-in prejudice toward the media. "I don't think that college basketball is full of good coaches. I think there are a lot of bad coaches. I think there are a lot of bad writers." And, Knight will have you know, some of his best friends are writers.

While Knight is able to sit at home with his wife Nancy and their children, or take one of his beloved fishing vacations to enjoy the comprehensive works of Vidal or Sun-tzu, there is doubt that the complete story of Knight will ever be captured.

So the question remains: What is Bobby Knight like off the court? His wife Nancy (an avid fan who has followed her husband's lead by picking up the public-address microphone at halftime to encourage Hoosier fans to cheer louder) says Knight is a sensitive family man who has been unfairly criticized.

Knight's friends say that he can be a pleasant, fun-loving companion, although his competitive spirit often carries over to the fishing boat or hunting field.

An avid reader of history books, Knight once contemplated law school. He continues to be one of the major contributors to the school's library fund. Like former Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes, Knight is fascinated with stories of old war heroes and battle strategies.

His temperament seems to vary when it comes to being the butt of practical jokes. And his assistant coaches over the years (many of whom have gone on to head-coaching jobs elsewhere) have learned to deal with Knight's personalities on and off the court.

Two years ago, the *Indiana Daily Student* newspaper conducted a campus survey to determine student sentiment over Bobby Knight as a person, coach and professor. Of the 182 students surveyed, 76 percent chose the word "impatient" to describe Knight. The survey was conducted after Knight told the campus paper's reporters, "I never evaluate my own performance; I leave that up to you guys.

"I very conscientiously try to look at what's right whenever I do anything," he says. "I don't care what you think, or what somebody else thinks, or how it is interpreted. I just do it. What I'm so very intent on is not winning. I'm intent on getting every player at Indiana to play up to his potential," says Knight, who turned down an offer from Red Auerbach to coach the Boston Celtics two years ago.

Like it or not, Knight has set himself up as an easy target for sportswriters and Monday-morning psychiatrists with storied incidents of grabbing players off the floor, physically threatening journalists, getting arrested in Puerto Rico while coaching the United States Pan-American team. . .just to name a few.

Indeed, Knight has accumulated a coterie of critics since taking over the Hoosiers in 1971, even though he is one of the winningest coaches in America.

Knight insists he is, above all else, an honest and fair man. He entreats sportswriters to quiz ex-players who participated in all four years of basketball at Indiana. True to his word, those players totally stand behind Knight.

Knight is used to being the center of attention. The only child of Pat and Hazel Knight, he became the star athlete of the small (8,800) town of Orrville, Ohio, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later played as the sixth man on the national championship Ohio State team in 1960. Buckeye Coach Fred Taylor dubbed him the "Brat from Orrville" as Knight was forced to take a back seat to such stars as Jerry Lucas, John Havlicek, Mel Nowell and Larry Siegfried.

While he was growing up, a neighbor, Dr. Don Boop, took a great interest in Knight. Boop had to intercede at least once when Knight got into trouble as a teenager. Once, the new high school coach sent in a substitute for the high-scoring Knight so that everyone on the team could have an opportunity to play. Knight, reportedly, refused to come off the court and was later kicked off the team. Eventually, Knight returned to the school with Boop and apologized to the coach in order to rejoin the team.

After graduating from Ohio State, Knight took a job as an assistant basketball coach at Cuyahoga Falls High School in Ohio. He enlisted in the army a year later and was assigned to West Point as an assistant coach. Two years later, he was the head coach at Army and went on to record a 102-50 record there for the next six years.

"I do dumb things sometimes—but I believe first and foremost that I am an honest man."

In 1976 Knight coached Indiana to a national championship with star players such as Quinn Buckner and Scott May. But in the following three seasons, 10 Indiana players left the program and the school.

"He's too intense a person. I think basketball will destroy him," was the parting shot of Rich Valavicius before transferring to Auburn.

"I don't see how a kid who has quit, whether at Indiana or anywhere else, can really offer an evaluation of that program," counters Knight. "Particularly when he quits when he is not playing. I would even have a tendency to listen to a kid that quit who was a player. But when I sit and listen to a kid bitch and complain because he wasn't playing. . .

"We've had 23 kids play four years here and 22 of them have a degree. And there isn't a school in the country that can even remotely compare to that," Knight emphasizes. "Why doesn't the media do a little study about that? See, that's the sort of thing the media isn't interested in."

Despite numerous defections and an often-negative press, Knight is able to recruit successfully with the other major college powers year-in and year-out. Some suggest that his approach to recruits comes across as a dare, something akin to the Marine Corps' pitch for only a few good men. Knight says that's not so and that the high number of satisfied ex-players helps to spread the good word about Bobby Knight and the Indiana program.

"It's really important from our standpoint that we're not trying to talk the kid into coming to Indiana," Knight says. "I wouldn't call it a dare, exactly, that we make the kid. I want the kid to make the decision on his own. We just make him aware of what we have to offer at Indiana, basketball-wise and education-wise. Our program is not for everyone. It takes a certain type of personality to play for Indiana."

"When I went to Indiana on a visit, Coach Knight told me to ask the other players a lot of personal questions," recalled Demetrius Brown, now a sophomore guard at IU. "I asked them, 'Why did many players leave Indiana?' And I asked, 'Is it true Knight goes slightly mad sometimes in practice?' The players said that different players left for different reasons. They told me he'll put pressure on you in practice to see if you can take it. . .just like in the game. He'll give you a challenge. And he does get loud at times."

Speaking of loud, Knight got into a highly publicized shouting match with an older brother of Isiah Thomas during a recruiting visit two years ago. Thomas, now an All-American guard and 1980 Olympian, liked Knight and the Indiana basketball program from the start. He just had problems convincing other members of his family, who wanted him to go to DePaul. When the news hit the papers that Thomas had chosen Indiana over DePaul, his mother, Mary Thomas, was livid.

"He's never been under any pressure like he will be at Indiana. I hope he'll be able to stand it," said the mother of nine and head of the household. "I always had second thoughts about it. I always did like his (Knight's) strong discipline; I still say that. But I don't know if he (Isiah) can take it. I feel a little empty inside."

For his part, Isiah said: "I just had a feeling about Indiana. Coach Knight was honest. He was a man. He told you what he felt. If he didn't like your mother, he'd tell you so."

Isiah's oldest sister, Ruby, who was the only one in the family to support Isiah in his decision to go to Indiana, said: "Bobby Knight sat over there on that couch and promised us that he would make a man out of Junior. He didn't promise him he would start or anything like the other coaches who came here. He just said he'd make him a man and that he would graduate. I can see the results already," she added. "Isiah has really matured."

The defenders of Bobby Knight are almost as easy to find as the detractors. Most of them are successful businessmen, coaches or professional basketball players.

"Sissies need to go back to mother if they can't take Bobby Knight," said Steve Risley, an IU player.

"Knight is tough, but you want to be coached when you come to college. You don't want the easy way out," praises Scott May, who was College Player of the Year in 1976 and is now a member of the Chicago Bulls. "Sometimes he cussed us and got on our butts. That's coaching, and it's not a personal thing."

Still, the question begs: What manner of man goes around grabbing a player by the jersey and yanking him off the floor after a poor play (Jim Wisman, 1976), verbally assulting Thomas at mid-court during the 1979 Pan-American Games in Puerto Rico, although the U.S. team held a sizable lead, and getting arrested and convicted of charges of aggravated assault on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puerto Rican policeman?

Knight, perhaps, summed it up best in a quote attributed to him two years ago: "I do dumb things sometimes. I believe first and foremost I am an honest man. If I like you, I will be with you all the way. If I don't, you know about it from the start. There's no phoniness with me."

To be sure, in an age of widespread cheating and general improprieties in the recruiting and treatment of young athletes, Bobby Knight has been a straight shooter over the years and has been able to win consistently.

"Indiana has the resources to cheat as much as anybody in America does. But I just won't let that happen while I'm here. Now, they may after I'm gone, but they won't while I'm here," Knight says.

"This (cheating) is something that most people aren't particularly concerned about. The approach is 'Well, everybody does it.' Well, *we* sure as hell don't do it. I think that a kid who has to kind of pound his way through college with the help of a scholarship has a hell of a lot better understanding of what to expect when he graduates than some kid who is selling tickets for $1,000 apiece or is being given clothes or a car or whatever. I would like to think that our kids, when they get out of here, have a much better idea of what a dollar means."

In spite of his total preoccupation with discipline (he dismissed several members of his team three years ago for allegedly smoking marijuana), Knight is a very sensitive man when it comes to his relationships with players.

His face lights up when he recalls the practice sessions for the Pan-American Games. Michael Brooks, an All-American forward for LaSalle, was on the listening end of one of Knight's unflattering appraisals. "I told him he wasn't a complete ballplayer and a lot of other things no one else probably ever told him," said Knight. When Brooks took the time after the Games to thank the Indiana coach for his talk, Knight was so moved that he wrote a letter of glowing remarks that appeared in the LaSalle varsity basketball program.

Knight also thinks of himself as a very patriotic American. His involvement as coach of the U.S. Pan-American team simply heightened those emotions.

"Did you know that five American flags were burned during opening ceremonies?" Knight asked. "See, nobody over here knows that. Now to me, if I'm an American reporter, that's going to upset me unbelievably to see that happen. And I'm going to really raise hell about that. The number of times the National Anthem was booed. . .

"Our participating in the Pan-American Games is ridiculous. That's like scheduling a lot of teams you can beat that have nothing, absolutely nothing, to lose and everything to gain. And playing you on their terms. Our participation in that thing just subjects our kids to a lot of abuse."

To understand Bobby Knight the man, therefore, it is imperative to look beyond the impersonal facade of this quintessential taskmaster. After all, he is not planning to change his ways.

"I'm not trying to pat you on your back or caress your ego," he will always tell his players. And his work ethic in practice and in games has survived through the years.

"I don't see anything at all wrong with trying to not only get kids to play as well as they can but as hard as they can," Knight says. "And I don't think you're ever going to get that done by simply saying, 'Let's play hard.'" ★

Bobby Knight contends that a simple "Let's play hard!" does not inspire his kids to give their best shot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW I CONVERTED AN OLD FARMHOUSE INTO A SHAMBLES

When it comes to the art of restoring old houses, some men were born to do it themselves, others to have it done to them.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jared Lee

There are three types of farmhouses: old farmhouses, old abandoned farmhouses and old abandoned farmhouses with baled hay stacked in the living room. The one we moved into had baled hay stacked in the living room.

Why would a devoted family man bring his family to such an unpromising habitation? The answer is (and you'll find this out soon enough anyway), I'm not overly bright. But don't you worry, I had said to my apprehensive wife, prying her fingers off the doorjamb and helping her inside, I'll have this place shipshape in nothing flat.

To show her that I meant business, I immediately removed the baled hay, ejected the various tenants underneath, cleared the windowsills of sand and plugged the mouse holes with soap. But the man wasn't made who can keep up a pace like that for long.

"Don't forget to bait the traps with peanut butter," called my wife—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. It was hard to tell in that cloud of dust she was kicking up.

"Peanut butter? Why peanut butter?" I called back naively.

"It sticks to the roofs of their mouths and they can't squeak." I should have thought of that.

We spent the rest of the day debating how we would disperse our three rooms of furniture over the nine rooms.

It was the following afternoon, while I was collecting a bucket of knots from the dilapidated barn to fit into the once-knotty pine paneling in the dining room, that Lois came rushing out to announce a crisis: One of the upstairs bedrooms didn't have a door! You talk about a catastrophe! Two bedrooms downstairs, three bedrooms upstairs, for a grand total of five bedrooms for four people (if kids of five and four can rightly be called people), and one bedroom lacked a door!

Dropping my bucket of knots, I rushed from the barn to see if I could locate a door that might not be doing anything. I found one in the ramshackle henhouse. I also found—too late—that it was the henhouse's sole support. No matter; we hadn't planned to raise chickens anyway.

There should be a federal law making all doors uniform so a man could transplant a door from the henhouse to the people's house and have it fit. This one didn't. But close enough, I figured. Where the trouble started, not everyone figures as I figure.

"It doesn't shut," Lois pointed out, squeezing through the closed door—closed as far as it would close, that is.

I have since reflected that taking the door down before sawing off the bottom might have been easier. However, the third sawing left a gap between door and jamb of no more than three inches. In other words, just about perfect. But—and I'm sure Mickey Rooney would back me up—some women are impossible to please.

After an interesting dinner of diced carrots and bing cherries (the mice having already eaten the labels from our canned goods), I went back up and this time sawed off a slab from the bottom of the door that can best be described as a dandy.

"At least it's one bedroom the cat can go in and out of at night without getting us up," I pointed out after Lois had pulled the throw rug back and found the three-inch gap under the door. As a reward for my efforts, she went the rest of the evening without speaking.

Her vow of silence was shot down the next morning with the discovery that a sizable chunk of kitchen ceiling had fallen into the sink. So, fortified with a hearty breakfast of Brussels sprouts, I drove into town for a ten-pound sack of patching plaster.

Directions on the sack told me to mix a small amount at a time. But I told myself, if you're going to plaster, plaster! I dumped the contents into my dear wife's new galvanized tub, poured in the water and stirred the mixture to the proper consistency. Then I placed a potato crate on a kitchen chair, hunted up the spatula and had at it.

Five spatula loads later, the spatula stuck in the ceiling and stayed there. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trying to pull it out I brought down a bigger chunk than the original. As for the tub, I pointed out to you-know-who that it would be just the thing for a yacht anchor. Back to the old vow of silence.

By this time I had begun to sense that Lois was not all that pleased with the way things were going. I was hardly prepared, however, upon returning the crate to the barn, to find her trying to throw a rope over a beam.

"Don't do it!" I yelled. "Besides, that beam would never hold you."

"Don't be silly," she said. "I want to make a swing for the kids."

While I put up the swing, she returned to the main arena, where I found her waiting for me.

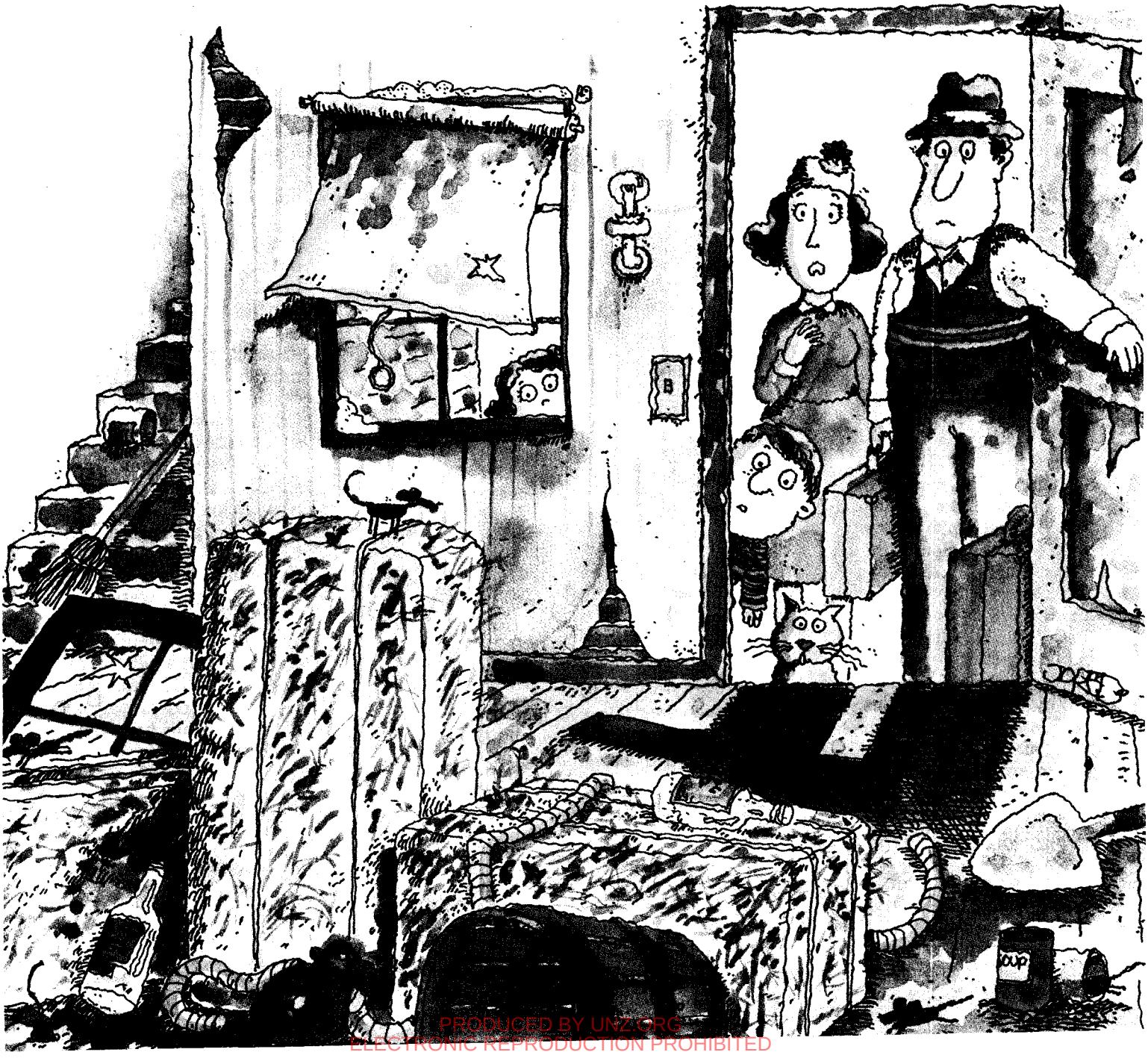
"Come into the living room," she called. I did so. "Step right there," she said, pointing to a certain board, as yet uncovered. I stepped right there—and the bookcase fell on me.

"It happens every time," I could hear her say as she began checking the books to see if any of the spines had been cracked. When she had finally uncovered my head she said, "You'd better fix that floor before someone gets hurt." I spent the rest of the day nursing a wry neck and a grudge.

However, bright and early the next week found me pickaxing a hole in the foundation. Peering in, I found that the chicken crate supporting the floor had given way. I spent the next three days enlarging the hole, pushing in three bales of the hay I had dragged out of the living room and wedging them beneath the springy section of floor. Then I celebrated by going into town and getting fitted for a truss.

About here is where Lois presented me with an option: "You

Continued on page 115



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEWITCHING BENJI: EVERYONE'S BEST FRIEND

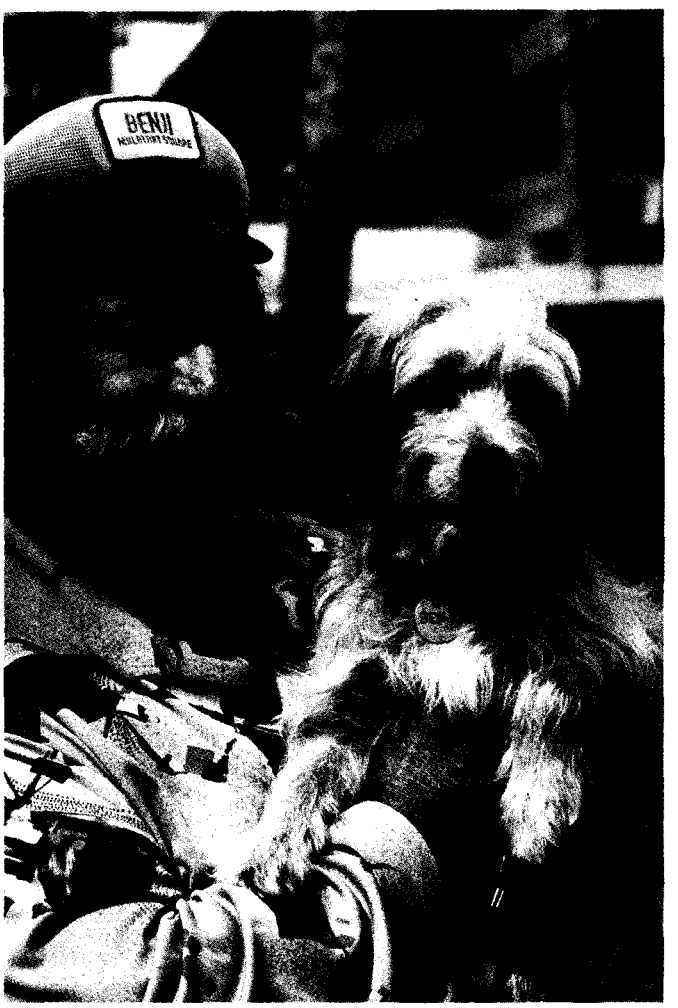
No dog has proved more lovable than this breedless mutt with brains who has gone from wags to riches and into the Animal Hall of Fame.

by Jill Williams

There are a lot of similarities between James M. Barrie's fanciful character, Peter Pan, and America's best-loved canine, Benji. First of all, they seem to be forever rescuing kids from kidnappers, pirates and various other perils. Then, too, they both have the ability to make even the worst sourpuss in the world smile. But perhaps the biggest thing that Benji and Peter Pan have in common is the fact that both characters—although written as males—are played by *females*. In Peter's case, it's intentional. In Benji's case, it is not.

"The current Benji is actually an offspring of the original Benji," explains Joe Camp, creator of the entire Benji phenomenon. "And even though the dog is a female, we refer to her as a 'he.' After all, she's playing the part of a male. So why complicate things?"

Why, indeed. Besides, Benji's history gets complicated enough without gender-switching!



For all of the acting talent he inherited from his dog-pound daddy, Benji II, the "Laurence Olivier of the dog world," owes much to the patience of Frank Inn, his owner/trainer and long-time friend.

If it were a movie, the initial scenario might read something like this: Close-up of Lovable Dog in local pound... Enter Kindly Trainer to the rescue...Dog (whose name is Higgins) auditions for a part in a television series and wins the part over 50 other competitive canine hopefuls...For the next eight years, Higgins is steadily employed—learning one trick a week for 39 weeks each year...Time passes...Close-up of Kindly Trainer and his successful pooch. They're both getting on in years, dreaming of retirement: plenty of bones, good fishin' and counting those "animal residual television payments." Enter Hotshot Producer/Writer/Director from Dallas who is looking for "just the right dog" for his family-oriented film. "That's the one!" says he, pointing to Higgins. "You don't want *him*," replies the Kindly Trainer. "He's too old." But the Hotshot Producer won't be dissuaded.

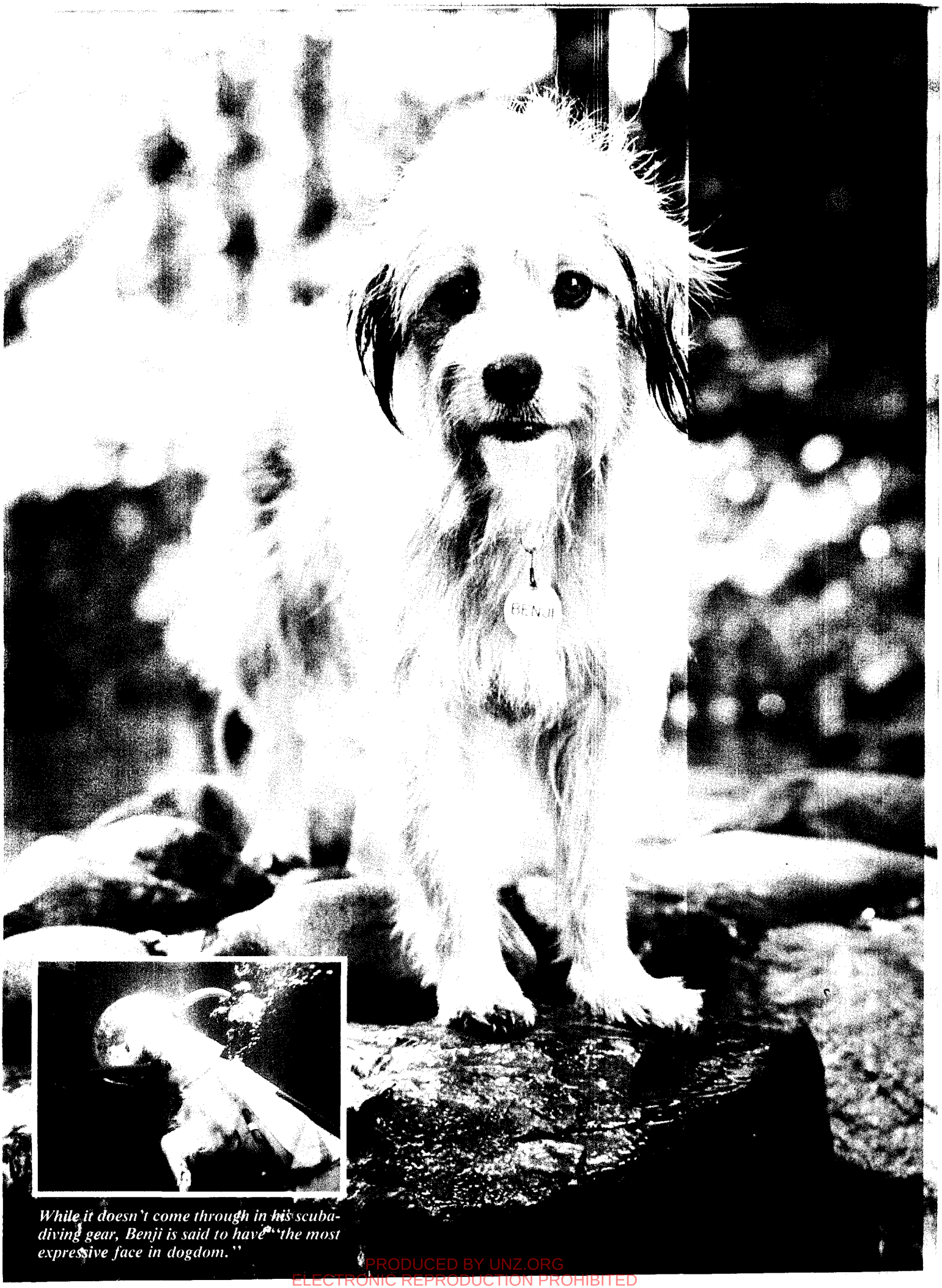
...And thus, in the best Hollywood tradition, a star is born. Higgins becomes Benji, his first movie becomes a smash (to date, *Benji* has grossed more than $45 million worldwide) and everything's "hunky-dory." Except Benji is now close to 14 years old. And you know what they say about "teaching old dogs new tricks."

But reproducing a breedless mutt with brains isn't easy.

"The looks were the main problem," recalls Camp, whose sandy-colored hair and soulful eyes aren't that different from his four-footed protege's. "I mean, Benji had some cocker in him. Some schnauzer. Probably a little touch of Doberman... and about 16 other things, besides!"

But after siring litter after litter, Benji created several "mini" versions of himself. Only one, however, inherited the original dog's obvious acting talent. So far, Benji II's credits include: *For the Love of Benji, Oh Heavenly Dog* (films)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



While it doesn't come through in his scuba-diving gear, Benji is said to have "the most expressive face in dogdom."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and three TV specials entitled "The Phenomenon of Benji," "Benji's Very Own Christmas Story" and "Benji Takes a Dive at Marineland." He's (she's) been called "the Laurence Olivier of the dog world" by *The New York Daily News*. And to top it all off, Benji II has received the highest accolade: a place in the animal Hall of Fame, along with only two other dogs—Lassie and Scruffy from "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir."

So which Benji's talents are the better?

"I think the current Benji is better," Camp maintains, responding to the dog's pleading look that says, "Don't you love me anymore, Joe?" "A lot of that probably comes from the fact that he started younger. You see, the Old Man (i.e., a term of endearment bestowed upon Benji the Elder, who has since passed away) didn't start his acting career until he was around five years old. And then all he had to do was one trick a week on 'Petticoat Junction.' Whereas this Benji began making *For the Love of Benji* at 11 months old."

Yes, sir. Benji II is one heck of a performer. There's no doubt about it. You want sad? Benji'll give you sad before you can say, "Nice work!" You want happy? That's a breeze. Pensive? No problem. Uneasy? You got it. Is there any emotion this incredibly versatile pooch can't portray?

"He doesn't do 'nasty' very well," admits Camp, recalling that the original Benji was a much feistier dog. "Maybe it's because this Benji's a female. . .or maybe it's because this dog never really had to fight to survive. Whatever the reason, the current Benji is a lot more passive."

Passive or not, Benji's trainer Frank Inn will usually get his charge to snarl on command without too much difficulty. After all, when the animals you've worked with include Lassie, Rhubarb the Cat, Arnold the Pig ("Green Acres"), Cleo the basset hound ("The People's Choice") and a host of other hairy entertainers, you've got to be doing something right.

"What Frank does in order to get Benji to act nasty is he kind of tenses up his whole body and starts easing towards the dog with his hands all balled up in a fist. Then, he'll be talking to him through his teeth," Camp explains with open admiration for the man whose talent for training animals began back when he was laid up in a wheelchair and somebody gave him a dog—which he promptly learned to communicate with.

"The old Benji would kind of fight back and say, 'Hey, wait a minute! You can't come at me like that!' And then he'd growl, and Frank would say, 'Good!' and pet him.

"This one usually cowers instead. But eventually he'll give out with a halfhearted snarl."

Other than that, though, Benji is as near perfect as you would want.

"The sucker just don't make mistakes," chortles Frank Inn, who resembles a Santa Claus dressed in beach-bum attire. "I've gotten mad at myself sometimes for maybe trying to require Benji to do more than I probably should ask of him. But whatever it is, the dog has enough confidence in us to try anything we tell him to do. For instance, when we were filming the latest television special down at Marineland, we had to do this scene on a boat out on the high seas. . . .Now, this dog had never been out there before, with all those waves pitching and tossing around like crazy. I mean, at one point this helicopter comes so close, it almost blows the dog off the deck!

"Still, at a certain time," continues Inn, "they tap me on the shoulder—which means the dog is supposed to run up and get to the other end of the boat—and darned if Benji don't do it every time out. . . .It's a wonder he didn't get tossed overboard! But he made it and it was beautiful. I don't understand it, really."

Posting letters. . .walking a tightrope blindfolded. . .reeling in a fishing line with his two front paws. . .dropping a dime in a slot barely big enough to hold it. . . . Benji's bag of visual goodies is limitless.

But from Joe Camp's point of view, there is one feat that stands out in his memory as the dog's *tour de force.*

"A lot can be done with editing. When you're dealing with closeups, for instance, you can take several different expressions, select them properly, cut them together and make them look like a change of mood. But there's this one particu-

Termed by CBS Television "more approachable than Rin Tin Tin and. . .the most appealing short movie star since Dustin Hoffman," Benji has been nominated by numerous columnists for an Academy Award.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lar sequence in *For the Love of Benji* where Benji came to this five-point intersection. He then had to stop dead in his tracks (e.g., prior to that, the dog had been chasing a taxi that contained his housekeeper and some nasty kidnappers), run down one street, look both ways, walk back to where he'd originally stopped, look down another street, turn back around very confused as if to say, 'Now, what's happened to that taxicab?', sniff the ground, change his mood from furious to forlorn and finally mope down a third street with his tail between his legs. Benji did all that with no edits and no cuts. It was a 90-second shot and, by the second take, he executed it all perfectly. For my money, that's unbeatable."

Indeed, many a human actor might have difficulty doing such a complicated series of actions and mood changes. But give Benji a little filet mignon and a lot of affection, and he'll do anything. (And he doesn't even argue about billing, either!)

The question of whether or not animals can reason has long been one of interest to scientists and laymen alike. As a filmmaker, Joe Camp's job is to make us believe Benji is actually thinking through each action-packed situation. . .and coming up with answers. His problem—on celluloid, anyway—is trying to communicate his thoughts to the "dumb humans who can't seem to get it through their heads that dogs can talk." *If only you'll listen to 'em.*

"I definitely think that dogs can think," Camp says. "They can be rational. Obviously not to the extent of a human being. But I've spent a great deal of time with both Benjis—and there is no question in my mind that they can logic through situations. The first proof that I had of that, though, was during a press conference with the Old Man. Frank had this thing he'd have Benji do for reporters of pulling up a basket. He'd put the dog up on a higher level, give him a basket with a rope attached to it, and Benji'd pull up with his mouth, hold on to what he'd lifted with his left foot and pull up some more.

"Well, during this particular demonstration, Benji was kind of wedged in between these two bannister posts, and at one point, he couldn't get his left foot in position to hold the rope. So he sat there and stared at the pile of rope for about five seconds, put his right foot on it instead and kept right on going! He'd never used his right foot before in his life for that purpose. I'd say that's thinking through a situation, wouldn't you?"

And so here we have a dog who can think, obey intricate directions, is lovable to the tune of $10,000 for each personal appearance he makes. . . .Isn't there anything bad about "the Free World's Most Huggable Hero?"

"My wife Juanita might have something to say on that score," laughs Inn, who not only trains Benji but lives with him as well.

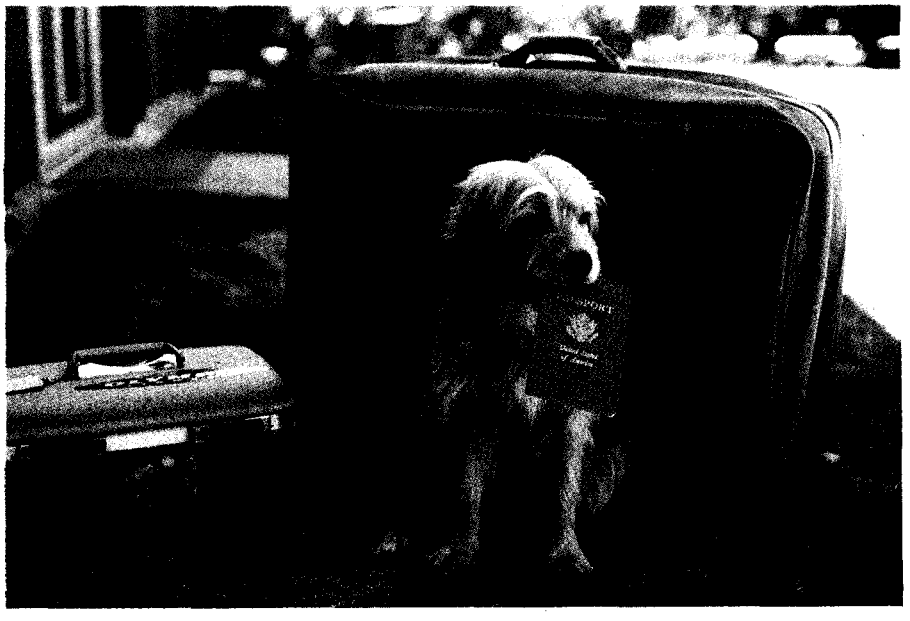
"You see, Benji and I have this cute little thing that goes on every night—that my wife has never quite understood: Every night my wife finds the towels and the washrags pulled off the racks in the bathroom, and she doesn't understand how that happens. But I know. Because I used to play with a sock with Benji as a pup. And then one day he brought me a towel and I played with him and the towel. Well, then my wife comes in and says: 'Hey, you can't do that!' So she takes the towel away, hangs it up and leaves."

Frank leans closer, concluding his "towel caper" explanation with childish glee while Benji listens. Intently.

"Now, after she had left, the dog went and got the towel and brought it back to me, and I petted him for it. And she scolded him some more. And that's how it became a kind of family game. So for the last two or three years, every night the towels and the washrags get off the rack. My wife never sees the dog do it, mind you. And she always scolds him, and then he'll come to me, and I tell him what a good dog he is. And every night she says: 'Benji? You've gone and done it again!' And he just grins and wags his tail. . . ."

This impish side of Benji's nature is definitely reminiscent of a canine Peter Pan, is it not? And yes, there is one other apt comparison between the two: You might recall that in any stage production, Peter Pan must have a special flying harness to facilitate his swooping from place to place. Flying is one thing. But how about a dog who scuba dives and has spent more than 30 minutes underwater at a stretch!

For a human character, Master Pan's not so bad. But take away his ability to speak, and Benji's got him beat by a country mile. And the wag of a tail.



Once an orphan puppy, Benji was recently voted one of the ten most popular performers in America by a national survey. Since his movie debut in 1974, he has—literally—become a worldwide phenomenon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAY KROC: BURGER MASTER

When a traveling salesman got a billion-burger idea in a little San Bernardino carry-out, he gave the name McDonald's more than just a shake.

by William Barry Furlong

He had dreams. He had ideas. They just never seemed to come together. He was left with hope—that it was never too late.

He was in his 50s now—an "old" man and an incipient arthritic, with diabetes and with the usual plagues from the past: He'd already lost through surgery his gall bladder and his thyroid gland. The economic facts were just as harsh: His business was at a dead end. He had to get a new idea to keep it going, to keep his dreams alive.

He did it.

At the tree-ripened age of 52, Ray Kroc got a new idea.

And a more beckoning dream.

The result: Ray Kroc became a billionaire.

And he made multimillionaires of many other people—perhaps more people in a shorter time than any other man in history.

His idea became more than a business. It became a phenomenon.

Keeping a dream alive after age 52 is not easy, but Ray Kroc did it—and became a billionaire.

It was called McDonald's Hamburgers and today it is a $6 billion-a-year—and growing—enterprise.

The assets of Ray Kroc were his attitudes, not his wealth, health and heritage. He was never rich: His father worked for Western Union, and he worried himself to death over his debts during the Great Depression. "On his desk the day he died," says Kroc, "were two pieces of paper—his last paycheck from the telegraph company and a garnishment notice for the entire amount of his wages." He was not from one of the "genteel" cultures, the richly endowed WASPs with an Ivy League Eastern background: He is a middle-class Midwesterner of Bohemian ancestry.

Far from following in the "rich" footsteps of any ancestor, he did not even meet his father's dreams: His father had "left school in the eighth grade and he was determined that I would finish high school. I was the wrong kid for that"—Ray Kroc was a dropout. As a young man he was a piano player in bars, in bordellos (for one night) and on radio stations. Later, he was a real estate salesman in Florida when the great Florida land boom collapsed. Finally, he began selling paper cups when they were a rare—and rarely sought—commodity (i.e., before they were advertised on TV). He sold them to Italian pushcart vendors in Chicago who would make them into "squeeze cups"—they "filled them with flavored ice and sold them one ounce for a penny, two ounces for two cents." He sold them to Polish folk on the northwest side of Chicago, where the shopkeepers used them to serve "Povidla," a kind of prune butter.

He spent 17 years doing this, working hard on ideas that would develop volume. At one point, he got his volume up to the level of selling five million paper cups a year to at least two different soda fountain and drugstore chains. Then he hit a plateau. So he shifted to another field: He began selling machines called Multimixers that could make as many as five milk shakes at a time. He did well. But as he got into his middle years, he saw times were changing. Drugstores were no longer building soda fountains into their new locations; indeed, many of them were pulling soda fountains out of the stores they already had. By the time Ray Kroc was in his 50s, he realized that the market potential for Multimixers was in decline. So he began looking ever more aggressively for ideas that would help him develop new and different markets for the Multimixer. One of the markets he began exploring was not—in the 1950s—a terribly large or compelling one: the little hamburger huts that were then scattered rather sparsely here and there around the country.

One day while he was visiting Los Angeles, he rented a car and drove 60 miles east—out to the edge of the desert, to San Bernardino—to take a look at one of his long-distance customers, a hamburger drive-in that had bought a total of eight of his Multimixers. He was a little curious about what kind of drive-in had enough business to make 40 milk shakes at a time.

Continued on page 69

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 64

On first sight he was puzzled. He parked across the street from the drive-in and could see nothing obvious about its attraction. The place was spotlessly clean, but it had no particular gloss, no swank, no "angle." Yet people were practically running to this plain, waitressless drive-in to get in line and were going away with bagfuls of hamburgers. He got out of his car to do a bit of market research. He joined the end of a line and fell into conversation with people around him.

The answers were pretty much the same: You didn't get much in the way of variety here—hamburgers, French fries and something to drink were all they had—but whatever you got was the best you could get anywhere. Moreover, the price was right: 15 cents for a hamburger (or 19 cents for a cheeseburger) and a dime for the French fries. So for a quarter you could get a reasonable lunch, and it would cost only another nickel (for coffee) or 20 cents (for a malted or milk shake) to get a drink to go with it. "This had to be the most amazing merchandising operation I'd ever seen," says Ray Kroc.

The Great Idea did not come instantly. He did not look around and say, "I'll open 6,000 of these and make a couple of billion dollars." Instead, he thought in more immediate and practical terms: "If I can get the guys who run this place to open a couple more just like it, they might buy 16 more Multimixers from me."

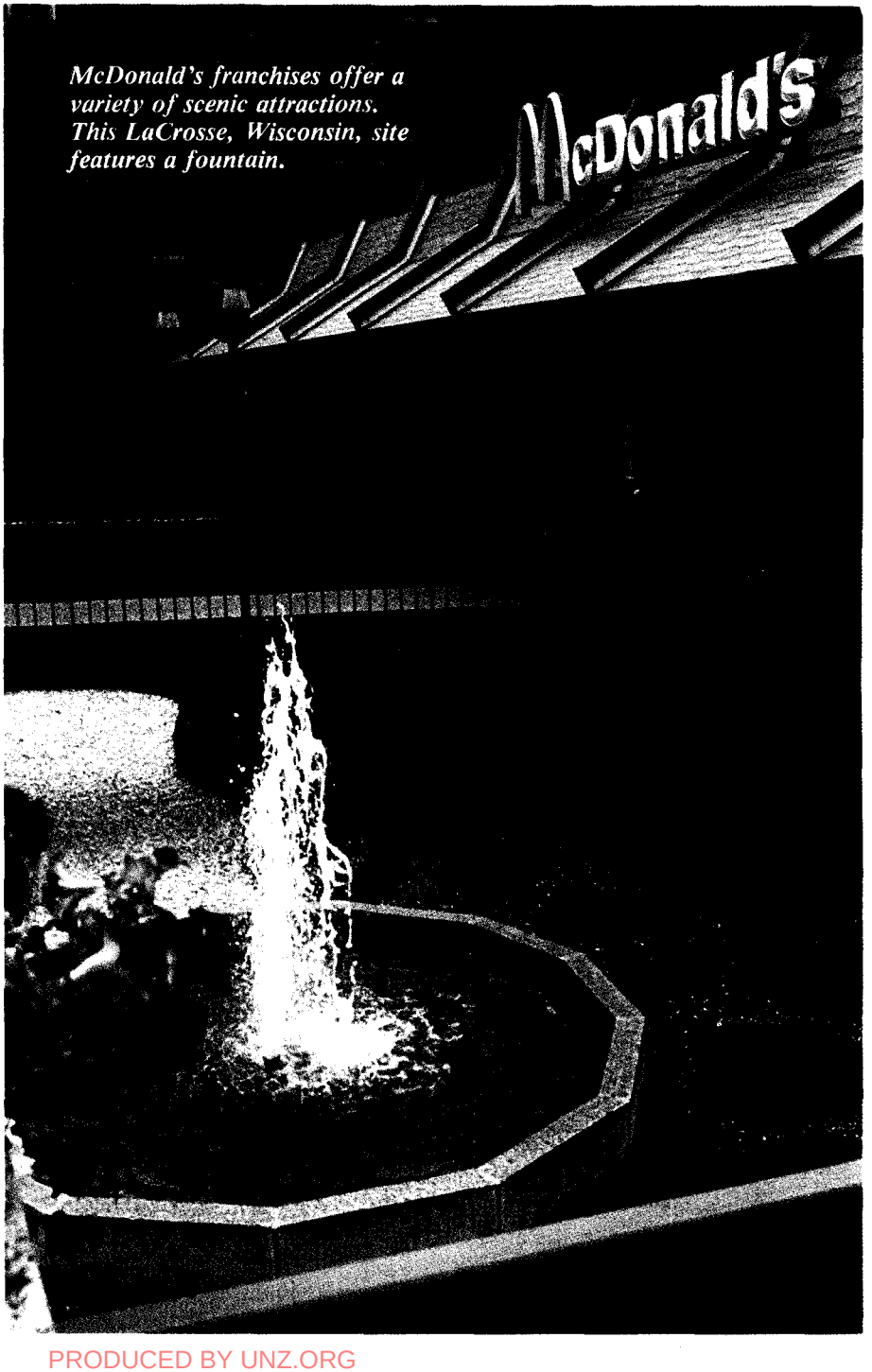
When the lunch-hour crowd thinned out a bit, he went into the drive-in and introduced himself to the owners—Dick and Maurice McDonald. They greeted him warmly and showed him around the place. He noticed once again the extreme cleanliness, inside and out. He noticed there was very little waste and spoilage because the brothers could carefully control the very few items they had to buy and store and serve. Most of all, they'd analyzed every operation in making and serving hamburgers and French fries, and they'd developed from this a quick-response assembly line that allowed them to fill every order within a few seconds after it was made. That expanded their potential volume hundreds of times over: They could satisfy a customer—more than satisfy him, in fact—and get his cash and move him out to be replaced by another customer within 30 seconds or so. That compared with the restaurant-style luncheon place where a customer might tie up a place at a table (or counter) for a half hour to an hour.

The one thing that the McDonalds did not have was a remorseless ambition. They were planning to open one more drive-in and that was going to be it. "But why not reach out a little and open eight or ten more?" said Kroc, thinking of the 80 Multimixers he might then sell.

Their answer was to take him to a window and show him a big white house on a high slope that overlooked the area where they had their drive-in. "That's our home and we love it," one of them told him. They weren't about to leave it or jeopardize it.

That left Kroc stunned. He fumbled around conversationally for a while and then came up with another

Continued on page 116



McDonald's franchises offer a variety of scenic attractions. This LaCrosse, Wisconsin, site features a fountain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

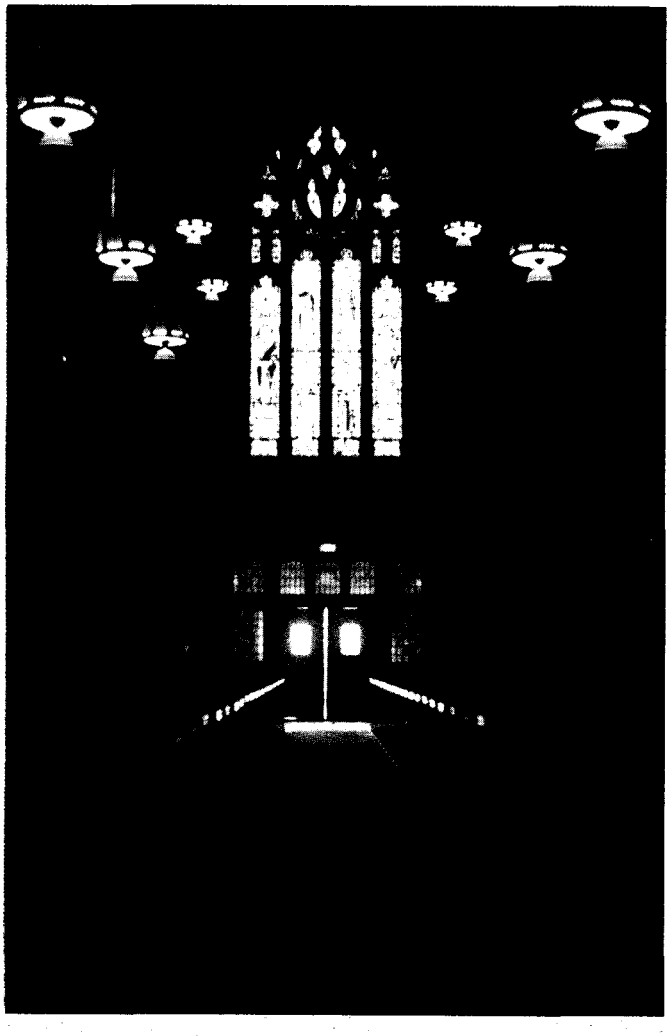
THE SCHOOL OF THE OZARKS

Students toiling their way through this liberal arts college put the Puritan work ethic to the test—and grade it excellent.

by Curt Smith

To find Point Lookout, Missouri, you drive south and west from St. Louis. Rustic even by mid-South standards, graced by steep passes which beckon to the valleys below, the virgin highlands remain unchanged by time and untamed by man. Through the Ozark uplands the road climbs and weaves—past farms dotted with cabins, houses encircled by piney woods, past graveyards and quiet backwaters, artifacts of a slower, less frenetic age.

Here, far removed from Georgetown and Manhattan, the old culture of America survives and prospers. One reads mailboxes with names like Baker, Nelson, Reed and Weber, families dating back more than a hundred years, when travelers paused on their sojourn west. Here, too, looms what the *Washington Post* once called "a college where no one protests, everybody toils and where even the fountain spews forth red, white and blue water"—the School of the Ozarks, living testimony of the Puritan work ethic made good.



A campus sign, "Work is love made visible," comes to life in the school chapel, built entirely by student hands and now one of the college's landmarks.

Founded in 1906 as an elementary school in the hill country of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas, where schools were few and largely inaccessible, the School of the Ozarks sought—as its charter stated—"to provide the advantages of a Christian education for youth of both sexes, especially those fundworthy, but who are without sufficient means to procure such training." Hillbilly youngsters would learn to read and write, thought officials, and earn their keep by doing chores.

Academically, the School of the Ozarks has evolved since then (becoming a high school in 1928, a junior college in 1956 and a four-year coeducational college of liberal arts eight years later), but its mores and convictions have not. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat," its tenets seem to claim. Today the tiny pastoral school (enrollment 1,200) is America's leading co-op college—an institution in which students *work*, not pay, their way.

"We have a sign on campus that says it all," notes the school's president, Montague Graham Clark. "It reads, 'Work is love made visible.' Sometimes when we're interviewing students, they can't believe that they can get an education even if they're flat broke—that they can work off their room, board and tuition. We try to appeal to students of all income levels, of course, but especially those who, because of family circumstances, can't afford much at all. What is life, anyway? The worth and value of labor." At the School of the Ozarks, students can fail scholastically or because they shirk their jobs.

Overseen by a small full-time staff, each student works a total of 960 hours a year for the college—four hours daily after classes during the 42-week school year, and a full 40-hour week between trimesters during three of their 10 weeks off. They produce their own meat, milk the school's cows, operate a restaurant which dotes on tourists and make fudge, fruitcake, pottery and quilts. Among the nearly 400,000 guests who visit the college annually, many see classrooms and dormitories built by students, who cut

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stone from a quarry on campus and transport it to construction sites. Work opportunities are available in 81 separate areas—from the Criminal Justice Department to Dormitory Maintenance, from the Chaplain's Office to Building Maintenance, from the Psychology Department to the theatre, bookstore and bowling alley.

In a survey of this year's freshmen, almost half disclosed they chose the School of the Ozarks because of financial restrictions. Forty-four percent said their family income exceeded $15,000; only 22 percent's eclipsed the $21,000 plateau. Most students hail from rural areas; more than 80 percent live in the Ozark hills. Even so, a majority of students earn at least B averages in high school; their college entrance scores rank above the national norm; and only 25 percent of each year's applicants are granted admission. "As more and more people hear about what we're doing," says its chancellor, Howell Keeter, "our academic standards rise."

Some of the academic prowess, ironically, results from the school's isolation. "I mean," quipped one student, "what else is there to do besides work and study?" The closest dance hall lies six miles away; the nearest large city is Springfield, 40 miles to the north. Chapel and convocation attendance is mandatory, a dress code is enforced ("Sideburns, beards and mustaches," reads the college catalog, "must be neat and trim.") and a curfew of 11 p.m. on weeknights and 1 a.m. on weekends affects every student, including those enrolled from 37 states outside Missouri and Arkansas and 12 foreign countries. "I guess it's fair to say," notes John Moad, the Vice President of Public Relations and Development, "that self-consciously fashionable, self-styled beautiful people might not have a blast."

Nonetheless, most students seem content. Only about 11 percent flunk out or drop out annually. Nearly all live in the seven dormitories which grace the campus—and many find their greatest fulfillment not in the classroom but rather in the jobs they hold. Some students, for instance, man McDonald Fire House, a building which provides dormitory space for the three companies of volunteer firemen; they form the only teenaged fire department in America. Others staff the college's printing department; work in the mill, which produces thousands of sacks of buhr-ground corn meal; or contribute to the college's 50,000-watt radio station, which services listeners within a 100-mile radius (and which enables students, having engaged in music, news and sports programming, to secure positions in radio and television after graduation).

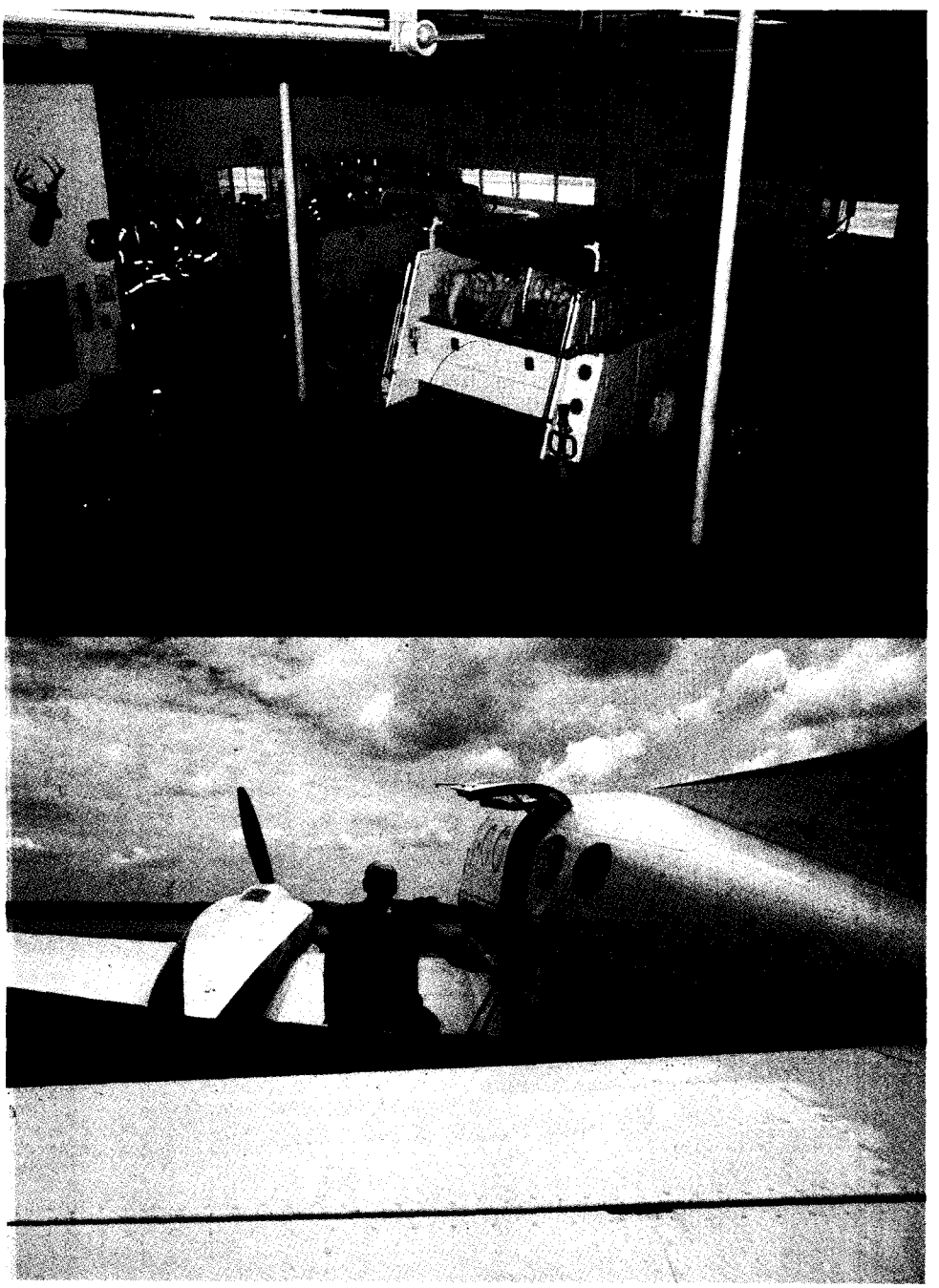
Much of the college's vibrancy finds root in the man who says, "Sure, I'm a dictator, but I'm a benevolent one," its 71-year-old president. Thirty-five years ago, then employed as vice president for a large Atlanta-based insurance company, M. Graham Clark ventured north to become vice president and "president-elect" of the school. In business, Clark's salary was $40,000, in education $3,000.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Georgia he had lived in an 18-room house staffed by five servants. At Point Lookout he resided in a two-bedroom house with no servants. Why abandon insurance to become an educator? "I'm not ashamed to admit I've been seeking God's will for my life all my life," he says. "When He calls, I go."

After World War II, Clark reminisces, "some business and educational leaders from Missouri came and asked me to take over the college's presidency. Well, it seemed like an impossible thing to do—maybe that's what appealed to me. And I felt that God was telling me that money wasn't what really counted. So I made the change that friends said was impossible. They told me I ought to see a psychiatrist. But, after all, I thought, how many beds can you sleep in? How many cars can you drive at once? Money can't buy inner peace. It can't bring satisfaction. This school, it's brought me both."

Student volunteers manning the fire house at the School of the Ozarks form the only teen-aged fire department in America.



"If we doubled the space available," says president M. Graham Clark, "we still couldn't satisfy the number of kids who want to major in aviation." His college's program is among the most unique in the country.

Clark was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, a descendant of English families who arrived in America 347 years ago. A graduate of Georgia Tech—where he managed the football team, made a trip to the Rose Bowl and earned a degree in electrical engineering—Clark worked in telecommunications, then insurance and in 1950 (following his trek to Point Lookout) was ordained as a minister in the Presbyterian Church. "Yes, I've always been an extrovert," he admits. "I like to communicate. To most people, that becomes pretty apparent when they see the four phones in my car. But behind it all, the Lord is leading me—and, I hope, that is evident in all of our school and what it's come to represent."

Under Clark's tutelage, the School of the Ozarks has flung aside its image as a vaguely backward high school and emerged—"thanks largely to his endeavors," says one professor, "as a virtual one-man band"—as a liberal arts college where students may choose any of 23 majors, among them computer science, graphic arts and mass media; carry eight academic credits in the summer semester and 12 credits in the fall and spring semesters, thus sufficient for graduation within four years; and benefit from their president's expertise in raising corporate funds. The money enriches the college endowment, which in turn pays the 67 percent of each student's education not defrayed through the work program.

One of the school's majors is aviation science. "If we could double the space available for students wanting to concentrate in this field," Clark says, "we still couldn't satisfy the number of kids who want to major in aviation." Home base for 22 aircraft (many of which are old vessels reconditioned by students, both male and female, who now use them to learn about commercial flying), the college airport—named after its president—handles private and public flights. Opened in the mid-1960s, equipped with a 3,600-foot runway, it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operated by 30 students and eight staff members on a 24-hour, seven-days-a-week basis. "You know who built the airport?" Clark asks. "Our students did. They took the bulldozers in, cleared the field, put down cement for the runway and then learned to fly the planes."

Clark has long been involved in aviation; he is currently the chairman of the board of the Missouri Pilots' Association. "You name the plane, I've been in it," he recalls. "I learned to fly around World War I, and I'm still in the air more times than not." Not surprising is the disclosure that school officials use air transportation for much of their travel; as one student-piloted aircraft deplanes with visitors, another leaves with several of the school's board of directors on board. "Sometimes the roads aren't too good, and we live a long way from big cities. So it makes sense to use planes. After all, we get where we want to go, and students gain a degree and some on-the-job training, too. Without it," the president notes, laughing, "I couldn't keep bugging the people I need to see."

Without Clark's beseeching on behalf of—as the *Wall Street Journal* termed it—"Hard Work University," the School of the Ozarks might not have flourished or, indeed, perhaps survived. "We can't just sit back," Clark says. "We don't have a lot of 'hoity-toity' alumni available to give us cash. When I became president, I remember, we didn't have an inaugural. I just went to work." Six years ago, Keeter succeeded Clark as college chancellor, freeing the president to plan its future development and—not incidentally—to raise more funds.

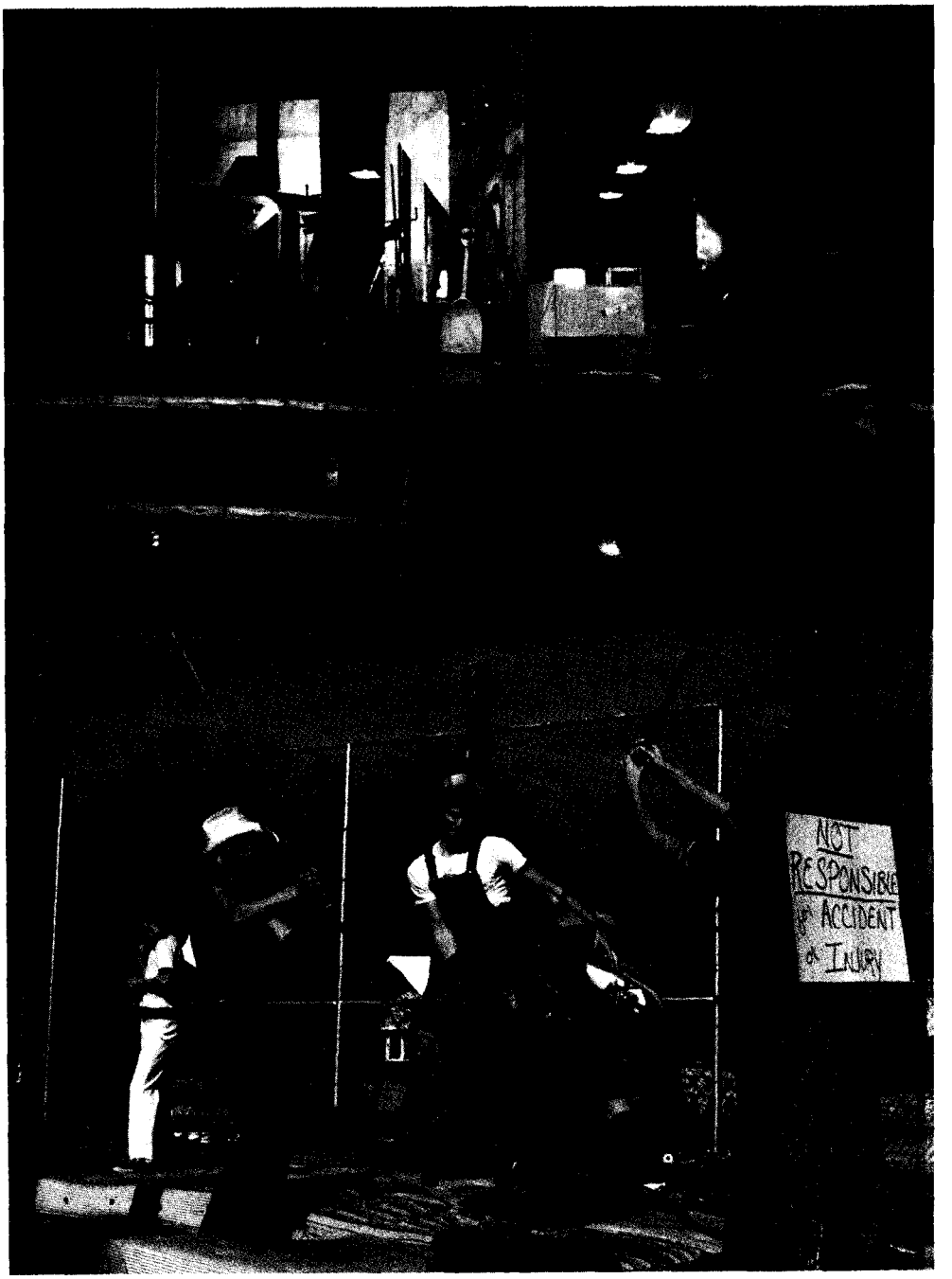
Known as "The Godfather"—with various degrees of affection—by college officials, Clark is fond of telling visitors that 45 percent of his graduates enter the teaching profession, with the rest engaged in business management, industry or graduate school.

Gray-haired and garrulous, he takes even greater relish in reciting a vignette of several years ago. Attending a dinner in New York City, Clark announced the birth of a "Chair for Free Enterprise," to be awarded annually by his college. "We believe in the effort of the individual," he told the audience, "and we're not ashamed to say so."

Speaking next, the president of New York University commended Clark's motives. Then, smiling wryly, he added, "Isn't it a shame this couldn't have been born on a more prestigious campus?" To which Clark responded, prompting a torrent of applause, "I would just remind you all that Jesus Christ was born in a manger."

Delighting in the reverie, Clark laughed heartily. "We're growing all the time," he professed, "and I'm proud of that. But what I'm even prouder of is this—our message hasn't changed." Leaving Point Lookout for lower, less rarified ground, one mused about what that message denotes. The strength that comes from poverty. The nobility of toil. ★

Students toil a total of 960 hours a year for what a writer called, "Hard Work University"—some choosing to mill buhr-ground corn meal.



"You can be sent home because you flunked work at this college," laughed one student. Work is graded along with academics. Many large corporations line up to hire these graduates, who have been taught good work habits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This child's doting parents provided a full-sized electric typewriter for her use. Later, at Harvard Business School, she carried it into exam rooms to write answers to essay questions faster. "She learned to read on a typewriter in my bedroom about as soon as she could talk," says her mother, who accidentally discovered that the electric typewriter is about the most valuable "educational toy" one can give a child.

Toddlers left in a room with electric typewriters gravitate to them immediately. First it's curiosity; then it's fun as the machine jumps and writes on demand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIDDIES ON THE KEYS

The moving parts of a typewriter fascinate kids. And just as surely as W follows Q on the top row, they'll learn their alphabet and be spelling in no time.

by Ted Kreiter

Before you rush out with your credit card to buy one of those $900-plus home mini-computers that electronics companies are touting as the latest thing in home education for your child, why not try something easier on the pocketbook? Slip a typewriter into his or her toy box—not one of those toy ones with the plastic dial like the one you had as a kid, capable of producing a frustrating one word a minute, but a real one. An electric.

Although typewriting used to be thought of as a skill to be learned at the price of painful finger cramps from too many leaps of the quick red fox over the lazy brown dog, this is no longer the case. Electricity changed that. Contrary to the usual practice of keeping the typewriter far out of the reach of children's mischievous little hands, a growing number of mothers in our affluent society are finding the typewriter an effective tool to encourage their children to read at an early age.

One mother, a physician, tells how she bought a Gregg typing manual and turned her five small children loose on the family electric with startling educational results.

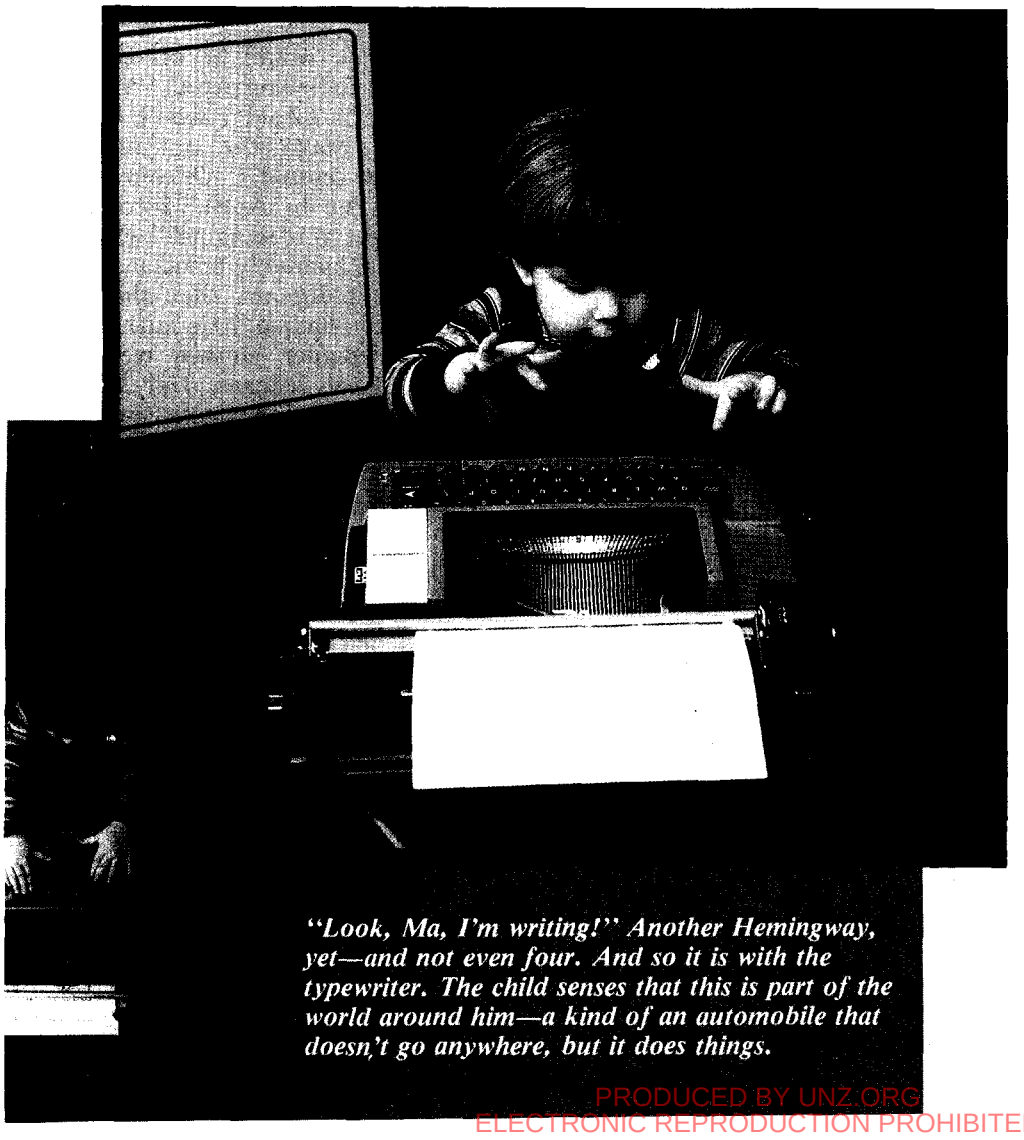
"I was convinced," she says, "that there are some neurons that communicate from the fingers to the brain in a way that causes one to remember a word longer if it has been struck manually on the keys.

"When I was a medical student with a lot of home responsibilities, mostly in the form of five small children, I would squeeze every ounce of energy from myself for study until I could no longer concentrate by reading from the printed page. It was then that I learned the trick of sitting at the typewriter while half asleep copying important paragraphs from the textbook. It was the next thing to sleep learning, but it worked. When I was too tired to have learned another thing, I could retain what I had typed.

"I had always made the typewriter available to even the smallest of our children. They learned their vocabulary early, and I am convinced typing played an important part in their later success in competitive professional schools. A side benefit, as I see it, is that they can all type faster than they write, which is in itself an important tool for life. When I see all the computer terminals using the standard typewriter keyboard, I'm glad our children learned their 'home keys' early, at home.

"Years later," she says, "after having made my own discoveries regarding typewriters for toddlers, I came upon a marvelous article about a Ph.D. in a Boston institution who had done research showing that if toddlers were shut in barren rooms with nothing but electric typewriters in them, the little tykes became so curious about the keyboard they ended up learning to type and read. That made it official! I shall provide typewriters for my grandchildren as soon as

Continued on page 103



"Look, Ma, I'm writing!" Another Hemingway, yet—and not even four. And so it is with the typewriter. The child senses that this is part of the world around him—a kind of an automobile that doesn't go anywhere, but it does things.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN INTERFERON PREVENT CANCER?

Medical science is becoming excited about the possibility that interferon may prevent viral diseases, even the "big C."

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Various microorganisms that multiply intracellularly may be inhibited by interferon." That simple statement might be good news for you, should you develop a runaway cell growth better known as cancer. "The replication of a wide variety of viruses is blocked in interferon-treated cells." This is a promising statement from a recent issue of *Blood*, a medical journal for hematologists (physicians who treat blood disorders). Don't get your hopes up, researchers warn, but interferon study is the hottest thing going on in cancer research.

Could you be producing your own interferon in your crock pot at home—as insurance against the day you might need it?

Could a colony of bugs be manufacturing a life-saving interferon supply for you?

Could you grow your own as easily as you culture herbs on your kitchen windowsill?

It's a possibility worth exploring before cancer hits your home.

One could conjecture that if you could treat yourself to supplemental interferon when you know you've been stressed, you might be able to ward off the "big C."

The time to learn all about interferon is while you have the energy to do so—in other words, before the "big C" has sapped your strength and your strong will to live is all you have left.

One night about three months before her death, I drove from the Los Angeles airport to Garden Grove, California, with Marvella Bayh, a victim of breast cancer.

Courageous Marvella Bayh confesses her faith, knowing it would take something yet undiscovered to save her life from cancer.

We were sharing the podium the following day at the Garden Grove Community Church. Rev. Robert Schuller's wife, Arvella, was conducting a conference for women entitled Day Extraordinaire, and Marvella had remained in bed for almost a week to have enough strength to make the trip from Washington, D.C. She was beautifully courageous and the confession of faith in her address the next day brought tears to the eyes of the nearly 2,000 women who packed the large sanctuary.

That night, as we drove from the airport, she wasn't defeated. She was using every ounce of energy left to explore any possible new treatment which might break through on the horizon in time to save her life. She was a realist, however. She had seen the numbers, and she had studied her disease well. She knew that it would take something as yet undiscovered to save her life now.

I wasn't surprised when her first question was about interferon. "What do you think about interferon as a possible cure?" she wanted to know. Where could she go to get such treatment on an experimental basis?

Her book would be off the press the following April. "My publisher is afraid I won't be alive to make the author's tour," she scoffed. " 'Of course I'll be alive in April,' I told them. Can you imagine?" she asked me, suddenly emotional; she was indignant that they could have had so little faith.

Her designer clothes were immaculately chosen. Her sophisticated good grooming and regal posture belied her impoverished early rural Oklahoma background. Here was a bright young lady who had conquered mountains in her personal life. She had surmounted the most devastating reverses and gone forward each time. Her father had been an alcoholic who later committed suicide. Her husband's staff in the Senate had cut her out of meetings, which hurt her deeply. Yet she had always risen above her problems. She had communed with presidents and kings. She had been a darling in the Kennedys' Washington social whirl. Now she would tackle the problem of the "big C."

But her bones ached now.

When we reached the Disneyland

Continued on page 92

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EXCITING PROMISE OF INTERFERON

The possibility of cancer prevention depends upon getting the bugs out of interferon and interferon out of the bugs.

by Alice Barruss

Great hopes are being held out for a protein produced in minuscule amounts by the human body's own cells: interferon.

As deployed by the body, interferon is an extraordinarily potent agent. It protects (uninfected) cells against attack by viruses, slows the growth of cells and affects, in complex ways, the operation of the body's other natural defense mechanisms. It is therefore of interest not only to researchers of viral diseases but also to those trying to understand (and prevent) the development of cancer. Could it prove as potent in the hands of doctors?

Punters on Wall Street are already laying bets that interferon is a sure winner—tomorrow's profit-spinning wonder drug. Many companies, too, are climbing on the bandwagon: Roughly two dozen around the world are already producing—or are about to produce—interferon. But theirs is a more calculated gamble. They are catering to today's research market and, in the process, developing technical expertise that could pay off (they hope) even if, in the end, interferon itself never finds a big commercial market.

Yet, as doctors are aware, it is only now that the properly controlled, large-scale clinical trials that are needed to test interferon's promise have begun.

Why only now? After all, nearly a quarter of a century has passed since interferon was discovered by two researchers at the Medical Research Council's National Institute for Medical Research in London.

White cells left when red blood cells and plasma are removed by centrifuge become a source of interferon.

There are several reasons.

For one thing, back in 1957, biochemists lacked the techniques available today for the isolation, characterization, production and purification of interferon. Large quantities of the stuff only began to become available in the 1970s. And even then, it was in short supply, fiendishly expensive and (usually) very impure.

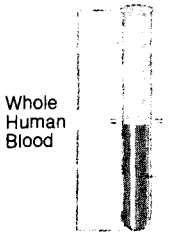
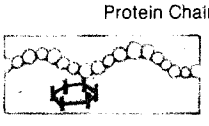
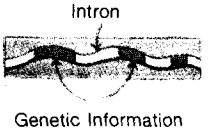
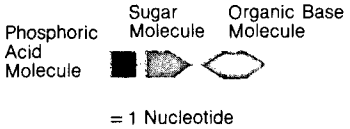
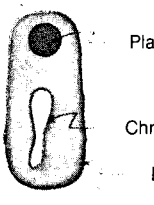
Second, interferon was first investigated primarily as an antiviral agent. The interest in its potential for the treatment of cancer developed later. As a rule, cancer researchers have more money to spend than do viral researchers—lots more. Indeed, cancer research is where most of the growing money for interferon is now being concentrated—arguably, too much so.

Third, relatively little was known about the mechanics of how interferon actually worked at the molecular level.

Against this background, it is no wonder that the clinical trials to date of the protein's usefulness have proved anything but conclusive. Consider the following weaknesses:

- Few trials have had proper controls (that is, have divided patients randomly into two groups, one receiving interferon treatments and the other not).
- In many trials, the number of patients involved has been very small—too small to be of statistical significance.
- The dosages administered to patients have varied widely—often in response to purse-string considerations. There is now considerable evidence that many of the early trials used dosages that were too low—a deficiency not corrected merely by carrying on treatment for longer periods of time.
- The timing of the initiation of interferon treatment has also varied considerably. Yet there is evidence that in ordinary viral diseases (though not necessarily in chronic ones) the protein may have to be administered either before or shortly after the infection takes hold to be of much use. In short, in some instances it may be more useful in preventing than in curing disease.
- Background knowledge about the natural course of some diseases is shaky. Would a patient who apparently benefited from interferon have improved anyway? Especially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

	*Buffy coats: White blood cells left when whole blood is separated into constituent parts. An inefficient source of normal leukocytes for producing interferon.*
	Bugs: Bacteria which are genetically engineered to produce interferon.
	Fibroblasts: Cells of connective tissue which can be grown in cultures. Used to make fibroblast interferon.
	*Glycoproteins: Proteins with sugar residue attached. Natural interferons are all thought to be glycoproteins.*
	*Introns: "Silent" sections which lie between "coding" segments of most genes. Apparently absent in genes which code for interferon.*
	Leukocytes: White blood cells used to produce leukocyte interferon, the most widely used type of interferon to date. They cannot be grown in cultures.
	Lymphoblasts: Young white blood cells derived from lymph which can be grown in a culture and induced by viruses to produce relatively large yields of interferon.
	Molecule: The smallest part of a compound. In this case, a protein molecule. A single bacterium can now be made to produce tens of thousands of molecules of interferon.
	*Nucleotides: The separate parts or "letters" of the genetic code.*
	*Plasmids: The "carrier bags;" small, circular pieces of genes by which the genetic coding for interferon is introduced into bacteria.*

Interferon offers the layman several new words for his vocabulary—and the review of a few from his high school chemistry.

in trials involving small numbers of patients, arguments over the possible significance of "spontaneous remissions" can muddy interpretation of the results.

- Knowledge about the sensitivity of different patients to interferon is also lacking. Tests on mice suggest that the genetic make-up of an animal may affect significantly its responsiveness to interferon. What is true of mice may well be true of people.
- Often the interferon preparations used in clinical trials have been very impure (about 0.1% pure). So there has been a lot of room for argument about whether an apparent response was due to interferon or to some contaminant in the brew.
- The interferon used in clinical trials has been garnered from three different types of human cells (of which more below). Broadly speaking, this has been deemed to make no important difference to its biological impact: Indeed, all human-cell interferon is known as "type-1" interferon. That assumption is now open to some doubt.

That list of shortcomings should suffice to temper Wall Street's go-go enthusiasm. Still, it would be wrong to imply that the current excitement about interferon is utterly mistaken. Scientists share it, too, for two reasons.

First, for all their shortcomings, the clinical trials have shown some promising results. This is especially true of trials of interferon's effectiveness in treating certain illnesses caused by a nasty family of viruses known as herpes viruses—e.g., eye infections, shingles and genital warts. Some of the cancer trials in humans (and, more so, in animals) have also been encouraging—though relatively little work has been done on the most common forms of cancer. In short, there has been promise enough to warrant following up.

Second, the wherewithal to design, carry out and evaluate the necessary trials is becoming available. Over the past year alone there has been an explosion of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledge and technical virtuosity in the interferon field.

Interferon has been purified to homogeneity, and laboratory experiments originally carried out with impure brews have been repeated with the pure protein. The results suggest that the worry that contaminants (and not interferon) could have determined the earlier lab results (and encouraging clinical results) can now be set aside.

Production of the protein is going up and costs are beginning to come down. This is true even of "traditional" processes using human cell cultures. And now, genetically engineered bugs (bacteria) are entering the arena.

Finally, scientists are learning more about how interferon works, its detailed structure and its genetic controls. That deeper probing is throwing up surprises—and the tantalizing possibility that one day new interferons could be tailor-made.

It is no accident that recent breakthroughs in the production of interferon and in the purely scientific understanding of the protein have gone hand in hand. The two are intimately entwined and often involve the same scientists.

Begin with the production problem. It was clear that bugs were the best bet for getting (relatively) cheap and plentiful interferon—if they could make it at all—simply because human cells are difficult to work with, even on relatively small production scales.

As mentioned earlier, type-1 interferon is in fact produced by three different types of human cells. White blood cells called leukocytes make (what else?) leukocyte interferon—the interferon most widely used to date. But normal leukocytes have the awkward characteristic of refusing to proliferate once outside the living body. They do not even live long. The only way to get leukocyte interferon from normal leukocytes is to use (once) the so-called "buffy coats" left as a by-product when whole blood is separated into other medically useful materials. The process is laborious, not wildly efficient, vulnerable to vagaries of supplies and expensive.

Cells of connective tissues make fibroblast interferon. Unlike leukocytes, fibroblasts can grow and multiply in cultures. However, they need a surface to grow on; you cannot simply bung them into a nutrient-filled vat. Companies have learned clever ways of squeezing a maximum of surfaces into as little space as possible: e.g., America's Flow Laboratories is using know-how from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to grow fibroblasts on tiny, charged beads in suspensions. Still, space is money in mass production. And human cell cultures require a lot of careful attention.

The third type-1 interferon, lymphoblastoid interferon, is made by white blood cells that have been "transformed" to make them grow like cancerous cells, the transformation trick being worked by a virus (an Epstein-Barr virus) that insinuates itself into the genetic heart of the cells. Such cells will grow happily in a vat, and they give relatively high yields of interferon. The snag is the viral ingredient in the recipe. Despite the rigorous purification processes used, America's Food and Drug Administration, for one, is unhappy about interferon from transformed cells.

Hence the interest in using bacteria as interferon factories. Bugs take beautifully to being crowded into fermentation vats and do not pose major potential regulatory problems. The initial questions were: Could bugs make interferon, and if so, would the protein they produced mimic faithfully the natural one? Natural interferons were all thought to be glycoproteins—that is, proteins with sugar residues attached to them. It was clear from the start that bugs could not be expected to produce and arrange the correct sugars. It was not clear whether this would matter.

As biotechnology stock-market analysts know, bugs have recently been induced to produce interferon (leukocyte and fibroblast) by Japanese researchers, by the Geneva-based company Biogen, by America's Genentech (working with Switzerland's Hoffman-La Roche) and by Britain's Searle—and other contenders are planning to enter the lists. In the early stages (that is, only a matter of

Scientists are learning more about how interferon works and, from this deeper probing, share an overall enthusiasm for the tantalizing possibility that, one day, new interferons could be tailor-made.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months ago), the productivity of the bugs was pretty pathetic. When Biogen splashily announced its breakthrough, it was getting only one or two molecules per bug.

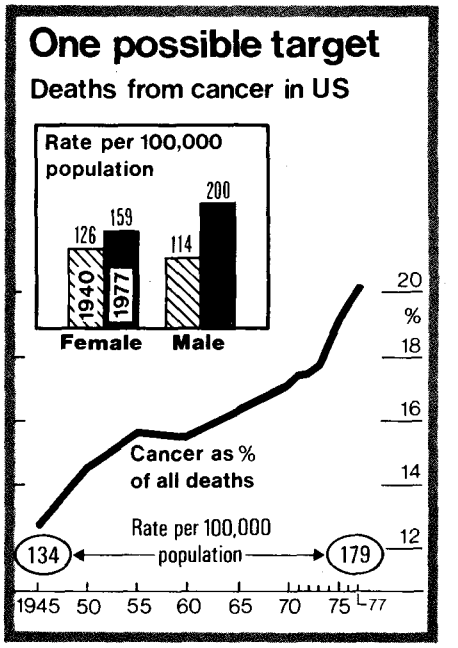
This picture has changed radically. Yields are already quite respectable, running at many tens of thousands of molecules per bug. Equally to the point, there is every reason to expect further gains in efficiency (in terms of yields per liter of bacteria) through the exploitation of fermentation techniques that can pack around 10 billion bacterial cells into a milliliter, through improvements in the plasmids (the "carrier bags") used to insinuate the genetic coding for human interferon into bugs, through better harvesting techniques and so on.

The caveats? Although it is already reasonably clear that, in tissue-culture experiments, bug-produced interferon has the same biological accomplishments as the natural protein (e.g., protecting against viral attack, slowing cell growth, priming the immune system), it is not yet clear that it is as potent. It may be that more molecules of bacterial interferon are needed than of natural interferon to achieve the same effect.

Also, as expected, the interferon produced by bugs does lack the correct sugar residues. Will this matter when the interferon is introduced into the living body (as opposed to a simple culture of tissue cells in a laboratory dish)? Maddeningly, nobody knows, because the function of the sugar residues of natural interferon is unknown. The companies into bugs can take heart from one development, though. Having initially pronounced that all natural interferons have sugar residues, scientists are having second thoughts. It is beginning to look as if leukocyte interferon has very few, if any.

That is only one of the surprises that has been thrown up by recent research. The biggest surprise of all is that the genes that code for interferon in human cells do so with unusual simplicity.

In higher animals, genes are normally very complicated. Parts of them contain recipes for making proteins; parts signal when to



Cancer is the second largest cause of death in the U.S. About 400,000 people died from it in 1975, and the figures are increasing.

Interferon: Living Up To Its Name

The American Cancer Society (ACS) surprised the medical world when it announced an all-out effort to test interferon. Its goal was a modest one: to find out if interferon shows "any activity" against cancer. The society has now treated 102 patients with four different types of cancer: non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, breast cancer, skin cancer and bone-marrow cancer.

The results, according to ACS senior vice president for research Dr. Frank Rauscher, are encouraging. Twenty-five percent of patients have shown "objective improvement." Their tumors have regressed 50 percent or more. All of the cancer victims had previously failed to respond to conventional forms of treatment.

The findings aren't as good as those predicted from European studies, but the ACS researchers believe the loss of potency of one batch of interferon administered to 18 patients may have influenced their results.

The ACS has since ordered 50 billion more units of interferon from Life Sciences of St. Petersburg, Florida, to continue its research. So far, ACS has used only leukocyte interferon, which must be painstakingly coaxed from the white cells of donated human blood.

Until lately, experimenters have had to use leukocyte interferon because it was the only type available. But the current surge of research has produced interferon by alternate methods. Fibroblast interferon, for example, is made from connective-tissue cells usually taken from the foreskins of circumcised infants.

Doctors at Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo have had promising results injecting fibroblast interferon into superficial tumor nodules of skin, breast and prostate cancers. Some tumors shrank to ¼ their original size during two weeks of treatment. The ACS ordered 24 billion units of fibroblast interferon from Roswell Park last summer and plans to begin using it in experiments on breast and melanoma cancer patients in April.

The National Cancer Institute has also joined the interferon push and is financing studies with three types of interferon, including lymphoblastoid, which was only recently approved for use in humans. The studies at seven U.S. institutes begin in January and April this year.

In addition to its suspected antitumor abilities, interferon has shown "unequivocal antiviral effects" in animals and humans and may have significant potential in fighting such virus diseases as chronic hepatitis virus B and *herpes zoster*, according to a recent article in *The Journal of the American Society of Hematology*. The Russians have even reported interferon effective in preventing the common cold. Interferon has quite a reputation to live up to.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

switch on and off protein production; parts are "silent"—that is, do not contain instructions for the performance of any function at all. Some of these silent bits occur slap in the middle of the bits coding for proteins. They are called introns.

Various theories have been put forward to explain why introns exist (*The Economist*, October 25, 1980). The point is that they do—almost without exception. It now looks as if the genes coding for interferons are one of those rare exceptions. Certainly this seems to be the case with the genes coding for leukocyte interferon. Scientists at Searle have just established that a gene coding for fibroblast interferon also lacks introns.

That is a nice bonus for companies producing interferon with bugs. Bacterial genes, unlike those of higher organisms, have no introns. And bugs cannot cope with foreign genes that do. Genetic engineers can get around that problem—in effect, removing the introns before introducing genetic material into bugs. But it is useful not to need to bother.

Another surprise is the diversity of interferons. It is thought that at least eight different genes code for leukocyte (and lymphoblastoid) interferons. Two genes may code for fibroblast interferon—although this is less certain. Awkwardly, the evidence that there is a second fibroblast-interferon gene also suggests that the protein for which it codes ought to be the more abundant of the two. This is puzzling because it is not the fibroblast interferon with which other research teams are familiar.

Are all these different genes translated into proteins? (Certainly a number of them are.) Do different viruses or other activators (e.g., cancerous cells) switch on different genes? To what extent do the different interferon proteins differ in function? Clearly, interferons are more diverse than had first been realized. Although large chunks of their codes are very similar to each other, there are regions of striking differences.

These are questions for future research. There are others, too. For example, this article has discussed type-1 interferons in some detail. There is a type-2, called immune interferon, the impact of which on cell growth and the body's immune defenses appears to be more marked than that of type-1 interferons. But detailed work on immune interferon has in fact only just begun.

The interferon story has many chapters to run. Whether interferons will themselves ever be widely used in medical treatment remains to be established—by years of patient clinical work. But, even if they are not, the expanding knowledge of their role in the body could well tell doctors and researchers how better to use and design other drugs. First spotted as an antiviral agent, interferon is now seen as possessing many more dimensions. It is a mediator of a wide range of cellular functions and growth performance.

If interferon does turn out to have important and direct medical application, many other exciting possibilities open up as well. Given knowledge of the detailed structures of interferon genes and proteins and given successful methods of genetic engineering, scientists should be able to alter the genes in order to select for particular functions—perhaps to tailor-make interferons.

It is unlikely that biochemists will be able to synthesize interferon proteins from scratch, using chemical building blocks off the shelf. To function, proteins do not only have to have the correct constituents strung together in the correct order, they must also be folded up correctly—and getting the geometry of such a complex protein as interferon right is an achievement likely to remain beyond the capacity of chemists for a long time to come.

Closer to achievement may be the synthesizing of the genes instead. Experiments using computerized techniques to string together nucleotides (the letters of the genetic code) on a solid support are being run in the United States today.

Speculate on these questions by all means. Remember the time scales, uncertainties and growing queue of competitors if you are tempted to speculate in the stock markets. Such discretion may serve you well. ■

"I couldn't get any if my own mother had cancer," confessed one of the many physicians who await the availability of interferon. To date it has shown promise for breast cancer, bone cancer and malignant melanoma nodules.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRACKER JACK— FULL OF SURPRISES

There's more than corn popping at the Cracker Jack plant these days—not the least of which are sales.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

If you haven't bought a box of Cracker Jack lately, are you in for a surprise! After putting 16 billion toys into 16 billion boxes in the last 68 years, Cracker Jack is putting prizes into garages—if, that is, the garage is big enough.

No, the Cracker Jack people aren't making garage-sized boxes. It's the same patriotic box, and you'll still be eagerly ripping open the top, shredding the foil wrap, squinting, probing and finally rummaging through those golden nuggets of candied popcorn and peanuts to find that guaranteed "prize in every box." You'll still experience that delicious moment of suspense as you tear open the sanitary envelope and find—the ever-popular denim patch, a pinball game, whistle, slide card, bike stickers, Winnebago Warrior motor home, tattoos, funny viewer, spin top or one of the other 1,000 toys currently being mixed into today's boxes at a rate of 20 million a month. Of course, it could be. . .

How's that? Run that by you one more time? Okay. I said, it could be a denim patch, a pinball game, whis—Oh, you mean about the Winnebago Warrior? No, that was no slip of the typewriter. Nor is this:

Instead of a book of jokes or cagey animals or a weather detector in your box of Borden's Cracker Jack this year, you could find a lucky envelope screaming the lines, "YOU WIN—YOU WIN—YOU WIN"—and inside discover that what you have won is one of the Super Prizes in Cracker Jack's $1,000,000-prize promotion for 1981. That could mean a set of six Hot Wheels ("hot," in this case, not referring to stolen); a Barbie doll; the Electronic Connection; Drive Command, the radio-controlled competition racer; Intellivision, intelligent television entertainment for the family; or. . .one of the two grand prizes: the 1981 Winnebago Warrior motor home filled with Mattel toys, having a total value of $35,000.

You read it correctly—$35,000! And you are right: Cracker Jack prizes have come a long way, baby. But it's only fitting—so has the Cracker Jack Company.

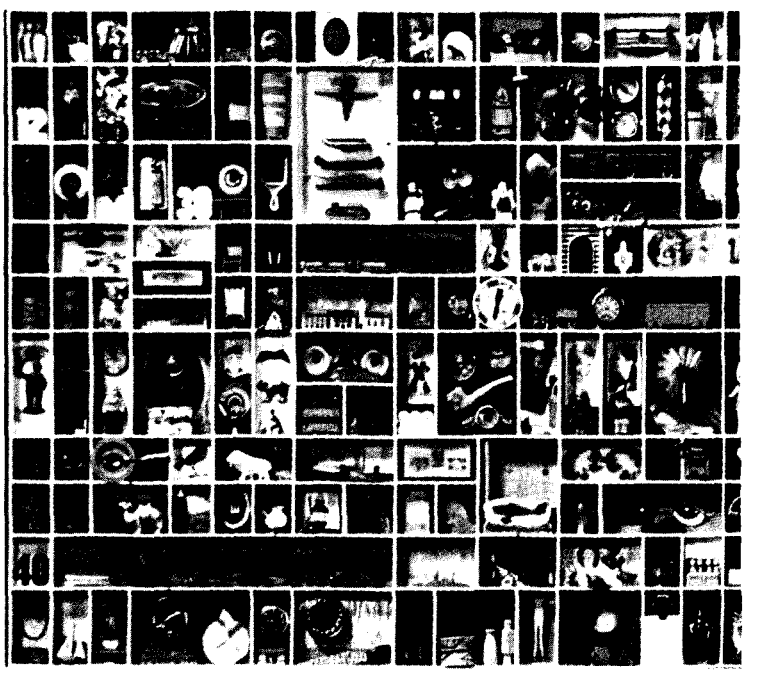
This true Horatio Alger rags-to-riches story began in the charred remains of what had recently been the city of Chicago (courtesy of Mrs. O'Leary's cow). Two years before, F.W. Rueckheim, a young German immigrant, had begun work on his uncle's farm. But the devasting fire having ignited a compulsion to aid in clearing up the debris, he had come to Chicago. With him he brought his savings of $200 and a dream of one day turning the money into a business of his own.

This dream became reality in 1871 in the form of a popcorn stand at 113 Federal Street. And the baby that was to grow into a multimillion-dollar snack-food giant had been born.

The giant did not grow on popcorn alone. When brother Louis joined F.W. in 1873 to form the Rueckheim Brothers Company, the two entrepreneurs purchased candy-making equipment and added marshmallows and other confections to their thriving popcorn-specialities trade. To keep up with demand, the business was required to seek additional space five times, finally settling in a three-story brick building at 266 S. Clinton Street.

Thus it was that the 21 million visitors to Chicago's World Columbian Exposition in 1893 found included in the latest scientific achievements the world had to offer a unique popcorn/peanuts/molasses confection that would one day be known the world over as Cracker Jack.

The name was to wait, however, until Louis Rueckheim at last solved the sticky problem of the popcorn kernels sticking together (the secret remaining a secret to this day). It was during a test of this refined version



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on company personnel that one of the salesmen exclaimed, "It's a crackerjack!"

"So it is," F.W. had replied. And so it was. He proceeded to have the name trademarked, along with the slogan, "The more you eat, the more you want." Today, that slogan still stands, amid the hoopla and hyperbole generated by Madison Avenue and the TV commercial, as a rare instance of truth in advertising. As to how much Cracker Jack the world wants, a company official claims they now pop enough corn in one year to fill the Sears Tower, that awesome structure piercing the clouds at 110 stories and boasting 4.5 million square feet of space.

But perhaps that company official got carried away. Before I would believe it, I would have to see the corn poppers in action.

Perhaps sensing my skepticism, the Cracker Jack people had me meet believable, effervescent Betty Garrett, Manager of Product Information, and Product Manager James L. Grau, whose youngish good looks took me back 40 years. It would be in the aura of their combined enthusiasm that I would see the vision of F.W. Rueckheim come to life.

"It's a fun food in a fun business with a fun family of workers," shouts Jim, as we step from the dignified quiet of the offices into the roar of plant production lines. Concentrating on trying to adjust the undignified paper hat which sanitation rules required us to wear, I missed the technical name of the machine where the peanuts were sorted and graded. I *did* see the piles of 125-pound bags awaiting the operation, the electronic eye singling out peanuts not worthy of gracing a Cracker Jack box, the air jet that blew them into the trough leading to their doom and the magnet removing any metal bits that might have accrued between Georgia's peanut fields and the machine with the name I didn't catch.

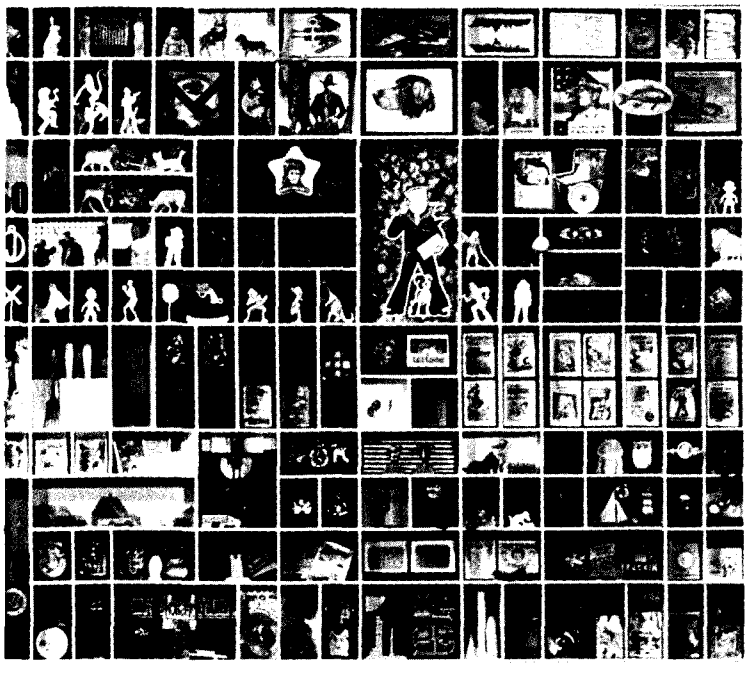
On to the row of five corn poppers, each of which (and I saw this) pops 875 pounds of corn each hour, for a total capacity of 4,375 pounds. The plant now works two shifts, pops 25 tons of corn in those two shifts and operates five days a week. The popped corn, rather than going to the Sears Tower, spews out into a tumbler, where unpopped or small kernels drop through a screen into bins and eventually wind up as cattle feed. Borden's Cracker Jack uses its own exclusive hybrid corn, grown on seven farms in five states, Iowa and Texas being two of them.

Beyond the clattering tumbler sits Big Wally, the world's largest corn popper (3,000 pounds per hour), forlorn in obsolescence, awaiting the day those newfangled smarties will screw up and return it to the action of those good old days when it alone popped all the corn.

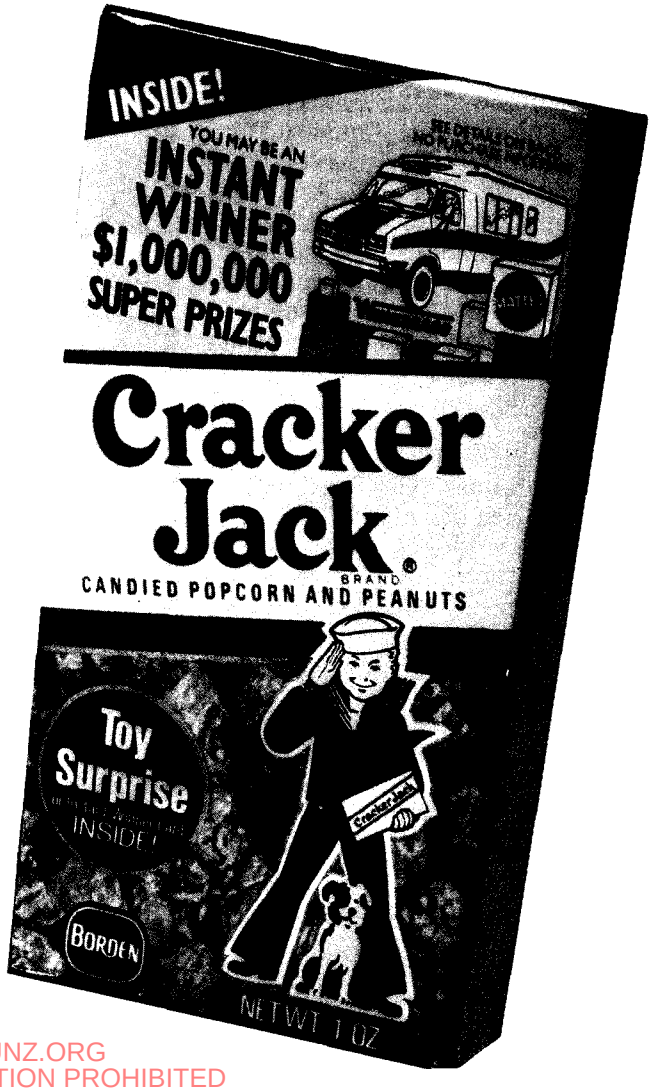
Once corn makes it through the tumbler, it goes onto an auger, where it is mixed with a rivulet of molasses, and then into a cooling reel. Here the single coated kernels drop through; those that cling together are

Continued on page102

Among Cracker Jack's many surprises is the price collectors are currently willing to pay for some of the less available of the early toys.



The biggest surprise in Cracker Jack's 70-year promise of "a prize in every box" is the Winnebago Warrior motor home for 1981.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW HOPE FOR JAMAICA

The election of Prime Minister Edward P.G. Seaga may bring the people of a beautiful but troubled nation a respite from violence and death.

by Ken Artis

Once called by Columbus "the fairest isle that eyes have beheld"—but damaged in recent years by political violence and photos of gun-toting demonstrators—Jamaica hopes its new decade will be better than its last.

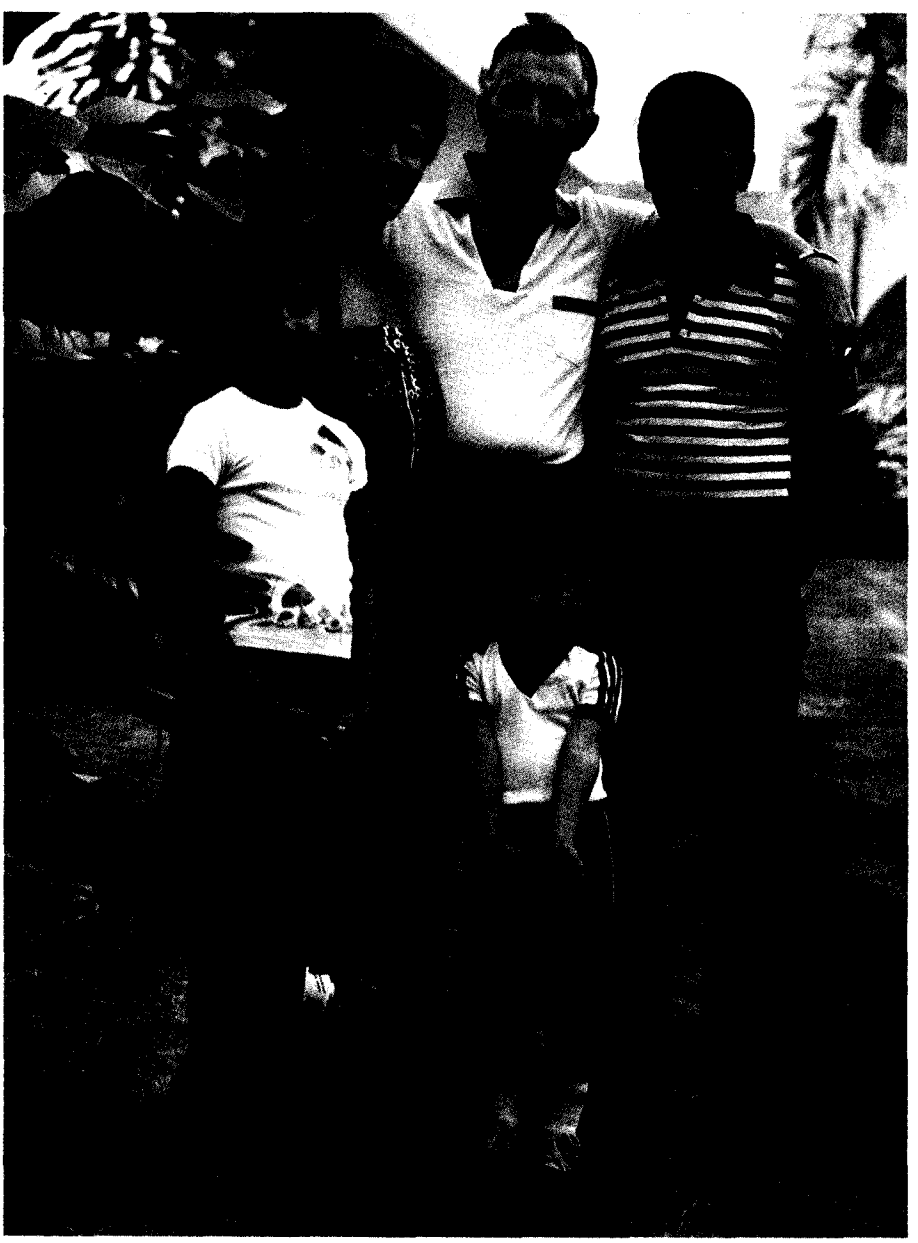
Many of these hopes rest upon Edward P. G. Seaga, elected several months ago as the country's new prime minister. His party, the Jamaica Labour Party, won 52 out of 60 seats in the House of Representatives, and his landslide mandate—observers expect—will allow Seaga to change Jamaica's leftist-leaning course.

Of Lebanese, Scottish and Jamaican ancestry, Seaga is married to a former Miss Jamaica, Mitsy Constantine. They have three children, Christopher, Anabella and Andrew-Marc. Unfortunately, the Prime Minister may not see them much in upcoming months. With a third of Jamaica's citizens unemployed and inflation racing at 30 percent a year, he has problems to occupy his time.

Jamaica has never been considered a rich island; nonetheless, such natural assets as fresh water supplies, rich farmland, minerals (one of the world's largest bauxite deposits), timber, a literate labor force and a relatively well-organized society have brought at least a measure of progress. Furthermore, Jamaica was until recently a haven for tourists.

Even so, impatience for reform and a desire to move ahead rapidly encouraged voters to take a sharp turn to the ideological left in 1972, when they elected Michael Manley to a five-year term as prime minister. He formed a government which introduced numerous reforms—a minimum wage, equal pay for women, rural electrification, pregnancy leave, health centers and 40,000 units of low-income housing.

But these reforms were often seen as empty gestures. The minimum wage, claimed critics, had no meaning for people who couldn't afford it. Additionally, there were food shortages on an is-



Edward P.G. Seaga (shown with family) offers Jamaica the promise of renewal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land that has the potential to be an agricultural Garden of Eden. The Jamaican people saw their economy become a shambles, as OPEC price increases and the cost of maintaining an increasingly bureaucratic government brought the country to its knees.

Those who were unable to make a decent living left. The result was a severe "brain drain," and the communistic (and anti-capitalist) slant of the government made foreign investors reluctant to commit funds. As a result, Manley was forced to call for elections prior to the expiration of his second term in 1982. (His second term is frequently viewed more as the product of voter hope than of satisfaction.)

The ensuing campaign was marred by well-organized political terrorist groups supporting Manley, by bloody riots and by the deaths of more than 500 people in politically related disturbances. Indeed, the election was so tightly supervised that Manley said the loser would be unable to claim fraud.

Manley is a charismatic figure. Seaga is more low-key, more pragmatic and businesslike, less prone to overpromise. Some critics have judged him as remote, aloof and not in touch with ordinary people. Those close to Seaga admit that he is an intellectual person not given to backslapping or artificial, forced congeniality. However, they add that his interest in people is sincere—and that he sees them as unique individuals who should take an interest in one another's personal welfare.

A free-marketeer who wishes to keep Jamaica nonaligned, Seaga calls himself neither pro- nor anti-American. Rather, as a capitalist, he appreciates what the Free World represents—"initiative and opportunity and hope."

The Soviet Union's threat, via Cuba, appears to be diminishing in the Caribbean, Seaga says. He points out that the election in Jamaica was one of a series of similar triumphs throughout the region. "Our victory capped the preceding victories, all of which were carrying the message that the area had reached the state where it was ready to contain Cuban expansionism and the influence of the Soviet Union in the region."

Seaga explains the communists' ideological reverses in Jamaica specifically and the Caribbean generally by stating that the area has a free-living life style, in sharp contrast to a state-regulated society. He says, "State ownership and state control (of property) reduce the bargaining capacity of workers and limit their freedom to move from one job to another. Further, the idea that property is no longer sacrosanct, but subject to the whims of government, is not very appealing to people in an area that has been very property-conscious, even among peasants and small farmers."

According to the new Prime Minister, the administration of Ronald Reagan has come to power at a propitious time. Reagan has an excellent chance to make a fresh start with Caribbean policy.

A fresh start, in fact, say Seaga's backers, is what the new Prime Minister represents. He faces a difficult task—so difficult that one diplomat fails to see how he can conquer it. At the same time, says an ambassador in Jamaica, "If anyone can get the job done, Seaga can."

Atlanta:
Its legacy is the past;
its uniqueness, the future.

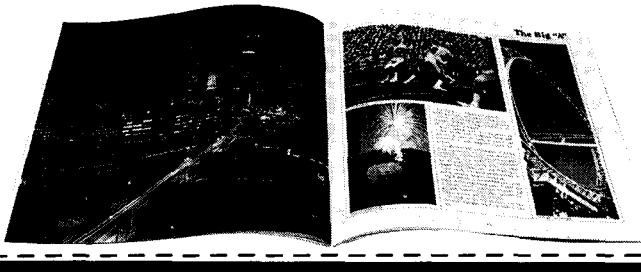
You'll find the whole story in our free 76-page guide to Georgia.
Georgia Department of Industry & Trade, Tourist Division
Dept. SE-11, Box 1776, Atlanta, GA 30301

NAME

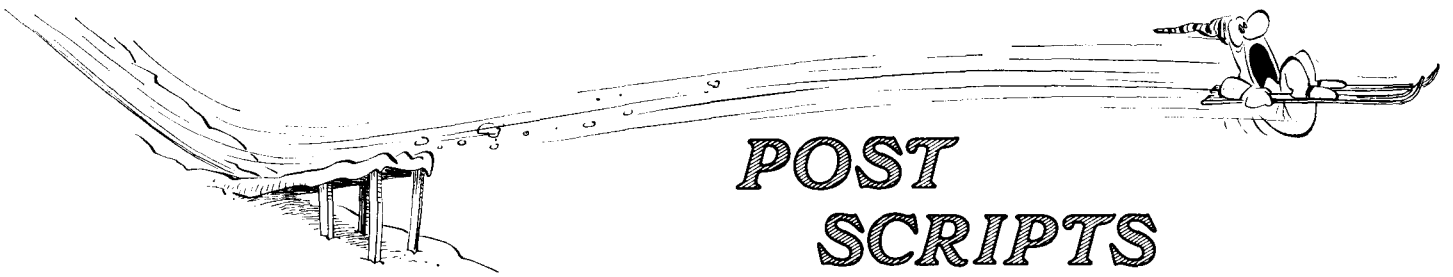
ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

Georgia



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



POST SCRIPTS

Wise Guy

Too old to set a bad example? It's time to start giving good advice.

—Frances Carfi Matranga

Night Light

Wife: "Let's go out tonight and have some fun!"

Hubby: "Hey, that's a great idea! If you get home first, leave a light on for me in the hall."

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Twice Blessed

My wife works late
Each night till eight
So I often cook our dinner.
She's happy twice:
The money's nice,
And she's also 12 pounds thinner.

—L.F. Wagner, Jr.

Marital Agreement

"Mommy," the little boy asked, "what's a yes-man?"

"A yes-man," the mother answered, "is someone who won't voice his own opinion because he's afraid of someone else. Isn't that right, honey?"

"Yes, dear," the husband said.

—Terry Gatesh

Copy Cat

"Our files are so crowded," said the chief clerk to a bureau head in a federal government department, "that we'll simply have to destroy the correspondence more than six years old."

"Go ahead and do it," said the bureaucrat decisively. "But first be sure to make copies of everything marked for destruction."

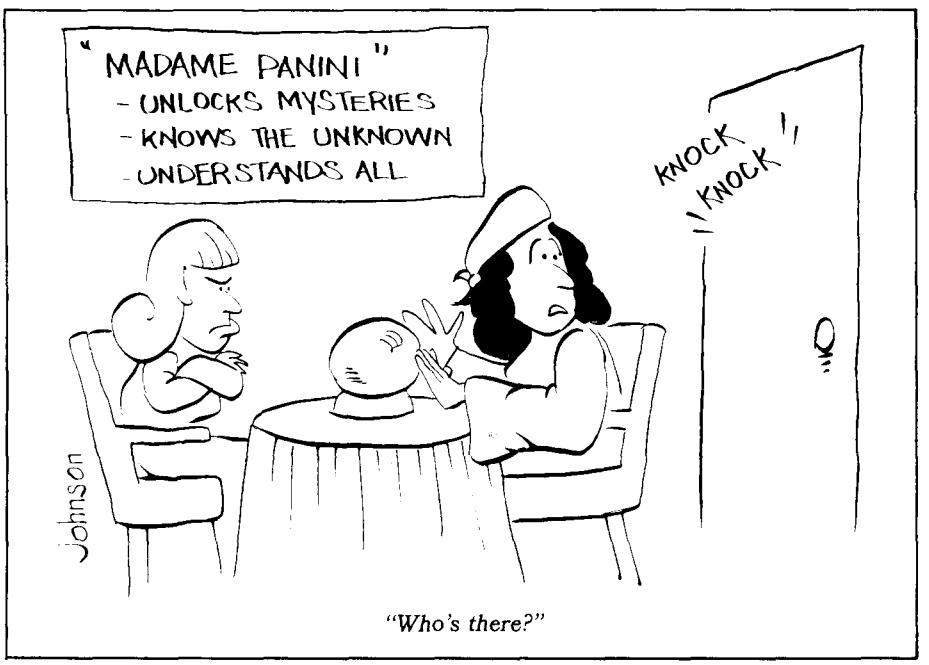
—Nora Leigh

Marathon Cons

"They had to fire the new warden," one prison guard said to another.

"Why was that?" his companion asked.

"Well, the first thing he did was tell the prisoners they could have any kind of sports program they wanted. The trouble was, most of them chose cross-country running."



"Who's there?"

Teed Off

Grieve not for the man
Who for greener pastures departed.
Weep for his widow who curses the day
The game of golf was started.

—Lawrence Wasser

Sound Sleeper

When two weary people retire for the night,
The cares of the day are dispersed.
Then silence prevails, but it sure never fails:
The *snoring* one falls asleep first.

—LaVerne Bliss

Checking Account

A worker who was one dollar short in his pay envelope complained to the cashier. She looked at the records and said, "Last week we overpaid you a dollar. You didn't complain then, did you?"

"An occasional mistake I can overlook," replied the worker. "But not two in a row."

—Anne Dirkman

Catchy Tune

"I think that composer I just talked to has a communicable disease."

"What makes you say that?"

"I feel a song coming on."

—Bert Murray

Data Errata

"Data" is a plural noun;
The singular is "datum."
"Data is" brings forth a frown
From purist snobs. I hate 'em.

—John E. Bean

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dying to Get In

When the doctor's receptionist told the man he would have to wait three weeks for an appointment, he remarked, "By then I might be dead."

"Don't worry," she advised. "Should that occur there will be no charge, providing you have someone phone the doctor's office and cancel your appointment."

—George E. Bergman

License to Kill

Some children were visiting the Egyptian exhibit at a museum when they came to a well-wrapped mummy with a sign on its chest: "2340 B.C."

"What do those numbers mean?" asked one little girl.

Another little girl quickly answered her. "That's the license of the car that killed him!"

—Lynn Gleason

Auto Axiom

Sign on an automobile executive's desk: "Work as if your job depended on it."

—Morris Bender

Feline Finale

A rich woman was very fond of her pet cat. When the cat died, the woman went to her minister and told him that she wanted the cat to have a church funeral service. He said that he did not offer such a service for pets. She then added, "I was thinking of giving the church $20,000 after the funeral service."

The minister replied, "Oh, I didn't realize that your cat was a Christian."

—Kenneth Solstad

Prayer Pair

A boy of five wanted a brother and asked his dad what to do. The father told him to pray for two months and he'd be given one. The boy prayed each night for a month, not knowing that his mother was pregnant. But at the end of that time, his patience ran out and he quit. A month later, his dad brought him to the hospital where his mom sat with two little brothers in her arms. Then the father said to him, "Now aren't you glad you prayed so much?"

The boy answered, "Right, Dad. Aren't you glad I stopped when I did?"

—Mark R. Littleton

Selective Service

In a department store a difficult customer and a patient clerk were having a hard time getting together. Nothing the clerk provided was exactly what the lady wanted. Finally, the finicky shopper said in annoyance, "Can't you find a smarter clerk to serve me?"

"No," said the attendant. "The smarter clerk saw you coming and disappeared."

—Don Lindal

Poor Connection

Then there's the fellow who complained that he's so poor, his hearing aid is on a party line.

—Jennie T. Roberts

Answer in Duplicate...

A congressional investigation committee was interviewing civil service workers in a federal bureau. One employee was asked by the chairman, "What do you do here?"

Fed up with red tape and efficiency experts, the employee replied, "I don't do a darn thing!"

The committee members made notes and then called a second employee. "What's your job here?" asked a committee member.

"I don't do anything, either," was the belligerent response.

"I was afraid of that," said the chairman. "There's duplication here!"

—T.J. McInerney

Mother of Invention

They say that television is still in its infancy. Perhaps that's why you have to get up so often to change it.

—Rose Sands

Culinary Caution

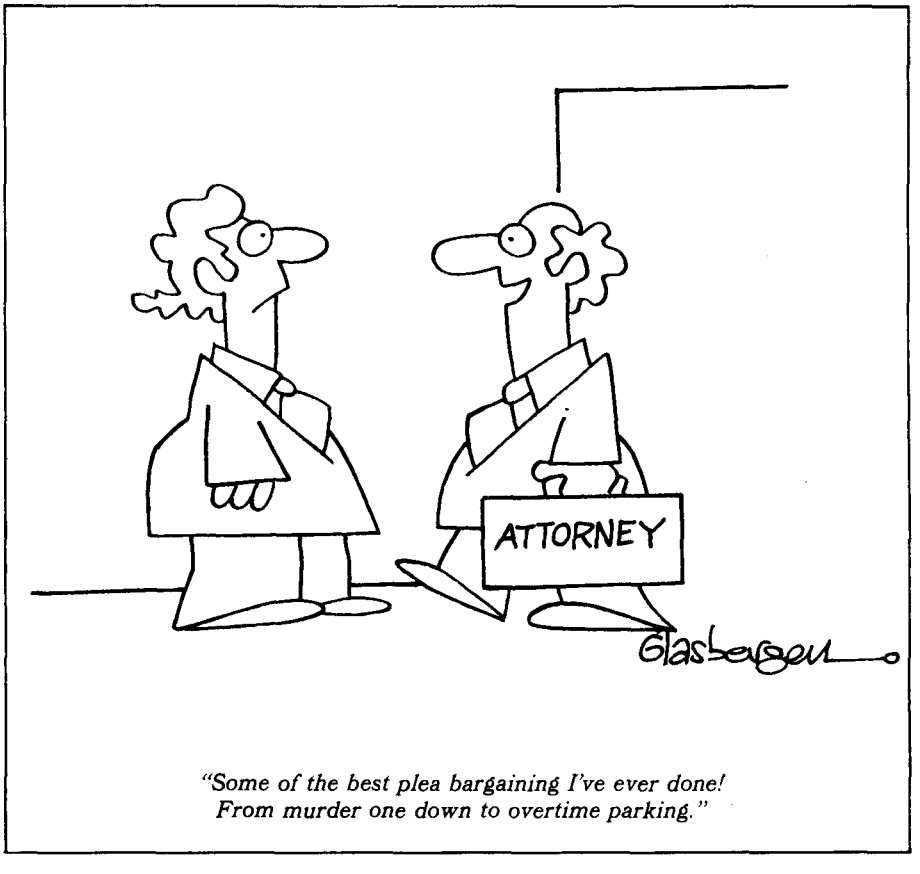
The bride's mother was telling her about a new cookbook by a group of ministers' wives. "It's a book of New England recipes with a little antidote beside each one," she said.

—Dorothea Kent

Check the Balance?

Banks are really competing for business these days. When I went to the drive-up lane at one bank last week, one of the tellers came out and cleaned my windshield.

—Ray Tillmann



"Some of the best plea bargaining I've ever done! From murder one down to overtime parking."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rudolph Hess

continued from page 53

was now "barbarous." Hamilton's appeal in the House of Commons was applauded by several Labour members of Parliament, and this prompted Roy Hattersley, then Labour's Number Two man in the Foreign Ministry, to call in the Soviet ambassador and argue forcefully for Hess' release.

The Lord Hamilton who pled Hess' case in 1975 is the son of the Duke of Hamilton, the man Hess earnestly wanted to see when he landed in Scotland in 1941. The reason that Hess wanted to see the Duke of Hamilton was that he had been persuaded by a Dr. Albrecht Haushofer that the Duke of Hamilton and a substantial group of British Conservatives would be receptive to the idea of a German-British understanding and possibly to arranging a peace.

Dr. Albrecht Haushofer claimed to have known the Duke of Hamilton and many other British "personalities" of the "imperial" persuasion when he was living in England from 1934 to 1938. Haushofer, a resolute anti-Bolshevik, agreed with his friend Hess that it would be wise to have access to "sensible" Englishmen, even in 1940 when the war was going on. So Dr. Haushofer wrote the Duke of Hamilton in September 1940, sending the letter to Lisbon and hoping that it would be relayed to England. The Duke of Hamilton stated later that British intelligence people intercepted the letter and delayed its delivery for months.

Anyway, not long after Hess was captured in Scotland, the Duke of Hamilton and two military officers visited Hess for interrogation. The officers complied with Hess' request that they leave him alone with the duke.

According to the Duke of Hamilton (who died in 1973), Hess told him that he came on a "mission of humanity" and that "the Führer does not want to defeat England and wants to stop fighting." When Hess asked the duke to get the leading members of his (political) party together to consider the peace proposals, the duke, then a wing commander with the Royal Air Force, replied that there was now only one party in England.

The duke than flew immediately to London to brief Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Air Minister Sir Archibald Sinclair, and after hearing him, the duke later recalled, "they thought I had gone mad."

Actually, the top British officials thought Hess had gone mad, but for propaganda purposes announced on the BBC that "Hess is not a nervous disease case. . . .No. He has seen where Hitler is leading the German people and made his decision to leave Hitler alone in the mess."

"I'm afraid the best you can hope for is to leave him in a spot where a prowler would be most likely to trip over him."

Hitler, according to the diaries of his chief of staff, was taken by surprise by the Hess flight and was furious. When he calmed down, he ordered that the German media be informed that Hess had gone crazy.

Meanwhile, Hitler ordered Dr. Haushofer to write a full report on what had transpired between Germany and England on peace negotiations. Hitler had not turned away suggestions from Hess—and therefore from Albrecht Haushofer—that it would be useful for accommodation to be reached with England, particularly because the war against the Soviets was soon to be launched.

Haushofer, being a loyal German who agreed with Hitler's foreign policy, complied and quickly wrote a detailed, confidential report which ended with a warning that it would be very difficult to develop a personal trust between Berlin and London because "the dispute with Hitlerism is viewed by the mass of the English people as a religious war. . . ."

So Hess sat in British prison convinced, Colonel Bird reports, that the British officials who visited him had been drugged by an evil power, "the dread coalition of Jews and Bolsheviks." Hess came to believe that he, too, was drugged, and later, he told British doctors he had lost his memory.

The British, understandably, interrogated Hess a good deal. Bird writes that on May 7, 1944, "under constant persuasion, Hess agreed to submit to an intravenous injection of the narcotic, Evipal. He was told that while under its influence, he would remember the past that he had forgotten." Hess later claimed he faked the session and continued to plead memory loss.

When Colonel Bird, in his hundreds of hours of interviews, pressed Hess for details on the flight to Scotland, the question of Hitler's knowing about that mission beforehand and whether Hess was involved in plans to invade the Soviet Union—well, Hess was painfully slow to respond.

It took a long time for Bird to get Hess to acknowledge that he did know about Hitler's plan to attack the Soviets, *Operation Barbarossa*. Hitler, of course, was horrified that Hess, in England, might betray him and reveal the plan. Hess didn't, and the Nazi armies invaded the Soviet Union six weeks after Hess landed in Scotland.

Hess' loyalty to Hitler is total.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bird asked him if he had to do it all over again, would he serve under Hitler? "He looked hard at me over his spectacles," Bird wrote, "his jaw square and jutting. 'Colonel Bird, of course I would. I would not have wanted to miss the opportunity of serving under Adolf Hitler as his deputy. I was a *dedicated man.*'"

Hess never renounced Nazi ideology. He did not recant like Speer and others. Indeed, when Hess was at Nuremberg in 1947, he drafted a grandiose scheme whereby he would become Germany's new leader, assisted by scores of Nazi officials (then in prison like himself), a virtual restoration of the Third Reich—only without war.

Whatever Jews were around would be allowed to enter "protective camps" to avoid "the rage of the German population." Hess also lamented that after two great world wars, "Jewish power increased" and "Bolshevism raises its ugly head." Without mentioning David Lilienthal by name, Hess noted that "a Jew" headed the Atomic Energy Commission in the U.S., proof that "the real instrument of power in the hands of the Jew is the Bolshevist."

Hess wrote that 33 years ago, and while his mind-set probably hasn't changed, he doesn't have the energy or the will now to make such statements again.

His hair is gray, but the huge brows over the deep-set blue eyes remain black. He lost his teeth and wears dentures. His weight has varied from 117 pounds—when he was ill—to 160. He sits in the barren cell (each room about 9′ x 7½′), still groaning at night and in the day, striding with a peculiar forward lean.

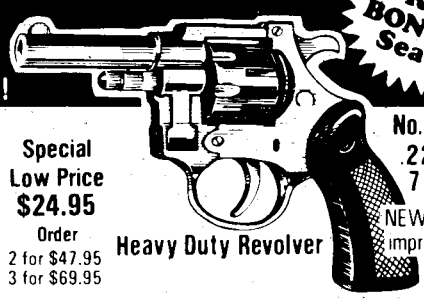
According to Bird, Hess was not a sociable prisoner but kept his mind alive by developing intense interests. He became enthusiastic about and intrigued with the space exploration activities of the U.S., especially the several moon shots. A large map of the moon is on his cell wall. Once, when Bird was walking with him in the prison garden, Hess stopped and pointed to the moon shining over a church steeple outside and noted the various seas identifiable to the na-

Continued on following page

PROTECT YOURSELF!..

NEW! Non-Lethal Tear Gas Pistol & Paralyzer* See FREE Offer below!

FREE BONUS Seal



No. 416 - .22 Cal. - 7 Shot Heavy Duty Revolver. The finest there is. Used by security forces world over, so you know it's tops! • Looks and sounds like the real thing • Fires 7 shots in seconds • Good-looking Nickel/Chrome • Easy-load swing out cylinder • Single or double action and one stroke ejector • All Metal Construction • Safe and easy to use

Special Low Price $24.95
Order 2 for $47.95
3 for $69.95

No. 416A .22 Cal. 7 Shot Heavy Duty Revolver NEW improved model

.22 Cal. No. 309 7 Shot Automatic

► NO FEDERAL PERMIT REQUIRED!
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE · · · ORDER TODAY!

No. 309 - .22 Cal. - 7 Shot Automatic — This beauty fires 7 shots in seconds. Scroll Etch Finish • Made by European Craftsmen • Very powerful • Fits in your pocket or purse • Sturdy Metal Construction • Chrome/Nickel Finish.

Special Low Price $24.95
Order 2 for $47.95
3 for $69.95

For Faster Service
Credit Card Holders
Call Toll Free
800-526-2801
In New Jersey Call 800-322-8650
24 Hours a Day
7 Days a Week

No. 457 .22 Cal. - 8 Shot Revolver

Top breaks for easy loading

No. 457 - .22 Cal. - 8 Shot Revolver — Latest design. Dull Black Finish • Fires 8 shots as fast as you can pull the trigger • Palm-sized • And the price is easy on your pocketbook.

Only $$19.95 2 only $35.95 3 only $49.95

Get this $7.95 Non-Lethal Pocket Tear Gas Spray Paralyzer FREE with your order of $40. or more & Bonus Seal above. Fires up to 50 spray shots up to 8 feet! ACT NOW! Quantities are limited! It's ideal self-protection.
FREE! POCKET PARALYZER*

PARALYZER

No. 416 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐
No. 309 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐
No. 457 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐

★ Holsters for Guns:
★ 1 [ ] $3.95 2 [ ] $6.95 3 [ ] $9.95
★ Tear Gas Cartridges
★ [ ] 10 - $ 2.95 [ ] 30 - $8.25
★ [ ] 50 - $12.50 [ ] 100 - $19.95
Blanks-100-$4.95—200-$9.50—300-$13.50

Enclosed is my Check or M.O. for _____ (or Credit Card No.). Check here [ ] if your order comes to $40 or more so you may receive a free Pocket Tear Gas Paralyzer. Add $1.25 for shipping. Money back guarantee on everything is not 100% satisfied. Return in 2 weeks for prompt refund.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

Crime Control
705 Concord Ave.
Wilmington, Delaware 19802

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ked eye. "Isn't it beautiful?" he asked Bird. "I cannot get over it. That man has actually walked on the surface of that moon."

Hess was himself an aviator of some skill. He practiced his take-off from Germany for Scotland three times before he actually made that celebrated flight. The plane he chose, a Messerschmidt-110, was the latest the Germans had developed. His parachute jump was to have been precise enough that he would have landed on the Duke of Hamilton's estate. He missed and landed on a nearby farm.

Over all those years, Hess was allowed to read a given number of newspapers and, since 1969, has been permitted to view certain TV programs—but only newscasts from East Germany, since the Soviets insist he may not view West German news programs.

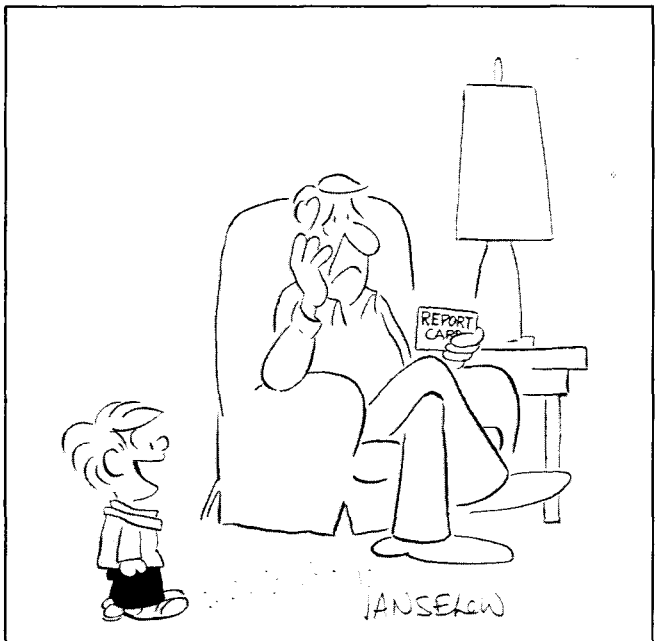
Still, Hess is fairly well informed about how the world has changed. He understood the youth revolution, and the rock songs he heard on the warder's radio led him to conclude it was protest music. Hess admitted to enjoying the Beatles. He was shown the issue of *Playboy* with the Speer interview, and Hess was shocked that Speer would allow himself to appear in a skin magazine. He took a strong interest in the trial of Lieutenant William Calley and said it wasn't "wise of President Nixon to have set aside his prison sentence. . .he moved too quickly."

In his desperate moments, Hess reveals his anguish. In 1969, when he was critically ill, his stomach bloated to the point that doctors wanted to give him a saline infusion, Hess agreed to be hospitalized but only after long arguments with Spandau staffers. As he was carried away by stretcher, Hess sobbed to Colonel Bird:

"Why don't they release me?" he cried, his hands in prayer position and tears on his cheeks. "*Why* must I suffer so? I alone tried to bring peace in the world, and for this I must stay here the longest. It is not right. It is not just! All I want is to go home and die in peace and be buried in the garden."

For Hess to become such a pitiful old man and the surviving symbol of Hitler's Nazi regime—unequaled in this century for carnage and cruelty—certainly seemed unlikely when he was reared in comfortable circumstances in Alexandria, Egypt.

His father was a German wholesale merchant of good reputation, and Hess had a warm family life and all the advantages his well-off father could provide. At 12, he was sent from Egypt to an Evangelical Lutheran school in Germany and five years later was enrolled in a French business school in Switzerland. Next, he joined an export house in Hamburg to serve his apprenticeship and work his way into the family business. Hess, at 20, seemed destined for a secure, bourgeois life.



"Don't worry about my being at the bottom of the class, Dad. They teach the same at both ends."

The First World War changed that. Hess volunteered, was wounded three times—none serious—and became a pilot as the war came to an end. The war and its outcome, a peace settlement oppressive to Germany, fired Hess into rebelli[illegible]n.

In his 2[illegible]ears of being close to Hitler, He[illegible] was often an alter ego to his ideas for anti-Jewish laws, the building of a powerful German state and military, the aggression against Austria, Poland and the Soviets. Hess has denied, however, that he ever accepted the "Master Race" concept.

Those who put the best light on Hess depict him as a romantic, unstable figure in the Nazi gallery, a slavish servant to Hitler. The Soviet hierarchy and some who suffered grievously under Nazism are less charitable.

When I talked with Colonel Bird in Berlin, it was clear that he is preoccupied with the Hess situation—indeed, has become his advocate.

In 1969, when Hess' illness caused him to reflect and open up to Colonel Bird, he told him, "At most, I have only a couple more years to live. Surely, there is no earthly reason why the Russians cannot agree to my being let loose."

Two months later, he told Bird: "I am destined to die in prison. It is the Russians. . .they are terrible people."

Most of the world has forgotten or doesn't know about Rudolph Hess. Occasionally, game players who like to fashion scenarios will lay out a plan where Hess could become critically ill again—during the month when it is the U.S.'s turn to run Spandau—and rushed to a hospital in West Berlin and then "kidnapped" by unknown people. The "kidnappers" would be Germans friendly to Hess, and he would be taken to the home of his wife, and somehow the West German government would do nothing about it, and the Soviets would fume.

But this is indeed game playing, and it won't happen. What is more likely is that when Hess, now 86 and a broken, old man living with nightmares and dreams in his lonely cell, does come to his demise, he could well be the only top Nazi to die and be regarded as a hero by many people who detest Nazism. In that death, Hess would achieve a form of revenge on the Soviets. ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now—Serve wine at its most agreeable temperature from this unique wine bucket that chills without ice.

No ice to melt. Bottle and label remain dry. Wine stays at constant temperature for as long as 5 hours!

It took a true wine lover to conceive of this incredible wine (or champagne) serving bucket that cares for a wine with all the thoughtfulness and attention that a mother cares for her baby.

1. It chills wine to its most agreeable temperature.
2. It chills it without ice – so that both bottle and label remain dry.
3. It takes a wine to perfect serving temperature in just 10 minutes – and will keep it there for as long as 5 hours!

No longer need you keep wine in your refrigerator – where it can become over-chilled. No longer need you worry about the label's becoming soggily unsightly or slipping off. And, because the bottle does stay dry, no longer need you wrap it in a napkin when you serve it.

And now you can de-cork the bottle and let the wine "breathe" before chilling it – the best way to bring it to its fullest flavor.

This unique wine chiller is superbly crafted by Glacierware – the company that makes a number of iceless chillers for spirits and beer as well as wine. Full directions for proper use accompany every bucket.

The bucket and its patented chilling units are guaranteed to remain intact for as long as you use them – or they will be replaced. Buckets come in Burgundy, Ebony or Wedgewood Blue. Use coupon below to order.

glacierware wine chiller

THE PLEASANTVILLE PLAN, LTD., Dept. SEP-16, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

Send me a Glacierware Wine Chiller in Burgundy ( ), Ebony ( ), Wedgewood Blue ( ). I enclose check ( ), money order ( ) for $24.95 plus $2.00 each for shipping. (New York residents add 5% sales tax.) Or – charge to my Master Charge ( )

VISA ( ) Card No._____

which expires_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Or order toll free 1-800-431-1866 – 24 Hours per Day – 7 Days per Week
(New York residents call 1-800-942-1917)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interferon

continued from page 76

Hotel, we were whisked with our luggage from our automobile and ensconced in a surrey with fringe on the top to be driven to our night's lodging in a tower which seemed to be blocks away. The California night chill had descended, and Marvella's thinly covered bones were cold. Cancer had spread to her bone marrow and her legs ached. She was in constant pain as we drove in the open with the wind cutting under the open surrey.

"Why do we have to ride in this?" she asked the driver.

"Because you are VIP guests," he explained.

"How dreadful," she cried. "What kind of punishment do the ordinary tourists endure?" She was exhausted, and I could only help get her in out of the cold. She would not have the stamina to research interferon. Her sands of time had run out.

If ever I resolved to get out from under all the less important work I was doing and devote my life to cancer research, it was that night. How I wished there could have been some encouragement for her on the interferon! She would die before even the precious experimental supply would be available to her. At that time, it was being produced in the Scandinavian countries, I told her. With her many acquaintances abroad, perhaps she could get treatment there. But I knew that the producers of interferon were besieged by cancer victims, and there wasn't enough to go around.

Fifteen years earlier, when I had first studied interferon, we were told that the Russians were far advanced in their technology for its manufacture. Then scientists in Japan discovered that large doses of vitamin C increased the body's production of its own interferon. (To this day we keep vitamin C in our salt shakers, just in case it helps the body make its own interferon. When unavoidable stress hits any members of our family, they are immediately encouraged to increase their vitamin-C intake.)

Marvella was interested in my modest knowledge of a subject that was suddenly the most important information in her life. Earlier, when she had had the strength to investigate this exciting possible cancer prevention, her busy schedule would never have permitted it. Like mine. I saw the folly of priorities. I resolved to delegate all my less-important responsibilities—fiduciary responsibilities and my job of keeping *The Saturday Evening Post* alive and edited properly—things that paled in importance when I zeroed in on Marvella's problem.

"Herbert, I'm waiting!"

"I'll do anything. I'll go anywhere," she said. "My doctor is completely cooperative. Actually, he's let me take over my own case," she laughed. "I'm not giving up."

What would you do? Where would you go? She had been examined by some of the best the U.S. had to offer. She was terminal; and since she wanted to try interferon, I suggested that if vitamin C does help produce interferon in the body, perhaps the Vale of Leven hospital in Scotland, where massive amounts of vitamin C had allegedly produced scattered cures, might be a place she should explore. Could it be that the vitamin C was increasing the interferon which was fighting the tumors? If the Japanese were right, then this would be rationale for Dr. Cameron Ewan's work in Scotland.

She was eager to know more, so I sent her all the journal articles I could find on interferon and the vitamin-C project in the Vale of Leven, and I offered to go to Scotland and the Scandinavian countries in search of the interferon, if she could make the trip. But soon after that, her secretary in Senator Birch Bayh's office called to tell me that she was very ill and under heavy medication.

I was saddened that she didn't live long enough to make her author's tour the following April or her pilgrimage to search out interferon. But the press of family and office responsibilities closed in on me again, and my resolve to help do something about getting interferon on the market faded.

The article which begins on page 77 is *must* reading for all who are in good health, as well as for those who already have cancer. If men of good will sorted out their priorities and made it possible, interferon production facilities could be spawned like mining towns in the gold rush. If interferon became as profitable as drilling for oil or selling cigarettes, it would be a boon for cancer patients. If President Reagan and his Congress could offer tax deductions for money spent in creating interferon factories—wouldn't that help?

I hope you will read the interferon article, which is taken from the British magazine *The Economist*, as it is one of the best I have seen for lay readers. A vocabulary follows on page 78 for those who haven't studied science.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life·style

You gotta have heart in this here life if you're going to get with what it's all about. SO. . .get a little love message up front, but keep in the back of your mind (and on the back of your T-shirt) the idea that with CPR and a little savvy on your part, you might even save a life next time someone has a heart attack. Life and love, baby—wear that, and let the rest take care of itself!

The Medical Education and Research Foundation
PO Box 2166—Indianapolis, IN 46206
1PB

Please send _____ "Start a Heart" T-shirt(s) at $5.00 plus 50 cents for postage & handling each shirt.
(Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery)

☐ Small _____ ☐ Medium _____ ☐ Large _____
☐ Check enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

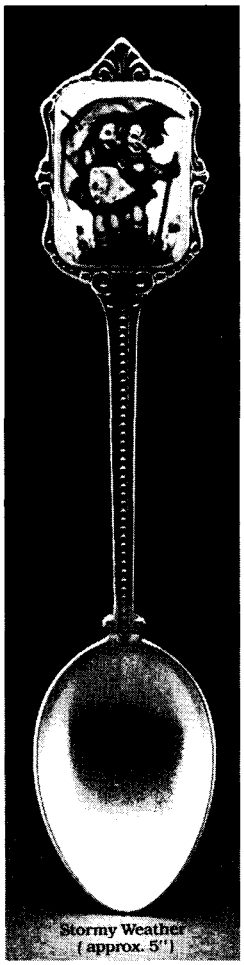
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax

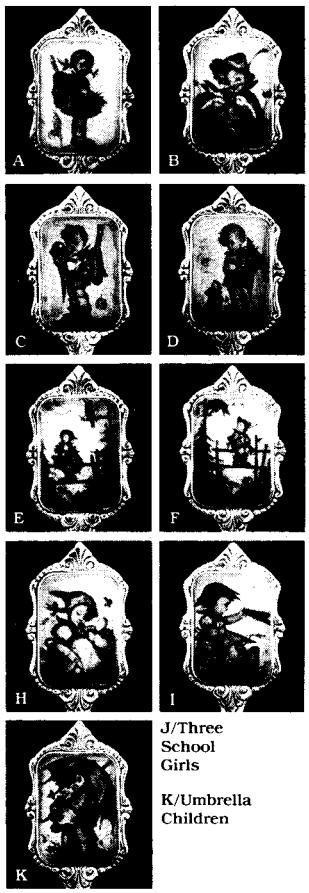
M.J.Hummel®



Irresistible Hummels are now available as silverplated collectors spoons

Each spoon top is a miniature lithograph of one of Sister Hummel's original works, masterfully reproduced in her characteristic soft colors, framed in elegantly embossed silverplate. These spoons are authorized by the Ars Sacra Joseph Mueller Company which has official license to reproduce these works. Individually boxed. Made in West Germany.

$12.95 each
Entire set of 12 spoons **$145.00**



A/School Girl
B/Playmate
C/Little Scholar
D/Not For You
E/Just Resting
F/Wayside Harmony
G/School Boys
H/Chick Girl
I/Farewell
J/Three School Girls
K/Umbrella Children

Downs'

COLLECTORS SHOWCASE
2778 South 35th Street, Milwaukee WI 53215 Department SEP03

On orders of three or more spoons, call toll free to charge your order: 1-800-558-4200
(Wis. residents call collect 414-643-7300)
Postage, Insurance & Handling Per Order
One to three spoons, add $1.00 Four to six spoons, add $1.50
Seven or more spoons, add $2.00

☐ Send me the following Hummel spoon(s) at $12.95 each plus postage _____
☐ Send me _____ set(s) of all 12 spoons at $145.00/set plus postage.
☐ Please send 40-page catalog at 50¢ each

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Charge: ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa Acct. #

Wis. residents add 4% sales tax to order. Exp. Date _____
Enclosed is a ☐ Check/ Money Order/Amt $ _____

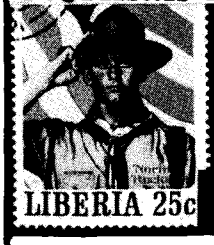
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW 3-SHELF PLANTER POLE

You'll love the combination Walnut and Brass poles, heavy brass arms, and the 22" x 7" crystal-clear molded shelves. Fits Floor-to-Ceilings up to 8'4" high. Shelves can be positioned any height and have ½" safety ledges on all 4 sides . . . are drip-proof and stainproof. Great for plants, books and "knick-knacks." You'll find loads of places to use these decorative planter poles. ONLY $19.95 plus $5.00 for shipping. SAVE MONEY Order 2 for $45.00 and we pay shipping.

COLONIAL HOUSE, Dept. PS-20, 17812 Killion, Encino, CA 91316

Norman Rockwell's 50 RARE PAINTINGS on Valuable POSTAGE STAMPS



only $2.95!

One of the Great Collecting Opportunities of Your Lifetime!

Get the most highly-prized postage stamp issue of this generation — the largest philatelic collection of Rockwell Art ever assembled in one giant complete set! **Worth $18 at Standard Catalog Prices** — but sold for only $2.95 to introduce you to Stamp Collecting and Kenmore's 10-day Free Examination Stamps-On-Approval Service. You'll receive other sensational stamp offers which you may purchase or return. Cancel Service anytime. Big 96-page Illustrated Collectors Catalog included FREE! Send $2.95 NOW!

MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!
KENMORE, NR-780, Milford, New Hamp. 03055

NEW POST BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Family Album 15.95

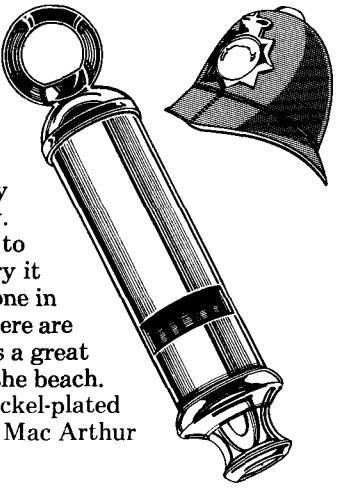
Saga of the American West 13.95

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Reflection of a Decade 1901-1910 13.95

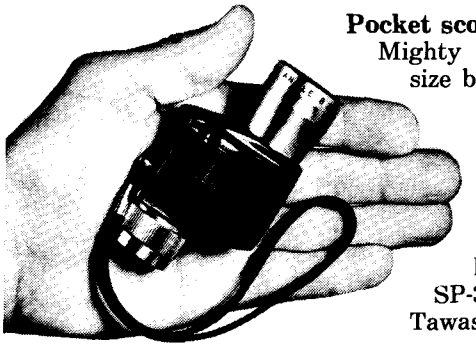
Order from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Book Division
P.O. Box 528-B
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Post Sampler

English bobby whistle



Scotland Yard uses it to blow the whistle on crime. . .you'll use it for safety . . .to hail cabs. . .even as a fashionable pendant! Hang on your keychain, too! This is the same whistle issued to Scotland Yard and the English police. In many instances, it is the only weapon they carry. Yet the whistle's shrill warning is enough to send shivers down a criminal's spine. Carry it to and from work for safety's sake. Keep one in the glove compartment of your car. And there are other practical reasons for owning one. It's a great way to hail a taxi or keep track of kids at the beach. It makes a great conversation piece! Nickel-plated brass. Only $4.98. Dorsay Marketing, 142 Mac Arthur Ave., Dept 696372, Garfield, NJ 07026.

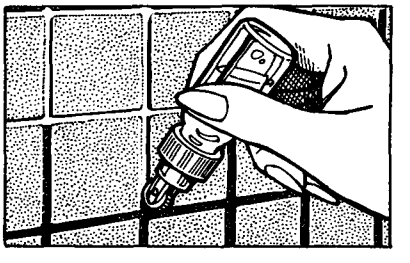


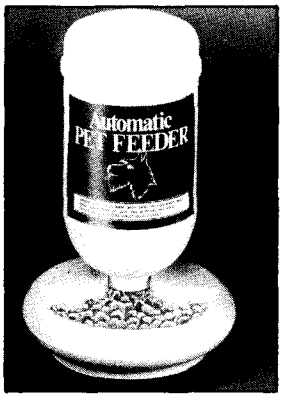
Pocket scope

Mighty 4-oz. pocket scope with full-size binocular view. 8-power Bushnell (Bausch & Lomb). Field of view at 1,000 yds., 431 ft. Use 24mm lens as magnifying glass. 3½" long, fully coated lenses. $34.95 plus $2 postage and handling. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-381, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Clean tile grout easily

New invention makes it a snap to clean tile grout from black to white in seconds. Nontoxic and easy to use. Send just $5.95 ($9.95 for 2)—add 4% sales tax and 85¢ each for postage. Merit Cleanall, Dept. SP-3, Box 15544, Austin, TX 78761.





New automatic pet feeder

If you're a pet lover, you know there's nothing more heart-breaking than the sight of a poor, hungry little pooch or kitty-cat whose master has gone away without leaving enough food for it. Worry no more! Our self-service pet feeder dispenses up to four pounds of dry or pelletized food with one filling. Keeps pet fed when you're away from home or busy. Has unbreakable, washable plastic bottle and bowl. Just $9.95 (two for $17.95) plus $1.95 each postage and insurance. Pet-Care, Dept. SP-4 Box 122, New Castle, DE 19720.

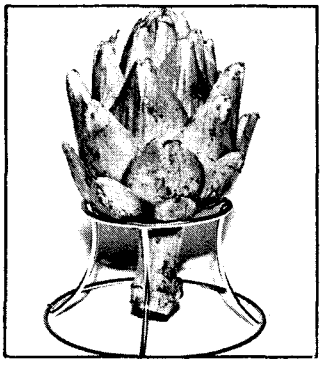
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eva Gabor wigs

Get Eva Gabor Wigs by mail! Shop for America's most beautiful, most glamorous wigs in the complete comfort of your very own home. New *free* catalog shows 17 lovely styles and 28 vibrant, natural-looking colors. And it's all yours—just for the asking. There's no cost and absolutely no obligation. One size fits all; no need to worry about costly adjustments or fittings. Write to: Wigs By Paula, Dept. 441A, Brockton, MA 02403.

Shine on. . .

Nobody likes those nasty, wet storms—the kind where the wind blows sharp and cold, the sky is dull and dreary and the rain seems to drench every inch of your body. In weather like that, you need sturdy protection, and we've got it. Even stormy weather can't dampen the dazzle of our reversible, lightweight, heavy-duty vinyl, hooded rain jacket. Snap-front closure, snap-flapped pockets and a snappy drawstring hood keep out even the worst weather. Includes top-stitching and underarm ventilation. Navy/yellow, wine/gray or camel/red. Sizes S(8-10), M(12-14), L(16-18). $14.00 + $1.95 p & h; or two for $23.00 plus $2.95 p & h. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. SB3RS, 600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85726.

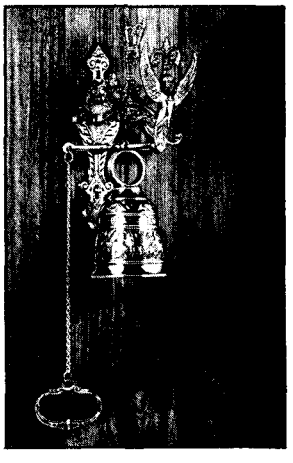


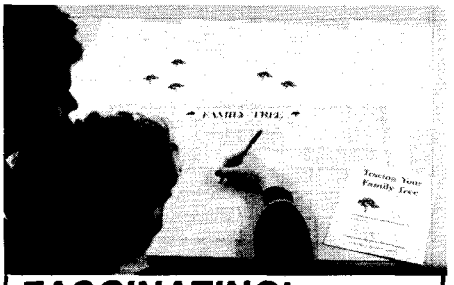
Gourmet artichoke holders

Now you can cook your artichokes perfectly every time. The gleaming metal rack can be used for serving and is dishwasher-safe. Holder can be reversed for large or small artichokes and is also great for steam-cooking other vegetables. A set of four holders is only $6.00 + $1.00 p&h. Order yours today. Twenty-one-day, money-back guarantee. Send check or money order to The University Store, Inc., 1113 E. Wendover Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27405.

Brass bell

This authentic, solid-brass replica of the Roman Country Bell, inscribed with an original Latin verse, stands a large 1½ feet high with its own 20-inch pull chain. The entire bell has been carefully antiqued so that it will never need polishing, and its beautiful luster will last and last—season after season. Order your own lovely bell now for only $19.95 plus $2.95 postage and handling, or order two bells for only $35.90 plus $3.90 postage and handling. Makes a wonderful gift. Send your name and address, cash or check to Creative Marketing, Dept. BB-36, 740 Catherine Street, Perth Amboy, NJ 08861.





FASCINATING!
Trace Your Ancestry

This Family Tree Kit brings the past you've only heard of, vividly alive with this step-by-step discovery of your own unique heritage. Handsome 22" x 34" Wall Chart covers ancestry of both parents, as well as present family and relatives. When framed this is a once-in-a-lifetime gift! Step-By-Step instruction book and 30 charts easily compiles family lineage. Even shows you how to research in 30 countries! Only **$9.97** plus $1.35 p&h; two for **$18.97** plus $2 p&h.

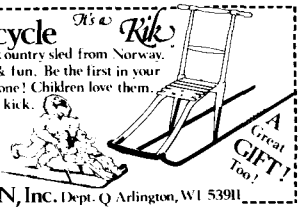
Send check or M.O. 20 day money back guarantee.

HOLST, INC. Dept. SP-381, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370 Tawas City, Mich. 48763

The Winter Bicycle It's a Kik

The traditional cross-country sled from Norway. It's versatile, practical & fun. Be the first in your neighborhood to own one! Children love them. Adults think they're a kick.

Call 635 2942 for FREE Brochure today!



CARDON, Inc. Dept. Q Arlington, WI 53911

FREE OFFER TO COLLECTORS

People who collect plates, bells, sculpture, figurines, stamps, and coins now can have free no-obligation membership in Calhoun's Collectors Society.

This free membership offer brings with it information about current selections in the leading collectibles. New members often get a *free gift*, such as a fine porcelain collector's plate or a desirable philatelic issue, when they subscribe to their first limited edition series. Subsequently, members may acquire other distinguished collectibles at *special prices*, often 20% to 35% below issue price. Some offerings are available in the U.S. to *Society members only*.

Stafford Calvin, director of Calhoun's says, "I invite collectors to join the Society now, while several choice limited editions are still open".

To obtain information about your free no-obligation membership, mail the coupon below to:

Calhoun's Collectors Society, Inc.
Calhoun Center, Dept. EBAT
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55435

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

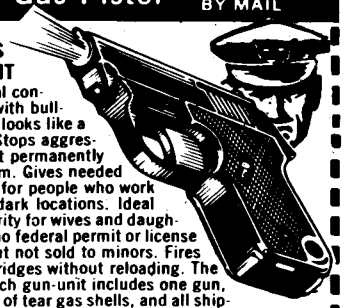
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Famed BREVETTATA® Tear Gas Pistol SOLD DIRECT BY MAIL



REQUIRES NO PERMIT
Solid metal construction with bulldog grips, looks like a real gun. Stops aggressor without permanently injuring him. Gives needed protection for people who work in lonely, dark locations. Ideal night security for wives and daughters. Still no federal permit or license needed, but not sold to minors. Fires seven cartridges without reloading. The price of each gun-unit includes one gun, ten rounds of tear gas shells, and all shipping cost. Prompt shipment. Insured. We've been selling tear gas equipment for the past **sixteen** years. Thousands of satisfied customers.

- ☐ 1-Gun unit $24.00
- ☐ 2-Gun units at $22 ea. ... total $44.00
- ☐ 3-Gun units at $20 ea. ... total $60.00
- ☐ 4-Gun units at $19 ea. ... total $76.00
- ☐ 6-Gun units at $17 ea. .. total $102.00
- ☐ Extra tear gas shells . . . . $3 for ten
- ☐ Blanks for practice . $2.50 per 100
- ☐ Holsters . . . . . $2.88 ea.
- ☐ TGA (Tear Gas Antidote) . . . $3.80

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

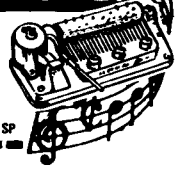
State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is ☐ Check for $_____
☐ Money Order for $_____
or charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
Card Number _____
Exp. Date _____ © 1979 Brevettata
Signature _____

BREVETTATA Dept. MP
310 West 9th Street, Kansas City, MO 64105

NAME YOUR TUNE!

OVER 500 TUNES AVAILABLE
MUSICAL MOVEMENTS & BOXES!
As well as Figurines, Sculptures, Disc Boxes. 18 to 72 movements from $8.95. One Year Guarantee. Send $1.00 for 28 page Catalog with list of tunes.
WORLD OF MUSIC BOXES
412 Main St., Avon, New Jersey 07717, Dept SP



Perfect fit for every foot...

- ***with TWO fully adjustable GENUINE LEATHER buckle straps.***
- with an extra cushiony insole and 1¼" covered wedge heel.
- CAMEL, WHITE, BEIGE & BLACK.
- ***AND,*** with a complete range of full & half sizes: 6-10N & W, 5-10M. ***PLUS*** 11 N, M & W.
- with our low price:

$15.99 pair

MADE IN U.S.A.

two pairs just $29.90

Send $1 for our ***SPRING CATALOG*** plus a ***$2 BONUS DISCOUNT*** good on first order.

FOR ***FAST*** PERSONAL SERVICE CALL 602-795-1281
Charge Orders Only

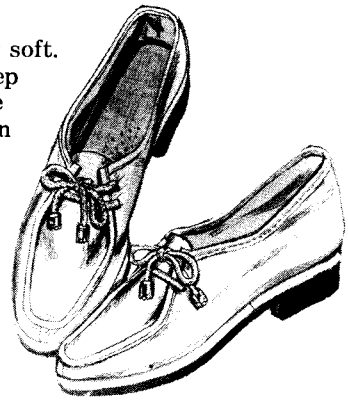
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!

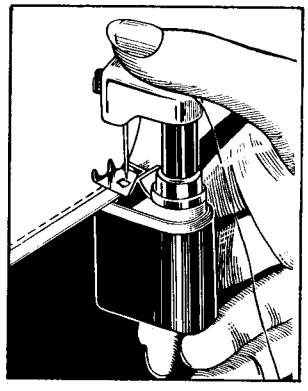
Dept. SB3MM, 600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85726

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS since 1946

Post Sampler

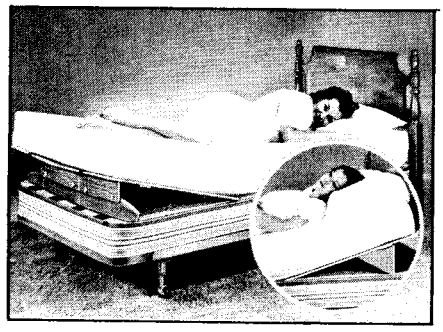
The shoe that gives you...
Comfort in genuine glove leather, super soft. In the extra-cushiony insole, the sure-step sole. Style in the way it ties to your size with just a touch of gold on the laces. In the colors you wear most: camel, white, black, chamois. Fit in the widest range of full & half sizes we could find; 5½-10N, 4-10M, 5-10W and 11 & 12 N, M & W. Just $21.90 + $1.95 postage and handling or 2 for $39.80 + $2.95 postage and handling. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. SB3SG, 600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85726.





Mini-Stitcher
This incredible, hand-sized sewing machine lets you mend almost any shirt or dress--even while you're still wearing it! Fix drapes, curtains, coats, etc. in just moments. Consists of all-metal parts with a handy plastic case. As a special bonus for *Saturday Evening Post* readers, we will include thread, needles and a handy threader. Only $5.95 (two for $9.95). Please add 85¢ each for postage and handling. E-Z Sew, Dept SP-3, Box 122, New Castle, DE 19720.

Instant speller
Faster and handier than any dictionary! Puts a world of words right at your fingertips. The 6,000 most commonly misspelled words are correctly spelled, divided, accented. Works on touch method. Press down release tab with pointer on first letter of word wanted. $4.99 + $1 p&h, two for $8.99 + $1.50 p&h. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-381, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.



Elevate for sleep comfort
Nu-Slant adjusts to 7 positions; folds flat when bed is made. Head elevation eases diaphragm hernia, hypertension and heart discomforts. Leg elevation eases varicose, circulatory and swelling discomforts. Twin-bed size $32.98. Double-bed size $34.98. Add $1.00 p&h. Better Sleep, Inc., New Providence, NJ 07974.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Directory

Advertise personals, vacations, rentals, books, art, gourmet items, employment opportunities, real estate exchange and any item of general interest. Rates—$2.60 per word, 1-time insertion; $2.45 per word, 3-time insertion; $2.30 per word, 6-time insertion. For further information contact: Karen Whittaker, Classified Advertising, The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Phone (317) 634-1100.

Arts & Crafts

Patchwork quilts—cheap and easy out of fabric scraps. No quilting—just tie together. For complete instructions send $2.00 to Quilts, P.O. Box 618, Chardon, OH 44024.

Craft-macrame supplies—50% discount. Wholesaler. Free shipping—save! Catalog, samples—$1.00. Refundable. DCS, 6234 2nd Avenue North, Saint Petersburg, FL 33710.

Teach yourself stained glass. Send $10 for 2 volumes to Stained Glass Primer, Dept. SGS, 10033 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611.

Books/Publishers

"Ribald Rhymes of a Retiree." The observations of a lifetime, humorous and thought provoking, told in poetry. Illustrated, hardbound, 238 pages. Personally autographed. $8.50. Robert Moore, P.O. Box 2745, Yountville, CA 94599.

Out-of-print books. Send wants. Box 865E, Cutten, CA 95534.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. EYO, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Publishers' overstocks, bargain books. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton, 98-50 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

Free book. Prophet Elijah coming before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 12, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, NY 14619.

Magazine and newsletter samples. . .only 50¢ each. Over 145 publications covering a wide range of interests to choose from. For free descriptive list, send a stamped, addressed envelope to Publishers Exchange, P.O. Box 1368, Dept. 193A, Plainfield, NJ 07061.

Chiropractic novel: *Good Morning Doctor*, by Dr. Emit Kingston, D.C. The truth about chiropractice, a beautiful story. Send $3.50 to Roberts Publishing Co., 3850 So. Moorland Rd., New Berlin, WI 53151.

Librarian bookfinders locate any title or subject from used-book markets, plus 150,000 volume-, author-, title- & subject-indexed stock. Pabs, 2917 Atlantic, Atlantic City, NJ 08401. (609) 344-1943.

Business Opportunities

Home import mail-order business. Start without capital. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. M1133, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

Hundreds weekly stuffing envelopes! Free supplies, stamps! Information: Rush stamped envelope! Rynex-CSP, Burnt Hills, NY 12027.

Free! Guaranteed $550.00/week, mail-order information. Stamp. E. Machowski, 9204 Cherry, Kansas City, MO 64131.

I have made a fortune in mail order, selling information! Let me show you how. Free proof. Mailorder Information Services, 2385 Roscomare, D-11/283, Los Angeles, CA 90024.

$750/$1,000 inserting, mailing envelopes! Guaranteed. Nationwide, Box 58806, Dallas, TX 75258.

Money-making bumpersticker printer. Easy. Free details. POB 22791(VS), Tampa, FL 33622.

Mail-order opportunity! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Information free. Mail Order Associates, Dept. 755, Montvale, NJ 07645.

Free catalog. Business-opportunity books and money-making reports. Bacon, Dept. 21, Wolf, WY 82844.

$750 stuffing envelopes weekly. Rush stamped envelope + 25¢: Galaxy, Box 6364-SE9, Corpus Christi, TX 78411.

42′ sternwheeler paddle boat. Carries 40 plus crew of 2. Easily converted to retirement houseboat, or sleep 20. 150 hp marine diesel, 90″ paddle, twin rudder, 11′ beam. Will consider anything of value for down or trade. Photos and info, $3.50. Write *Nestucca Queen*, 7410 Elderberry Lane, P.O. Box 485, Pacific City, OR 97135.

Take catalog orders. We drop-ship 2,500 best-selling specialty products. Lowest below-wholesale prices. Immediate delivery. Spectacular home business opportunity. Free book. SMC, 6061 De Soto Ave., Dept. 161-03, Woodland Hills, CA 91365.

Stay home! Earn money addressing envelopes. New genuine offer 15¢. Lindco, 3636-SP Peterson, Chicago, IL 60659.

Wholesale business opportunities available with New York Stock Exchange corporation. Work from your home with liberal commissions and major company benefits. For a complete information packet, send $5.00 to SMJ Distributors, Box 872, Mt. Clemens, MI 48043.

Catalogs

Official Antique Guide, over 20,000 current prices. How to buy and sell. 448 pages. Illustrated. $8.95 Green Spring Traders, Route 1, Trevilians, VA 23170.

Free! World's leading novelty catalog. 1,800 jokes, tricks, science, sports, hobbies. Johnson Smith, C-203, Mt. Clemens, MI 48043.

Travel colorslides. Worldwide catalog, 75¢. Worldwide, 7427-SP, Washburn, Minneapolis, MN 55423.

Coin Collecting

5 coins over 25 years old: wheat penny, buffalo nickel, steel cent, Liberty nickel, foreign coins. $1.00. Marlee, Box 28A, Pitman, NJ 08071.

Collector's Items

Free listing! Your collectors' club (beer can collectors' club, comic book collectors' club, whatever) listed free in "1981 Collectors' Directory." Write: Collectors' Information Central, 1020 East 85th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

Do It Yourself

1,400 mail-order catalogs listed and described. Sources for everything imaginable. $3.00. Masterlog, Box 879-E, Fairfax, CA 94930.

Education/Instruction

Parents! You should be your child's first and most effective teacher. Here's a guide designed specifically for parents of young children: "104 Ideas For Improving Your Young Child's Language Skills." Teacher/parent-tested activities to develop child's awareness and ability to communicate. Text includes learning in areas of letters, words, numbers, colors and shapes. Emphasis on vocabulary, thinking, listening, remembering and observing. Give your child a head-start in school. Author experienced teacher. Answers question, "What can I do at home?" *Free* number/shape/counting cards with each order. Money-back guarantee. $10.00. Lindell Publishers, Bucks County, P.O. Box 28, Springtown, PA 18081.

Earn university degrees more quickly, inexpensively and easily than you thought possible. Personalized service tells you how and where. Free details. The Degree Advisor, Box 149G, French Camp, CA 95231.

Educom (1981) Guide to College Degrees, courses and diplomas by mail. How to get college credits for accredited degrees without leaving home. EDUCOM, 10315 Woodley Ave. #111, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Collegiate research. Thousands of topics. Send $1 for catalog. Research traded. Academic Writers, Box #1652, Washington, D.C. 20013. (202) 628-1030.

Homestudy course in economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free: small charge for materials. Henry George Institute, 5 E. 44th St., New York, NY 10017.

Reisch World Wide College of Auctioneering, Inc. World's largest—46 years. Term soon, free catalog. VA approved. Modern Auction Library free with enrollment. (515) 423-5242. Col. Gordon E. Taylor, P.O. Box 949, Dept. 1, Mason City, IA 50401.

College students! Improve your grades. Send $1.00 for your 356-page term-paper catalog. 10,250 available. Research Assistance, Box 25097S, Los Angeles, CA 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Employment Opportunities

High paying jobs in Alaska! To receive complete report, send $5.00 to WOLFCO, Dept SP, P.O. Box 2211, Anchorage, AK 99510.

Australia, New Zealand! Big pay! Latest listings, plus information 68 countries, $2.00. Austco, Box 772, Cypress, CA 90630.

Jobs overseas (including Alaska). Free details. Global Employment, Box 808-EP, National City, CA 92050.

Rocky Mountain Employment Newsletter! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming! Current openings—all occupations! Write for free details to: Intermountain-N, 3506 Birch, Cheyenne, WY 82001.

Foreign Newspapers

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Sampler: 5/$2.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-13, Dana Point, CA 92629.

Fruit Trees

Newest color catalog free. Berries, fruits, nuts, muscadines. Specializing in Southern gardens. Malcolm's Sunripe Nursery & Farm Market, Box 992, Tifton, GA 31793. Phone: (912) 386-8400.

Gardening/Plants

Dahlia tubers, choice varieties, new and standard, all types, hundreds to choose from, send 15¢ stamp for catalog. Connell's Dahlias, 10216 40th Ave., Tacoma, WA 98446.

Bonsai trees, plants (including rare Texas Ebony), supplies. Catalog "SEP," $1.00 deductible. Bonsai Farm, Rt. 1, Box 156, Adkins, TX 78101 (near San Antonio).

Hardy chrysanthemums: 10 plants prepaid, $2.50. Huff's Gardens, Burlington, KS 66839.

Handwriting Analysis

An honest assessment of your true personality through handwriting analysis. Send handwriting sample and $20 to: American Grapho-Analysis Association, 1115 E. 28th Ave., Spokane, WA 99203.

Health & Beauty

Save money on cosmetics. Make yours in your own kitchen using natural products. Send for recipes $5.50 to 215 West First, Suite 105-17, Tustin, CA 92680.

Cancer and nutrition—before, during and after treatment. Send $4.00 to Avery Associates, P.O. Box 118A, Richboro, PA 18954.

Computer analysis. Your personal analysis by computer for 50 nutrients. Vitamins, minerals, foods, plus your personal nutritional program by doctor (Ph.D.) of nutrition. Send $10.00. Compu-Vite, 932 N. Main, Orange, CA 92667.

Treatment found for male pattern baldness. Discovered by doctor at the University of Helsinki, Finland, while engaged in cancer research. Free report. Conan Research, P.O. Box 442, Twinsburg, OH 44087.

Exclusive beauty products, not sold in retail stores. Brochure, 50¢. Send to: Marlin Harrington, 52 West Sandusky Street, Fredericktown, OH 43019.

Help Wanted

Club Mediterranean, sailing expeditions! Needed: Sports instructors, office personnel, counselors. Europe, Caribbean, worldwide! Summer. Career. Send $6.95 for application, openings, guide to: Cruiseworld, Box 60129, Sacramento, CA 95860.

$180 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Call (716) 845-5670, ext. 83.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Home Furnishings

101 microwave hints. $3.00. Dept. W, Box 214, Eagle Grove, IA 50533.

Indian Artifacts

Wanted—anything American Indian. Potawatomi Museum, Box 631, Fremont, IN 46737.

Jewelry

Immediate payment by return mail: class rings, silver coins, broken gold jewelry, wedding bands, platinum, gold teeth. Marlee, Box 28A, Pitman, NJ 08071.

New! Elegant orchid brooch. A real Asian orchid plated in 22 karat gold. Now you can enjoy tasteful elegance for only $39.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. A.D. Kemp & Sons, Dept. 30, P.O. Box 11876, Houston, TX 77016.

Literary Services

Writing, editing, statistics—professional, confidential. Describe your assignment! Research Unlimited, Box 300, Dayton, WA 99328. (509) 382-2545.

Writing, research. Superior library facilities! Professional staff. Confidential. Writers Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

Miscellany

Seven great ideas that could make your party greatest ever. $1.50. RGS, 897 Renn, Clovis, CA 93612.

For sale: super Creole gumbo, $2.00. Onia Campbell, 2025 5th St., Lake Charles, LA 70601.

Crowded by inflation, pollution and people? Yearning for country living and self-sufficiency? This pamphlet explains how to do it small-scale with small risk. Send $5.00 today. Reports for Future Living, 4478 Highway 441, Lake Worth, FL 33463.

Ideas, inventions, new products wanted for presentation to industry. Write SAT-IMI, 701 Smithfield, Pittsburgh, PA 15222.

Adult dignified singles. 1980 listings. Graphic Portraits, P.O. Box 848, Bloomington, IL 61701.

Proven way to stop biting fingernails. $2.25. Dept. F, Box 235, Eagle Grove, IA 50533.

75¢ per gallon rebate on gasoline or home heating oil. From the Retail Oil Association. 3,000 gallon per person limit. Everyone can receive rebate. For rebate instructions send $5.00 processing fee to the Retail Oil Association, Drawer 427, Heflin, AL 36264.

New! Creative Writing Workshop Method. If you really want to be a writer for fun or for $$, send for free details and information about our tape-cassette editing, personal one-on-one individual coaching, written critiques. Discover not only how to write well but also how to prepare your manuscripts properly for editors' acceptance. Partners in Writing, Inc., Box 1931-N, Pompano Beach, FL 33061.

Money-Making Opportunities

Combine tax savings and a lifetime income with a charitable gift to Wheaton College, a nondenominational Christian college dedicated to the integration of faith and learning. For information write: Vice President for Development, Dept. P31, Wheaton College, Wheaton, IL 60187.

$45,000 guaranteed in 3 weeks! Please send self-addressed envelope. T.H. Krodel, 4196 Baden Strasse, Jasper, IN 47546.

Turn your ideas into immediate cash. Guaranteed to work! Send $5.00. JN&S Distributors, 2749 North Whitten, Tyler, TX 75702.

Blackjack. Be a consistent winner. Use the easiest method known. Guaranteed. Only $5.00. ARV, Box 1231, Fremont, NE 68025.

$300 weekly. Spare time. Mailing sales letters. Delta, Box 2902-P, Rock Hill, SC 29730.

"105 Ways to Make Money at Home." Send $2 to Bacon, Dept. 22, Wolf, WY 82844.

Musical Instruments

Bagpipes, full-sized and miniature; and practice chanters. Discount prices and free brochure. (305) 724-1477. Mid-East Mfg., 2817 Cameron St., Melbourne, FL 32901.

Free brochure—latest songbooks. Don Anthony, 109 Locust, Wallington, NJ 07057.

Bagpipes $60.00 up. Free brochure. Mideast Mfg., 2817 Cameron, Melbourne, FL 32901.

Musical saws—produced since 1921. Details, free "Sawing News." Mussehl-Westphal, 130 SEP, Delavan, WI 53115.

Of Interest to All

Contest/sweepstakes news and know-how. We help you win! March issue, $1. Entryline newsletter, P.O. Box 933S, Naperville, IL 60566.

101 Ways to beat inflation. Fight back—save on food, energy, clothing, taxes, etc. $3.00. P.O. Box 27032, Seattle, WA 98125.

Freeze-dried and dehydrated food. Free information. Dealers wanted. TDC, P.O. Box 1402, Homestead, FL 33030.

Write humor for money. SASE free info. Casey, 1905 Mannheim, Westchester, IL 60153.

30 ways for your club to raise money. $2.00, Henry, 936 Orchard, Moscow, ID 83843.

Win for fun and profit! Free details. Diversified, Box 38-SE, Woodbridge, VA 22194.

Never buy or replace light bulbs again. Details free. Sample $2.99. AB Gifts, Box 158E, Holmdel, NJ 07733.

Need record jackets? Inside sleeves, boxes, protectors. Free brochure. CABCO-SP, Box 8212, Columbus, OH 43201.

Spices of the world. Send SASE for list. Our special curry blend, $2. Adam, PO Box 270405, Tampa, FL 33688.

Protect against attackers! Shriek alarm. Loud, hand-hidden. Only $3.49 (add 50¢ postage and handling). Crescent Specialties, Dept. A, P.O. Box 6500, Metairie, LA 70009.

The wood connection. Facts, tips, safety for wood heating. Copyrighted report, $4.95. Emmons Enterprises Co., Box 2126, Thomasville, NC 27360.

The 17 crucial marriage rules. $2.00. 1249 Mission, Salt Lake City, UT 84104.

Auction Advisor. Save money, make wise purchases, avoid pitfalls. Learn to "bid with confidence" at antique, estate and other type auctions. Free information. "How to Bid," $1.00. Auction Advisor, Dept. P, Box 11881, Lynchburg, VA 24506.

Of Interest to Women

Attention single women. Happy, lasting relationships. $2.00 brochure. Guidelines, P.O. Box 541, Fond du Lac, WI 54935.

Sugar-free cookbook. Here it is! Deliciously home-created recipes for weight watchers and diabetics. 175 sparkling no-sugar, no-honey cakes, pies, cookies, salads, jams, variety desserts—half without artificial sweeteners! Calories, exchanges, helpful information included. Beautifully bound and typeset. Conveniently indexed. $5.50 postpaid. 2 books, $9.99. Satisfaction guaranteed. Harriet's, Box 424-B500SP, Forest Hills, NY 11375.

Great sausage recipes. Illustrated book with over 100 recipes explaining sausage making, curing, smoking. Free equipment and supply catalog: Sausagemaker, 177-87 Military, Buffalo, NY 14207.

Personalized nursery pictures. Send for free brochure. Dorothy Engel Products, Dept. 101, Box 12655, St. Louis, MO 63141.

Old Radio Programs

Vintage radio, quality taped programs. Catalog, $1.00. P.O. Box 402225, Garland, TX 75040.

Yesterday's radio on tape. Quality sound, reliable service. Catalog, $2.00. Adventures, Box 4822-P, Inglewood, CA 90302.

Free catalog: quality radio tapes. Carl S. Froelich, Route One, New Freedom, PA 17349.

Old radio programs on cassettes. Free catalog. Nostalgic, Box 16365-SEP, St. Louis, MO 63125.

Golden Age radio. Complete taped shows. Box 25215-K, Portland, OR 97225.

Real Estate

How to find and purchase good country land. For information send $3.00 to The Spinning Wheel, P.O. Box 191-P, Grand Ronde, OR 97347.

Recipes

Best pancakes ever eaten. Send $1.25 to Super Pancake, 35 Catherine Drive, Columbus, NC 28722.

Fattening five favorites. Send $2.00 to Krawford Kitchens, Box 14, Dixon, IL 61021.

Father's favorites. Five main dishes. Quick and easy, yet elegant enough for guests. $2.00. P.O. Box 22516, Louisville, KY 40222.

101 money-saving, easy and nutritious recipes for only $3.95. Motivation Center, 7709 E. Wilshire, Scottsdale, AZ 85257.

Diet desserts. 30 recipes, $1.00. Mary, 1125 Norwood, Oakland, CA 94610.

Frostin's, fillin's, toppin's. Quick, easy, scrumptous. 40 recipes plus variations. Send $2.98: Recipes, Box 56, White Cloud, KS 66094.

Dad's favorite recipes. The family will enjoy. Send $3.98 to P.O. Box 27, Terra Alta, WV 26764.

30 Pennsylvania Dutch recipes. Surprisingly good. $3.00. Maggies, Box 146, Valley View, PA 17983.

Save money! Make your own bread—51 practical recipes. $3.00. P.O. Box 178, Jamesport, NY 11947.

Gourmet ricepaper eggroll. Favorite from Kim's Kitchen. $2.00. 7427 Berryhill, San Antonio, TX 78238.

Mexican potatoes. Delicious, quick meal. $2.00, SASE. B.J. Evans, Rt. 2, Petersburg, IL 62675.

Parents, teachers—20 easy-to-read no-cook, stove-top or oven recipes. Each set, $3.00. 3 for $8.00. Sensestaker, P.O. Box 653, Brighton, MI 48116.

Delicious Bavarian-style cheese cake recipe. Send $1.00 to: SEP Recipe, P.O. Box 691, Bridgeton, MO 63044.

Soups—Collection of 30 easy-to-follow recipes. Send $2.98 to Carlan Assoc., Box 334, Rensselaer, IN 47978.

12 scrumptious candy recipes. Send $3.00 and SASE to Candies, P.O. Box 875, Scottsdale, AZ 85251.

Family secrets—3 elegant desserts, $2.00. Box 21347, Billings, MT 59104.

Sausage cake: old recipe, $2.00, SASE. Iris, Box 72, Dover, OH.

Rise above the burrito! Eight favored Mexican concoctions. SASE, $2.75. Able Enterprises, Box 9802 #530, Austin, TX 78766.

Hoagie & submarine sandwiches. 12 recipes & suggestions. $3.00. Box 282, Sycamore, IL 60178.

Share with us Grandma's original Swedish rye bread recipe. $1.00, SASE to: Brod, 1112 West Third, Jamestown, NY 14701.

Delicious cheesecake recipe. $1.00, SASE: P.O. Box 583, Latham, NY 12110.

Casseroles. Great for family or company. 6/$3.00. K. Deguise, Box 392, Rochester, WA 98579.

Appetizers deluxe. Over 100 recipes. Send $4.75 to Dorothy Engel Products, Dept. 101, P.O. Box 12655, St. Louis, MO 63141.

Homemade brownie mix. Practical, economical. $1.00, SASE: 110 Greenbrook, Park Ridge, NJ 07656.

Variety of ten delightful casseroles. $3.00. The Hobby Shop, 783 Broad Street, Knoxville, IL 61448.

101 delicious peanut butter recipes. Send $3.99 to: G. Boada, P.O. Box 3748, Hartford, CT 06103.

International gourmet recipes made easy. 6 recipes for $3.00, SASE. Gourmet, P.O. Box 1126, Hollywood, FL 33022.

Melt-in-mouth pie shell—no rolling. Plus fillings. $2.00, SASE: Jan, P.O. Box 852, Jackson, MI 49204.

Mushroom—10 ways to fix them. Send $3.00 to "Mushrooms," 430 East Park Street, Stockton, CA 95202.

Good and corny recipes from Iowa. $3.00 to: Caro L., Box 65, West Union, IA 52175.

Dieters! Diabetics! Easy dessert recipes! $3.00, SASE. P.O. Box 803, Florissant, MO 63033.

Gourmet's delight—3 easy recipes—quiche—$2.25 SASE. Best-ever, Box 1304, Elk Grove, IL 60007.

Homemade eggrolls and Polynesian bread—an epicurean delight! $2.00. Sandi's Kitchen, 3105 N.W. 3rd Ave. #4, Pompano Beach, FL 33064.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English recipes. Delicious. $2.50, SASE: Servantt, P.O. Box 1675, Largo, FL 33540.

Rabbit recipes. 20 most delicious recipes ever. Make super suppers! $3 to "Rabbit Cookery," 4419, Casper, WY 82604.

Low-cal recipes. Delicious entrees, salads, desserts. Only $4.00. Swedish Kitchens, Box 165-S, Fremont, NE 68025.

Religious

Will you mistake the real Christ for the Antichrist? Free booklet: free Bible correspondence study course. Christadelphians, 201 S. Lake, Suite 400 E, Pasadena, CA 91101.

Handbook and guide to Israel. 185 Biblical and historical sites with archeological notes—$4.95. J & F Publishing, Box 486, Basin, MT 59631.

Healing prayer: Songs powerfully minister to your physical, emotional and spiritual needs. Albums, $7.50; cassettes, $8.00. Good Shepherd Records, Box 11986, Philadelphia, PA 19145.

Start a heart and save a life. CPR instructors, reward your students with a Start-A-Heart apron and hoop for $2.95. Individual orders accepted. Send to Armchair Shopper, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

49 Biblical contradictions, $3.00. Discovery, Box 20331-SP, West Valley City, UT 84120.

Sewing

Football jersey pattern and instructions. Send size, $3.00, SASE: Ruth, Rt. 10, Box 151, Lake City, FL 32055.

Special Gifts

New '81 gift catalog. Beautiful giftware from all over the world. Quality merchandise. Special discounts. Spectacular savings. It's yours *free*. Write: MMC, Box-12152, Cincinnati, OH 45212.

Stamp Collecting

175 U.S. commemoratives, $2.00. No approvals. Ozark, S.R. 1, Box 278P, Shell Knob, MO 65747.

55 different selected United States stamps only 50¢, approvals. Carver, 420 Overlook Rd., Mansfield, OH 44907.

One! Two! Three! cent stamp approvals. Regardless catalog. Kloster, 4164 52 St., San Diego, CA 92105.

Free topical mystery packet. Stampiques, 12865 West Dixie, North Miami, FL 33161.

Travel/Vacation

$1.00 off—Atlantic City Guide. Complete information—casinos, restaurants, motels, sightseeing. Includes map and gaming guide. Send only $2.95, plus 55¢ handling, to Mardon Specialties, G.P.O. Box 2401, New York City, NY 10116.

Wanted

Country music phonograph records and song books. Cook, 121 Oak St., Southington, CT 06489.

Manufacturer seeking inventions. Advantek International, 1100 17th NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Wine Making/Beer Making

Beermakers, winemakers. Free catalog, recipe. Finest ingredients, equipment, service. SPI, Box 784 EP, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Would you like to buy an old *Saturday Evening Post* from the week you were born? We may have it available. Write to Rita Cole, Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

U.S. COINS BY THE POUND!

Rather than sort overflowing vaults, these coins are sold by the pound! A GOLD PIECE of the world included! All coins 25-150 years old. May include Indian, Lincoln cents; liberty nickels. 2¢; 3¢; pcs. etc. 1 lb.—$16.50; 2 lbs.—$30; 5 lbs.—$72; 10 lbs. (plus 2 gold pcs.) $130. Add $2 for ins. & postage.

LAST U.S. SILVER COIN SETS

Never again will silver be used in coin mintage. Most have already been remelted so these UNCIRCULATED coin sets increase in value

1964 - $32 1963 - $34 1962 - $36 1961 - $38	All 4 sets **$139**	1960 - $40 1959 - $42 1958 - $44 1957 - $46 1956 - $48	All 4 sets **$218**

(1956 thru 1965-$355)

PHONE ORDERS (213) 788-9752
CENTRE COIN CO., BOX 1, DEPT. ST-3
14801 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
Enclosed please find _____ for _____
pounds of coins and _____ coin sets
Please add $2.00 insurance &
6% sales tax. **All Major Credit Cards Accepted.**
Ex. Date _____ Acct. No. _____
Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

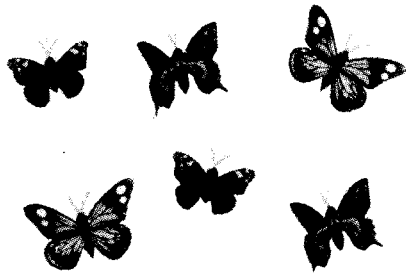
FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1886

A helping hand for Bible study

"The Divine Plan of the Ages"

P. O. Box 6016
Chicago, Illinois 60680

Cloth Bound Postage Paid $1.00



BUTTERFLY MAGNETS

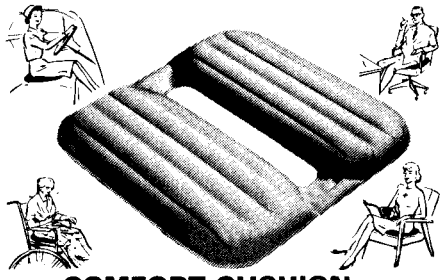
Colorful, magnetic, hand-painted butterflies are free-spirited designs to light on a refrigerator, metal lamp, window frame, doorknob, etc. 3¾", 3", and 2" approximate wing span.

Set of three, $9.95 ppd.

Send check or money order to:

THE PILLOWRY
310 N. Harbor Blvd.
Fullerton, CA 92632

Full refund if not delighted.



COMFORT CUSHION

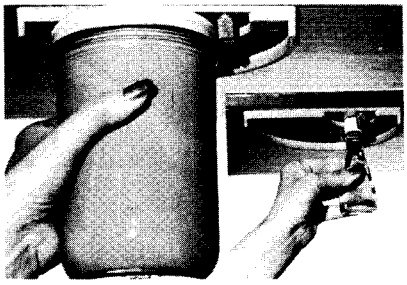
New **Twin-Rest Seat Cushion** gives blessed relief to sensitive areas. Fights fatigue and soreness. Avoids siderocking and maintains balance because each half inflates separately with contact-free center space. Unlike embarrassing "ring cushions", it fully supports each thigh independently. Deflates for travel. Ideal for car, home, office, sports, wheelchair. Handsome vinyl 16 × 17" — **$8.95**. Green percale zipper cover — **$3.39** extra. Add 50¢ postage & handling. NJ residents add 5% tax. We ship promptly. Money back guarantee.

Send Check or Money Order to — BETTER SLEEP, INC. Box NP New Providence, NJ 07974

UN-SKRU

Amazing New Jar Opener

OPEN ANY SCREW LID IN 3 SECONDS!



New UN-SKRU Jar and Bottle Opener mounts permanently to underside of cabinet or shelf. Opens **every** size screw top—from tiny tube to gallon jar—with scarcely any effort. Even opens press-and-turn "child-proof" pill bottles.

"Best we've used"—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Featured by Good Housekeeping magazine as one of "Half-dozen kitchen helpers no cook should be without." Also handy in trailer, boat, workshop. Wonderful for folks with arthritis. Unique gift. You must be **pleased**, or your money back. Only **$5.95** + 85¢ p&h; two for **$11.50** + $1 p&h.

Send Check or M.O. 20 day money back guarantee.

HOLST, Inc. Dept. SP-381, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763

DOG PORTRAIT NOTE PAPER by Earl Sherwan

more than 90 breeds
$3.00 ppd. per box of 10 all-one-kind.
BREED SAMPLE 25¢
CATALOG 35¢
also, PRINTS & PLAQUES
WIS. RESIDENTS ADD 4% TAX.
Write, Dept. P: DEALERS INVITED

Lakeshore Artisans Inc.
BELGIUM • WISCONSIN • 53004

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So convenient in office, bedroom, den!

Versatile Multi-Tilt-Top Table!

Now Only $24.99!

Comparable value $54.99

It's a *must* for convalescents — and a real convenience for *anyone* who reads, eats, or works on a chair or bed. The sturdy 3-wheeled stand slides easily under any bed. And the table top adjusts from 29" to 40" tall. The large, walnut woodgrain-finished 22"x15" top tilts 90° in either direction. What's more, the entire table — stand and all! — can be folded to a compact 2½" narrow, to store easily under a bed or in a closet when not in use.

Tables almost identical to these have sold nationally for $54.99 — and were a bargain at *that* low price. We urge you to place your order *today!*

90-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
(except shipping and handling)

PHONE YOUR ORDER TOLL FREE:
If you have Master Charge, or Visa 1-800-331-1750 (In Okla. 1-800-722-3600)
24 hrs. 7 days per wk. (Min. charge $10.00)

mail order marketing, inc.
10850 Riverside Dr., Dept. 150-27 N. Hollywood, Ca. 91602

Mail Order Marketing Inc., Dept. 150-27
10850 Riverside Dr., N. Hollywood, CA. 91602

Please RUSH me _____ Tilt-Top Table(s) #99961 at just $24.99 purchase price plus $4.00 shipping and handling each.

☐ SAVE! Send TWO at just $39.99 plus $6.00 shipping and handling.

Enclosed is my ☐ check or ☐ money order for $_____

I prefer to charge my ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

Account Number _____

MC Interbank # _____ Card Exp. _____

Signature _____

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s (Ca. res. please add sales tax.)

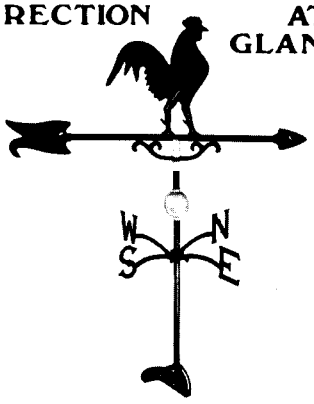
Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

WIND DIRECTION AT A GLANCE



Weather Vanes add the finishing touch to your country home! Perfect for your garage, farm or ranch too. Ornamental as well as useful. Precise wind direction at a glance. Balanced arrow on friction free bearing responds to slightest breeze! Made of aluminum with baked vinyl coating for rust free care with Gold ornamental ball. Complete with mounting bracket and screws. Arrow 23" long. Support 24" to 27" high.

Crowing Rooster $12.95 + $2.85 p&h
Galloping Horse $12.95 + $2.85 p&h

SAVE two for $24.95 + $2.85 p&h Great gifts. Send Check or M.O. 15 day money back guarantee.

HOLST, Inc.
Dept. SP-381 1118 W. Lake
Box 370, Tawas City, Mich. 48763

INVENTIONS WANTED

FREE CONSULTATION ● NO IDEA TOO SMALL

Disclosure registration. Potential cash or royalties from manufacturers seeking new ideas. For free information on how to register your ideas, Call or Write

American Inventors Corp.
59 Interstate Dr. Dept. SEP
West Springfield, MA 01089 (413) 737-5376
A Fee Based Service Company

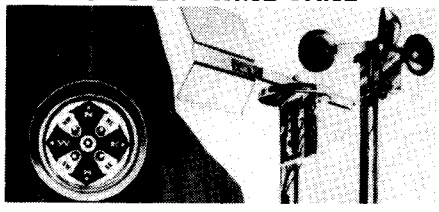
FOR DOG FANCIERS
DOG NOTES
Unique, beautifully drawn notepaper, perfect for anyone who loves dogs. Ten notes + env. $2.50, 50¢ post.
PET MASTERPIECES
Dept. S3
3 E. Canterbury Drive
Arlington Hts., IL 60004

RUPTURED

TRY MY NEW KIND OF GUARANTEED TRUSS

I wore 8 kinds of trusses in 5 years, none worked, so I designed my own. A Truss like you've always wanted. A Truss that won't slip or pinch no matter how active you are. Now you too can enjoy this Comfort and Protection. Write for Free Literature to: Sportsman Athletic Truss Co. P.O. Box 96, Dept SE3 Barrington, IL. 60010.

WINDWATCH™ ANEMOMETER—WIND VANE $31.95



Neon lights in indoor indicator show wind speed and direction. Decorative indicator with gold dial in dark mahogany case. Designed for desk or wall mount. Outdoor instruments of durable aluminum with electric parts enclosed in rigid vinyl housings. Easy to assemble and install. Attach directly to roof or pole. Comes with wire and materials for installation up to 60 feet. Uses regular 120V AC. Unique low amp circuit for absolute safety. A fascinating home addition. Five year limited guarantee. 15 day trial. Satisfaction or money back. Only $31.95 plus $2.00 shpg. Check. Visa/Mast. Chg. Give Number and Expiration Date. Immediate Delivery.

WINDWATCH MFG. Dept. SE 104 Heimann San Antonio, Texas 78205

FREE CATALOG

Eva Gabor® Wigs

All Colors, Styles & Sizes

Mail coupon today for Free Catalog!

WIGS by Paula Dept. 441, Brockton, MA 02403
☐ Send FREE Eva Gabor Catalog to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Have you ever worn a wig? ☐ Yes, ☐ No.
An Eva Gabor Wig? ☐ Yes, ☐ No.

CUT TOUGH TOE NAILS DOWN TO SIZE EVEN INGROWN NAILS

QUICK, SAFE, EASY!

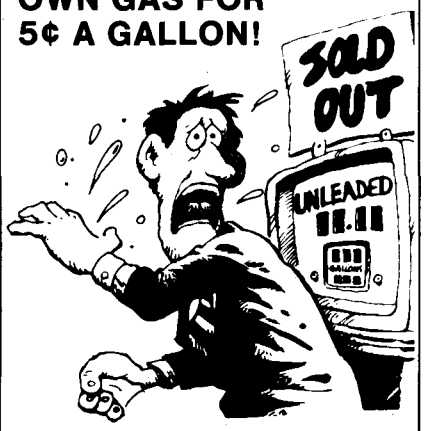
Extra long shanks for greater leverage. Surgical tapered blade slides under ingrown nails for fast, safe removal. For all trimmings, pedicure, manicure. Strong, stay sharp steel from Solingen Germany, 4" long.

One Pair $3.99 + 50¢ handling
Two Pairs $6.98 + 50¢ handling
Full money back guarantee.

Med Ind. Inc. Dept. 15
1113 E. Wendover Ave., Greensboro, NC 27405

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN GAS FOR 5¢ A GALLON!



Our new exclusive process uses weeds, grass clippings — even sawdust to make clean burning methyl alcohol in our 100% legal solar powered still that you can build in 5 to 6 hours for under $35 in locally available parts. Our illustrated step-by-step manual gives you every detail in more technical language.

Send $14.95 (plus sales tax & $1.25 postage to)

TEXAS FUEL PROCESS,
Dept. SP-3 Box 488, Jarrell, Texas 76537

NEW 2 SECRET MANUALS NOW MADE PUBLIC!

LASER PISTOL PLANS

Complete illustrated manual gives you step-by-step instructions for building your own laser pistol in 5 to 6 hours for $20 worth of locally available parts. Has a 250 foot range. WARNING — THIS IS NOT A TOY— no plans sold to anyone under 18 years of age.

$19.95

SURPLUS BARGAIN MANUAL

Now revealed— you can get Jeeps for $28, M-1 rifles for $3.75, tents for 75¢, pickup trucks for $23, shirts for 6¢ and thousands of other bargains— directly from the U.S. Government. Our complete manual gives you all the information—don't pass up this opportunity

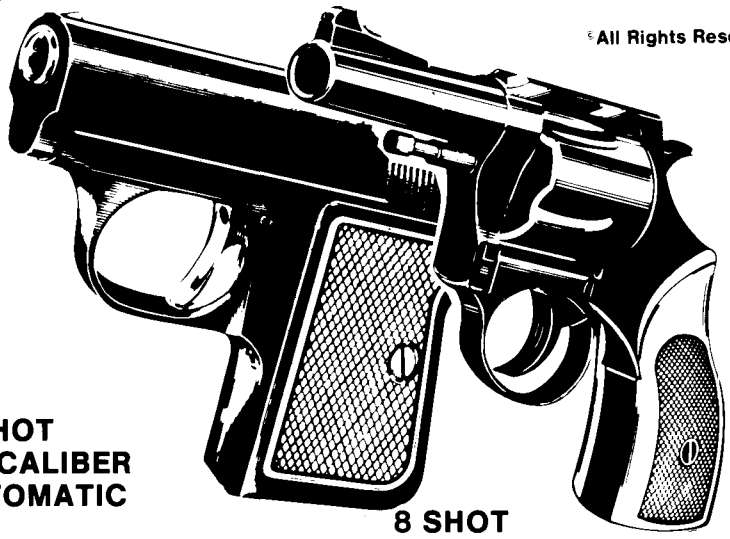
$19.95

SPECIAL—GET BOTH BOOKS FOR $29.50

GOVERNMENT ADVISORY SERVICE
DEPT. SP-3 • BOX 1513
WASHINGTON, DC 20013 • U.S.A.
Send check — add sales tax & $1.55 postage per book

INSTANT PROTECTION!

©All Rights Reserved



7 SHOT .22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC

8 SHOT .22 CALIBER REVOLVER

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE
Our precision made guns are guaranteed for one full year (parts and labor) when our gun cleaner is used every month.

Defend yourself and your loved ones from rapists, muggers, attackers, robbers — even vicious animals with our new and improved guns. These .22 caliber non-lethal tear gas guns will stop one or even a gang of attackers INSTANTLY! Solid and reliable, our guns are handcrafted by skilled European gunsmiths. These guns are regulation size and precision machined. Weight — about 12 ounces; Range - 12 to 15 feet. Easy to carry in pocket, purse or our special custom-made holsters. All metal construction — built to last a lifetime. Order several during our special low introductory prices.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Our Revolvers and Automatics are usually $50 each, but your cost during this Special Introductory Offer is just ..... $39.95 each
.22 Caliber Tear Gas Cartridges (Box of 10) 11.95/box
.22 Caliber Blank Cartridges (Box of 20) 11.95/box
Custom-Made Holster ..... 14.95 each
Gun Cleaner (Necessary for WARRANTY) ..... 11.95 each

ORDER CERTIFICATE

DEFENDER • DEFENDER BUILDING • BOX 15544 • AUSTIN, TEXAS 78761
TELEPHONE (512) 863-8104 (9 AM TO 5 PM)

Please send me the following:

____ 7 Shot .22 Caliber Automatic(s) ..... $ _____
____ 8 Shot .22 Caliber Revolver(s) ..... _____
____ Box(es) of .22 Caliber Cartridges ..... _____
____ Box(es) of .22 Caliber Practice Blanks ..... _____
____ Custom-Made Holster(s) ..... _____
____ Gun Cleaner(s) ..... _____

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____ Zip _____

Add Postage and Insurance 2.95
Add Sales Tax ..... _____
TOTAL ENCLOSED (No COD's) ..... $ _____

☐ IF RUSH PRIORITY DELIVERY is desired, add an extra $2.00 and send your remittance by money order. SP-3

One Year Parts And Labor Guarantee!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cracker Jack

continued from page 83

bounced out at the end of the reel to meet what fate I didn't learn. I *do* know what happened to one clump—I caught it and ate it. Mr. Grau was a mite too late in informing me that this was against company policy.

On two belts possibly a yard wide and a hundred feet long, the candied popcorn moves into a room kept at low temperature to cool further before dropping into the hoppers that feed it, with the proper amount of coated peanuts, into individual Cracker Jack boxes. A prize, inserted by hand, is the final ingredient before the box is automatically sealed. Should a box not contain a prize or fail to meet its weight requirement, two electronic eyes, with a third backup eye, stand ready to exile it from the line.

For all of Cracker Jack's appeal—an all-family snack of all natural ingredients, famous for its patriotic red, white and blue box featuring Sailor Boy and his dog Bingo and one of the five most-recognized brand names throughout the world—it is the legendary toy surprise that perhaps adds most to its point-of-sale popularity.

And I was permitted to enter the vault housing them all—the 10,000 different prizes that have gone into Cracker Jack boxes since the inauguration of the novel idea in 1912. While waiting for authorized personnel to admit us (not even Mr. Grau, for all his company enthusiasm, or Ms. Garrett, with all her charm, were allowed to know the combination), I was briefed on the history and the romance of what we would see, as well as Cracker Jack's exciting new $1,000,000-prize surprise party for this year of 1981.

The world's largest user of toys, Cracker Jack's purchase order for a particular series runs to 25 million. It takes one year to get one of these toys—now all American-made—into production. A team of researchers that works with children is mainly responsible for their creation. Each toy is wrapped for sanitary purposes—also, presumably, to prevent Uncle George from inadvertently clamping down on a pinball machine and ruining his bridgework—and all toys exceed FDA specs by meeting Borden's even more stringent safety guidelines.

The vault is open; we tiptoe respectfully in. In glass display atop the cabinet are the toys held in highest regard by collectors and dealers around the world. These novelties from the nostalgic days of the '20s, '30s and '40s that once were found in a nickel box of Cracker Jack now command prices in the hundreds of dollars. A teddy bear-postcard collection; stand-up comic characters of Orphan Annie, Moon Mullins and Skeezix; U.S. presidents medals; movie-star cards; a circus wagon with the words "Cracker Jack Shows;" a tin radio that says, "Tune in with Cracker Jack;" a refrigerator car for the Cracker Jack railroad—these are among the hot items. With proper reverence we held the rarest item of all—a 116-page postcard-sized catalog issued in 1912 containing hundreds of prizes, including clothes, sporting goods and toys, that could be had by redeeming the coupons printed on the sides of Cracker Jack boxes.

Thus, prizewise, Cracker Jack has come full cycle. In 1981, coupons inside the boxes will be redeemed for a total of $1,000,000 worth of super prizes, topped by the sensational grand prize of a new lighter-weight, gas-saving Winnebago Warrior motor home, loaded with Mattel toys.

You say you haven't heard of this revolutionary change in Cracker Jack's prize program? Well, you will. This year's sales-boosting baby, offspring of rightfully proud Jim Grau; Dick Ballard, Vice President of Marketing; and

The toy surprise adds most to Cracker Jack's popularity.

Jack Byrd, president of Cracker Jack, is backed by the biggest TV and print campaign in industry history. The prize offer will be printed on the 100 million boxes leaving the Cracker Jack plant this year. In addition to daily newspaper advertising and point-of-sale materials, a Sunday newspaper ad in March will reach an estimated 37 million American households. Finally, toy collector Alex Jaramillo will tour a number of the nation's largest cities with 500 of Cracker Jack's most interesting prizes to show on TV and in newspaper interviews.

Sure, you are hoping—along with 2 million others—to knock off a Winnebago. Good luck. But to one woman, who lost a ring she had found in a Cracker Jack box in the days before Winnebagos, she'd rather have lost any one of the super-duper prizes of 1981. Only a band of tin, worth no more than a penny at most; but, according to the frantic woman's son, who wrote in to ask if Cracker Jack could possibly supply a duplicate, when it has served as an engagement ring, not even a Winnebago Warrior motor home is in the same league.

Cracker Jack, being a compassionate company, supplied a duplicate.

Typing

continued from page 75

they each reach their second birthday."

The idea that preschool children might learn their ABCs from the typewriter is actually far from new. An early typewriter advertisement which appeared in an 1875 issue of *Nation* magazine announced, "No device is comparable to the typewriter to teach children spelling and punctuation." In 1895 an American educator named Frank Kassun published a paper entitled "The Typewriter: A Coming Necessity in Schools," which included testimonials from parents who had given their children access to the cumbersome machines of the day. "Children almost babes will learn to copy even before they know their letters. . ." said one. "This brings them to the actual significance and relation of the letters."

During the last four decades, the typewriter has been tested as a possible learning tool for use in lower elementary grades in more than 900 separate studies. In one of the earliest (1926), Horace Mann School at Columbia University put special machines with Library Gothic type into elementary-school classrooms, and teachers became convinced that typewriters facilitated learning.

Recently, some schools such as Boyd Elementary in Jackson, Mississippi, have used typing laboratories with ranks of shiny electric machines to teach primary children at a stepped-up pace the upper-case and lower-case forms of the alphabet, the punctuation marks and proper spelling.

Making instant letters with typewriters gives students "an immediate sense of accomplishment," says Florida educator Dr. John Henry Martin. Dr. Martin has been using typewriters to raise the reading levels of pupils in experimental classes at schools in Fort Lauderdale and Stuart. He chose Selectric machines for the experiment because they are about as close as possible to being childproof. The keys can't jam. When IBM, makers of the Selectric, heard about his work, they were delighted and immediately featured him in a national advertising campaign.

Members of Cornell University's Project Literacy have developed a series of typewriter tasks in order of difficulty which preschoolers' parents may wish to follow to give their children the fullest possible benefit from typewriter play. To orient your child to the typewriter, you might begin as follows:

A) Show the child a pretyped card of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

letters and see if he can type them on the keyboard.

B) Have him punch different letters and ask if he can name them.

C) Show him how to type his name and have him copy it.

D) See if he can pick out the alphabet in the correct order.

It probably won't be long before brother and sister and maybe even friends are vying to show who knows his letters best.

Other activities in order of difficulty include:

1) Matching letters. Give your child a master sheet on which a number of letters are typed. Ask him to duplicate the line by typing each letter beneath the one in the model in both upper and lower cases.

2) Identifying letters. Have him type the letters on the master sheet one at a time and ask him if he knows the name of each letter. Children may be confused by similar letters, such as lower-case *b* and *d*.

3) Copying words and sentences. Make a list of simple words, such as *cat, dog* or *book*, and have him type each word next to a picture which it represents. Have him copy short sentences, placing punctuation marks and spaces in the proper order.

"Children will learn to copy before they know letters."

4) Copying phrases. Have the child copy phrases he finds in books, magazines, newspapers, etc.

5) Arranging phrases. Give him a list of different phrases and have him arrange them into simple sentences.

6) Completing sentences. Give the child a list of incomplete short sentences—such as "Here is..." "I am..." "Do you...?"—and encourage him to make up endings with the help of a picture dictionary.

The level of difficulty of these exercises can extend to the extreme of original writing tasks in which a child can be encouraged to make up his own rhymes.

It is likely that once you get your child using the typewriter, he or she will continue to explore letters, words and sentences, even when you aren't around to give directions. So don't be surprised to hear a new twist to the familiar line when a gloating father comes running into the office one morning with the glorious news, "Junior just typed his first word today. He's going to be a genius. I just know it."

Large Full Color POSTERS of Nostalgic Magazine Covers

e w

Mermaid
Jackson, 1928

Women Must Give . . .
Kernan, 1922

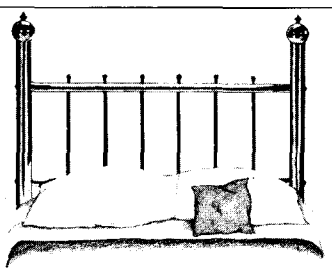
Pilgrims
Fithian, 1899

These three classics have been reproduced from actual old covers. Each poster is 22" x 28" printed in full color on heavy enameled stock. They are suitable for framing and would make a great decor item.

Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please send me the following Magazine Cover Posters @ $3.00 each.
_____ Mermaid ____ Women Must Give ____ Pilgrims

☐ Check or money order enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____ Expires _____
If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank number ____ ____ ____ ____
Signature _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 1B

Tools for Living™



TOP BRASS

A brass headboard is much coveted these days by lovers of antiquity, but the price of a solid brass headboard keeps it, for many, just that—coveted. But thanks to an innovative manufacturer there is now a way to satisfy that craving without ransoming your future. This company produces a *brass-plated* headboard that looks remarkably like the real thing. The uprights are a full 2" in diameter, just like the old-style brass beauties. The plating job is well done and should stand up to years of normal use. While this all-metal headboard is obviously not as heavy as one of solid brass, it is still plenty sturdy. The overall effect is the feel of an authentic brass bed at a fraction of the price. The twin size headboard (39" wide) costs just **$54.00** ($5.95) #EVA201, full size (54") **$68.00** ($6.95) #EVA202, Queen (60") **$79.00** ($10.95) #EVA203, King (78") **$89.00** ($10.95) #EVA204. The headboard comes unassembled, but a screwdriver and 10-15 minutes is all you need to have it fully mounted. The assembly instructions showed us how easy it was to line up the holes in the headboard with those in the bed frame. And we discovered you can adjust the headboard height anywhere from 39" to 45", depending on which attachment holes you use.

Send to: **TOOLS FOR LIVING**
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
P.O. Box 130
Indianapolis, IN 46206

code #	qty	cost	shpg & hndlg	total
			total	

ship to: _____ (Please Print)
address _____
city _____
state _____ zip _____

The cost of each item is shown followed by the shipping and handling charges in ( ). If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible.

e w EV

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD

FRANCE ALONG THE DIET ROUTE

The Pritikin plan of sensible eating is not foreign even to overindulgent nations outside the United States.

by Barbara Harris

Three months before my husband and I were to leave for a month-long trip to France, his doctor put him on a diet that seemed insultingly anti-Gallic—the rigid, highly restrictive Pritikin regimen. Len's problem was an abnormally high cholesterol level, sometimes considered a precursor of heart disease. After only a month on the program, his cholesterol level had dropped so dramatically that there seemed to be no alternative but to stay with it. I joined him for the sake of convenience and in the hope of shedding a few pounds, but gave myself license to cheat.

On the Pritikin diet, protein is limited and fats, salt, sugar, chemical additives and caffeine are strictly forbidden. That means no foods containing egg yolks, cream, butter or oil—not even the polyunsaturated kind. No red meats, almost no fish or fowl. No sweets, coffee, tea or alcohol. How could one travel in France—or anywhere, for that matter—on such a diet?

The doctor suggested that it might be wise to defer the rambling journey we had planned from Paris to Provence. His doubts were more firmly echoed by our family and friends. What fun, they asked, is a vacation that is going to be a problem three times a day? And why France, of all places, if you cannot really eat?

We seriously considered postponement. But we wanted to go, and we did. Now we can offer some advice of our own to anyone on a diet who is contemplating a visit to France—and that takes in those who are just trying to lose or maintain weight, as well as those who are under doctor's orders. In a word: Go!

As it turned out, our trip was—with apologies to Mr. Pritikin—a piece of cake.

Our travel preparations were in no way influenced by our dietary needs. Rather, we planned our itinerary to include places both fondly remembered and new to us—a route that would take us from Paris to the château country, thence to Lyons via the Rhone Valley and once again to Paris. Though we intended these plans to be flexible, we rented a car and made hotel reservations in advance—a wise precaution, as it happened, even off season. We provided ourselves with a small package of diet crackers, raw vegetables and fruit to see us through the plane trip and the first few hours abroad; other than that, we planned to live off the land.

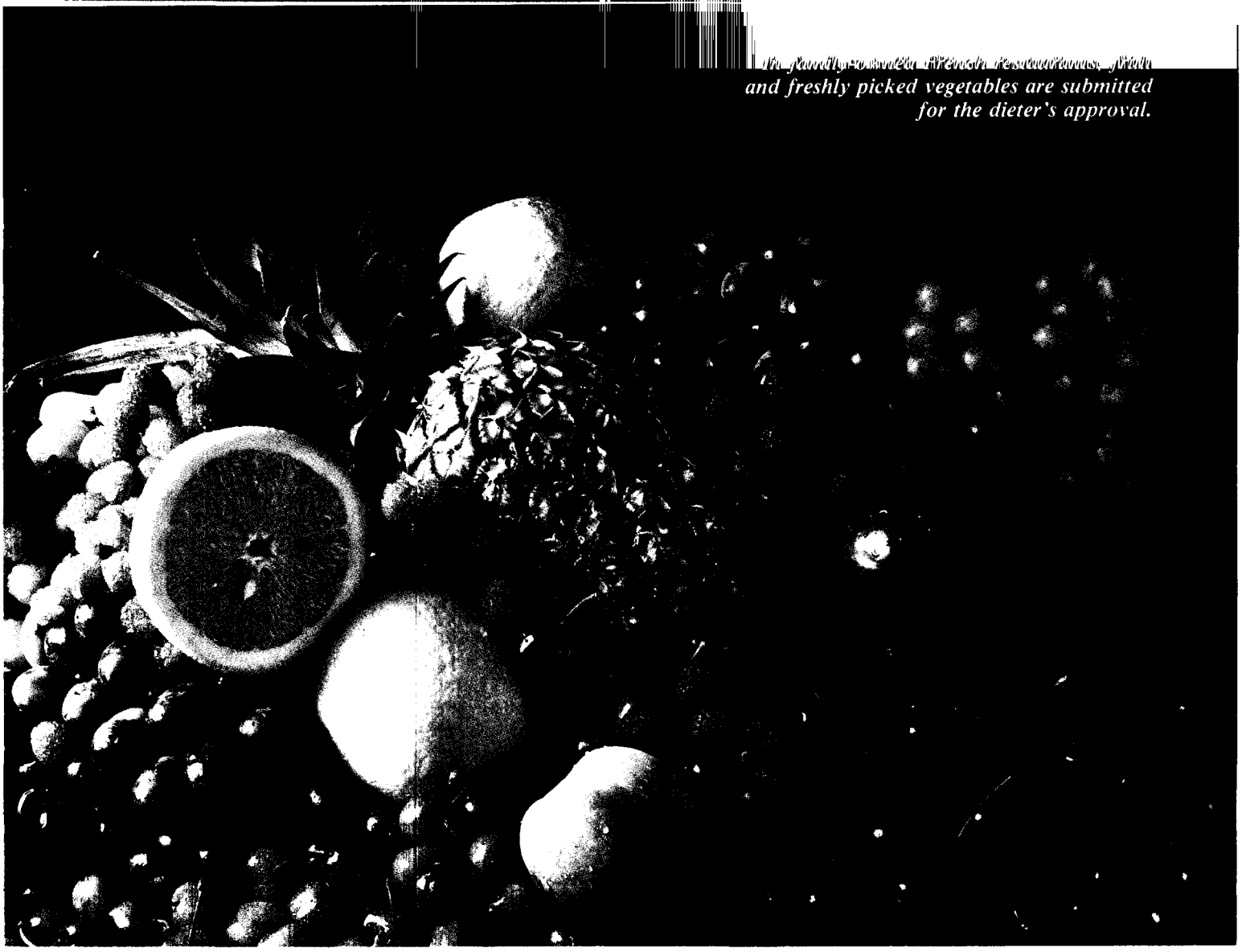
In Paris we stayed at the Angleterre, a small, moderately priced hotel on the Rue Jacob, midway between the Boulevard St. Germaine and the Seine. This is the Latin Quarter, a neighborhood dominated by the university, art galleries, bookshops, antique stores—and food markets. On the Pritikin diet, light meals and lots of snacks in between are not only recommended but mandatory. We became marketers.

Each morning we joined the crowd at an open-air market on the Rue de Buci, a couple of blocks from our hotel, and filled our string bags with snacks and often provisions for a picnic lunch. Crisp, tangy beans; mushrooms; tiny, sweet tomatoes; the delicate, bud-like radishes that the French eat with butter; peas so tender you can eat the shell; baby zucchini; lettuce; cucumber; endive—the choice was endless. I was tempted by the strawberry tarts that sat invitingly in every pâtisserie window, but after one such indulgence found that I preferred the fresh strawberries that were mounded two feet high on the carts in the marketplace. We both became enamored of the miniature gold melons, of apricots that truly melt in the mouth and of cherries, raspberries, tender peaches and oranges that taste unlike any of the American mass-produced varieties.

Breakfast was thus easily managed with a pot of boiling water provided by the hotel and our larder of tea—linden tea, the only such beverage permitted to us, is widely available in France—fruit and crackers and cereal from a "dietetique," the French equivalent of our health-food stores. Picnic lunches, which we preferred whenever the weather and locale were agreeable, were also taken care of. But it was restaurant meals that provided the variety and creativity that make dining in France such a delightful experience.

The streets surrounding our hotel were lined with the kind of restaurants we enjoy most—small family-owned establishments that cater to a regular neighborhood clientele and whose specialties are whatever seems best at the market that morning. We made our choices

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In family-owned French restaurants, fresh and freshly picked vegetables are submitted for the dieter's approval.

by peeking in after examining the menu that, according to law, must be posted outside the premises. If the menu devoted a special little corner to "legumes," we knew the restaurant regarded vegetables as more than an adornment. Not once were we disappointed, nor did we ever have trouble obtaining what we wanted.

At La Petite Seine, a busy little restaurant with low beamed ceilings, candlelight and glass doors opening onto the quiet Rue du Pre-aux-Clercs, we were greeted on a second visit by the patron, who not only remembered us but recalled exactly the requirements of Len's diet. That our bill came to about half what the average diner paid—$15, including wine for me—in no way altered the hospitality of our hosts. This was true both for the modest bistros we favored most of the time and for the luxury establishments at which we splurged on occasion.

It is possible, we discovered, to be pampered in the elegant garden setting of Ledoyen for $40 (for two). Len ordered an *assiette assortie*, an hors d'oeuvre that included julienne strips of beetroot and celeriac, a puree of carrot and salsify, radishes, small white beans and a mince of mushrooms, pepper and scallions garnished with tarragon and lemon. I had one of the specialties—caviar accompanied by a small fish similar to a sardine but less oily. From a harvest of vegetable dishes we chose some favorites rarely available on our side of the Atlantic—fat white asparagus; extra-fine crisp baby green beans flavored with chervil and dill; leeks glazed in an essence of vegetable stock; and olive-shaped steamed potatoes rolled in fresh herbs. For dessert, a huge bowl of raspberries—more than we could consume in a week.

At Le Bon Laboreur in Chenonceau, in the heart of the Loire Valley, the young chef would come into the dining room while we were having a drink. He carried a basket of freshly picked vegetables for our approval; they would come back braised, baked, steamed or puréed, fragrant with newly snipped herbs, color intact and taste and textures new and delicious. Our dinners for three days cost us less than $75, including wine and numerous liters of mineral water.

Lyons, the commercial center of France, has for 2,000 years been a social and cultural capital; today, vestiges of the Roman capital of Gaul, the totally preserved Renaissance city of Vieux Lyon and the modern urban community sit side by side surrounded by mountains, plains and the great vineyards of Beaujolais and the Côte du Rhone.

Lyonnaise cuisine is reputed to be the finest in France. Of the 19 establishments in the whole of France awarded the coveted Michelin rating of three stars,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three—Paul Bocuse, Alain Chapel and La Pyramide—are within a five-mile radius of the city proper. One- and two-star restaurants are too numerous to mention.

Many visitors to France consider dining at Paul Bocuse's restaurant at Collonges-au-Mont d'Or an experience as artistically rewarding as a tour of the Louvre. They think nothing of traveling hundreds of miles for one meal there. We had called ahead to make Len's particular needs known, a courtesy that restaurants of this caliber appreciate—and which inevitably results in a superior performance. On this occasion we splurged to the extent of including a month's ration of nonvegetable protein and feasted on flaky pike perch, a delicate whitefish that breeds in the waters of the Sâone, Bresse chicken with truffles, those flavorful white beans called flageolets, dandelion salad and raspberry sherbet. Masterpieces, of course, do not come cheap; the bill was $50 a person.

We had thought that the South of France, the Côte d'Azur and Provence, might pose a dietary problem. Olives and avocados are, for Pritikinites, the only forbidden fruits—and this is the land of the olive. What, we wondered, could one substitute for ratatouille, fragrant with olive oil? What could take the place of a *salade Niçoise*, garnished with olives and olive-oil vinaigrette? And could anyone resist the tapinade, that marvelous paste of crushed olives that is eaten with butter and crusty French bread?

But *à la provençale*, we soon realized, also means made with tomatoes, garlic, onions, peppers and the aromatic herbs that grow wild on the sunny hills. Though the products of the sea and mutton and wild game from the mountains are used for many local recipes, the mainstays of this cuisine are vegetables and fruit. At Les Oliviers, for example, just outside the ramparts of St. Paul de Vence, we enjoyed meatless stews and pastas exquisitely sauced with tomatoes, basil and other herbs, tangy artichokes sprinkled with lemon and the meaty white asparagus that is indigenous to France.

Provence and the Côte d'Azur are resort areas, and it was here that we encountered French culinary innovation at its best—perhaps because the local chefs are accustomed to catering to a variety of imported ailments as well as the classically French afflictions of the liver.

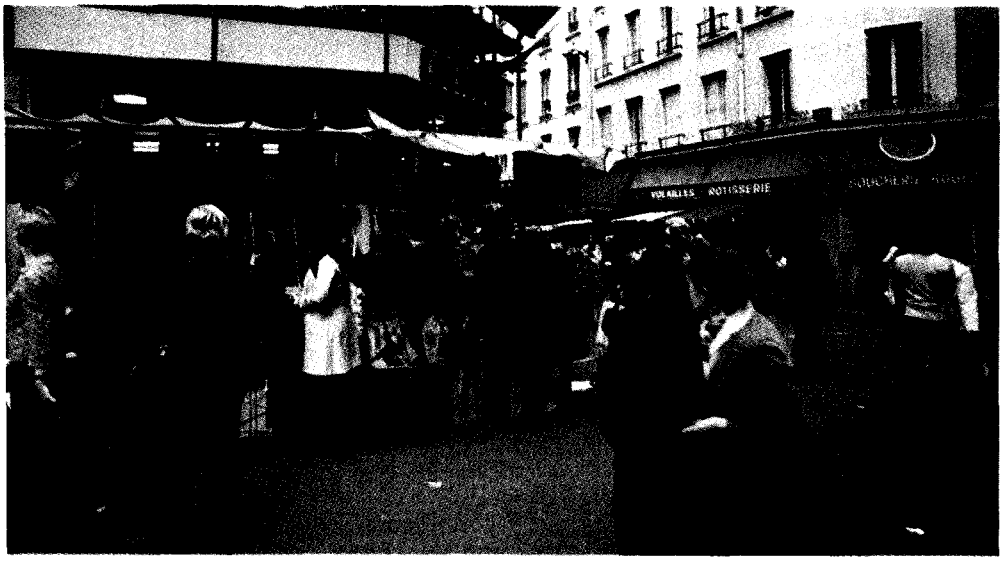
At Le Prieure, a converted abbey in Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, the chef prided himself on his knowledge of diets for all known conditions. Ours was new to him but afforded no difficulty. He managed to blend the flavors of basil, tomato, onion, pepper, eggplant, zucchini and garlic beautifully without oil. Salads appeared mounded with matchsticks of barely cooked, lightly chilled vegetables, subtly flavored with tarragon, basil, rosemary, fennel, wild thyme and other herbs we could not identify. No sauce was needed to enjoy the garden-sweet raw vegetables that were served each evening before dinner. Whenever possible we ordered rice, a variety grown only in the Camargue and never exported, with a flavor so distinctive that no seasoning was required or desired. With wine, our dinner checks averaged $35.

We found a knowledge of French helpful in making our special needs known—particularly on the road—but we could have managed without it. At every hotel and at most restaurants at least one member of the staff and often fellow patrons spoke English; even without a common language, a dictionary and written instructions (which you can have typed up at almost any government tourist office) would have done the trick.

We have always been puzzled by tales of French rudeness or lack of friendliness to Americans; our experiences in France have been unfailingly agreeable, and never more so than on our Pritikin-plan trip. On more than one occasion, when we unwittingly appeared at a restaurant during the hours when the kitchen was closed, the proprietor prepared something for us himself.

On our swing back to Paris, we stopped at a restaurant called L'Auberge du Vieux Brancion in the Burgundian village of Brancion. We were welcomed with handshakes and smiling hospitality by both the proprietors and the few customers at the bar and were served a veritable banquet. Villagers who stopped by for a drink or to visit with our hosts introduced themselves, asked about our travels and offered advice. We were sent off with hugs and more handshakes.

Our trip convinced us that dietary restrictions can be met with surprising ease. We both returned home slimmer, healthier and more energetic than we were when we left; though poorer in pocket, we feel enriched in every other way.



Light meals and frequent between-meal snacks are a pleasant part of the Pritikin program. So is shopping in bustling open-air markets for the succulent fruits and vegetables that form the mainstay of the diet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The $12,000 Secret of an Ohio Housewife

Have you tried to make an honest dollar at home lately?

My wife and I did. And, we found ourselves flooded with bogus envelope stuffing schemes, "party plans", and a variety of other non-profit balderdash. It was a sour experience.

Then, several years ago at a bridge party, one of the guests began discussing a very different and special home "money project". The secret was literally whispered across the table.

We discussed the idea as we were driving home. We decided to try it.

The project kept us busy about four hours a week. We used our dining room as an "office". At first our income was small — about $65.00 to $75.00 per week. But as the weeks passed we began making hundreds of dollars **each week** —all at home.

Let me emphasize one thing. This is very important. Our "money project" is moral, honest and downright enjoyable. And, it's 100% your own. It doesn't involve working for anyone else.

I explained the project to my mother in Akron, Ohio. She was 71 years old and lived by herself in an apartment on W. Market St. But within the first 90 days she made over $3,000.00. All by herself!

As our curiosity grew, we discovered a variety of other people making money but with somewhat different projects . . .

I talked with an Ohio housewife who's been earning thousands of dollars for over six years.

- She provides a needed service to her neighborhood.
- No one comes to her home - nor does she go to anyone else's.
- She uses only her telephone, a spiral notebook and a small filing box.
- She makes up to $100.00 per week, spare time.
- Her service requires no technical skill of any kind. Some states require a simple license.
- Mary works for no one else. She does no selling whatsoever. Most of her clients call her at home.
- Her service is so simple that almost anyone could start the same project in **just 9 days!**

A woman in Pennsylvania uses a similar project to make up to $300.00 per week—all in cash—all earned at home.

An Oregon husband-wife team started the same project we did. In a recent letter they reported gross income of over $14,000.00—all earned at home!

Obviously, this is exceptional income. What you make will be largely up to you. But the income potential from some of these projects can be staggering! For example, a California couple using the same project we used made $14,870.00 in just five months.

Again, these data are accurate or we couldn't - and wouldn't - print them.

HOW TO START

This isn't a "get rich quick" scheme. These money projects will require time and effort on your part.

But you won't need "money" to begin. Most of these projects can be started on less than $25.00 . . . many on less than $10.00.

You won't need a car . . . in a few cases it would be helpful, but not necessary.

You won't need youth. Maturity and experience are excellent assets.

You won't need an "office". Just one corner of a spare room is usually sufficient.

Best of all, you won't have to wait. Most of these projects can be started in **just 9 days!**

We've put everything . . . every secret . . . in a simple Guide. It's entitled THE $12,000 HOUSEWIFE.

TRY THIS TEST

1. When your materials arrive, select just one money project . . . the one you like best.
2. Try it for six months. Remember to begin slowly.
3. At the end of this trial period examine your income. If you're not satisfied with the results, return the book and we will REFUND YOUR FULL PURCHASE PRICE.

SIX-MONTH MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To prove that you **can** make extra money at home, you have our positive 100% money-back guarantee. Order your guide. Keep it for up to **six months.** This gives you time to actually **try** a project yourself. If you're not satisfied just return it. We'll send you a full refund within **three working days—**no nonsense—no excuses—no hassles.

If you're still skeptical feel free to **post date your check 45 days.** That way it's not cashable for a month and a half. I'll send your Guide right away. Read everything. Try a project. Again, if you're not satisfied, return the materials and I'll return your original UNCASHED check. This way there is **absolutely no risk to you!**

Our offices are located on Temple Road in Dunkirk, N.Y. We belong to the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce and our telephone number is 716-366-8300. We're there from 9 am - 5 pm weekdays. Our bank reference is Liberty National Bank and Trust Co., Dunkirk, N.Y. 14048.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All data presented here are supported by correspondence and bank records on file. All the money projects described are independent. They do not involve you in any commercial "work-at-home" schemes or businesses in which you must deal in any way with a parent company.

All money you may receive will be your own.

Your satisfaction with our Guide is absolutely guaranteed or your money will be promptly refunded.

Green Tree Press, Inc.

Ernest Weckesser
c/o The Green Tree Press, Inc.
10576 Temple Road, Dept. 359
Dunkirk, New York 14048

Send me my guaranteed copy of your starter guide entitled **THE $12,000.00 HOUSEWIFE** for a six month trial period. If at any time during that six month period I am not satisfied, I may return it. You will send me a full refund of the purchase price within three working days . . . no delays. Also, I may post date my check 45 days from now. If I return the materials within 45 days you will return my original check - **uncashed.** On that basis I am enclosing $9.95.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed
☐ Charge to Visa or Master Charge (please include your account number and expiration date)

Acct. # _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

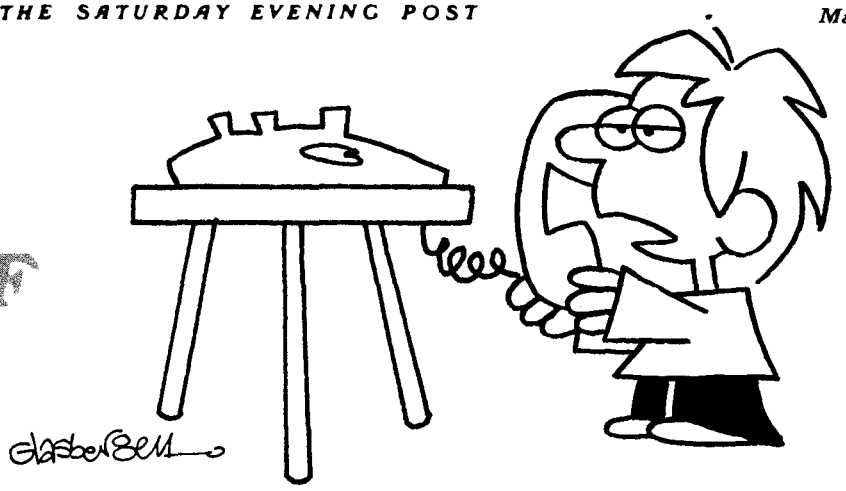
State _____ Zip _____

FOR EXTRA FAST SERVICE YOU MAY ORDER BY PHONE. JUST CALL 716-366-8300 WITH YOUR VISA OR MASTER CHARGE ACCOUNT NUMBER.

©1980 Green Tree Press, Inc.

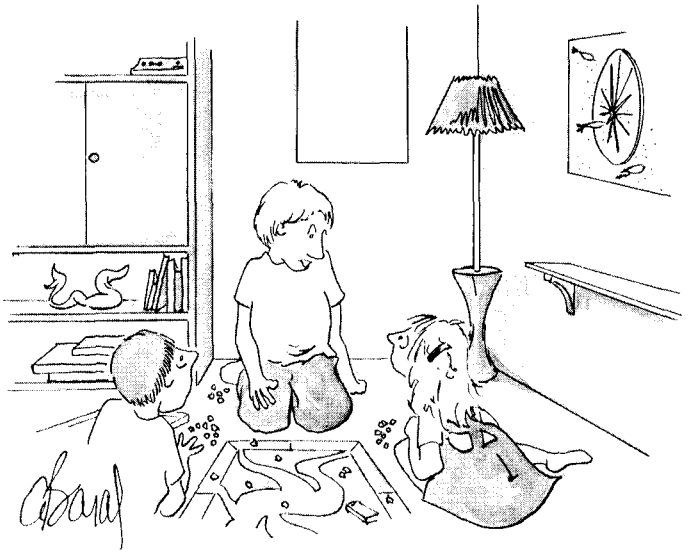
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KID STUFF

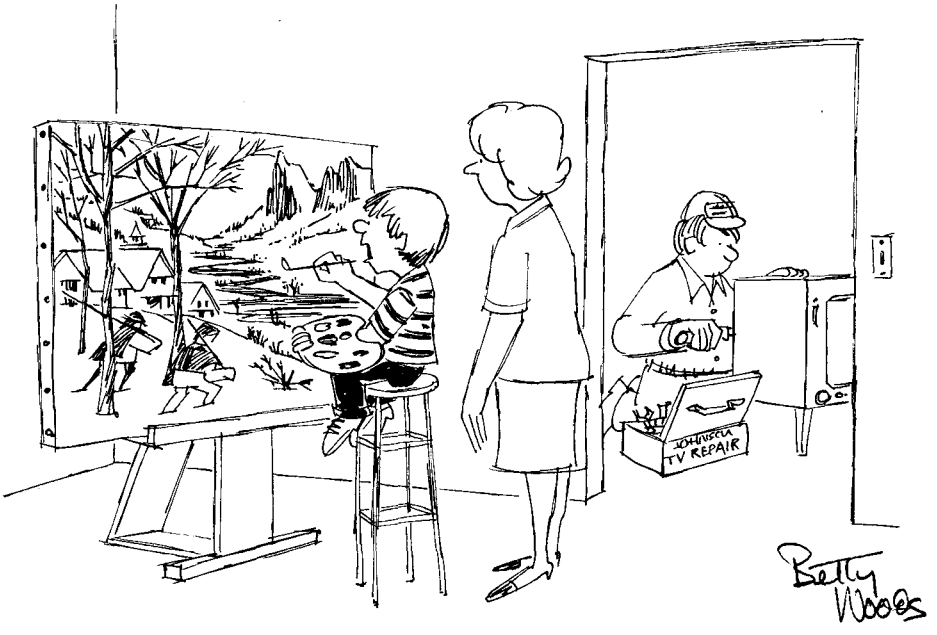


"Mom is in the hospital. The twins and Roxie and Billy and Sally and the dog and me and Dad are all alone."

"He's getting warm, isn't he, Dad?"



"It's my game. I'll determine corporate policy!"



"Oh, I'm just killing time till the TV is repaired."

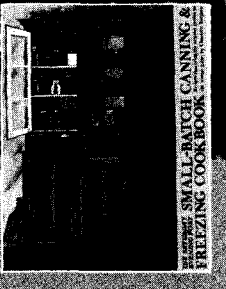
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bring the Country to a Friend

It's a country tradition to lend a helping hand. And *The Country Gentleman* is a good hand to have around the house. Every issue is packed with cost-cutting how-to's, wildlife and conservation articles, features for the outdoorsman, interviews with your kind of people, fiction, art and humor. So, subscribe to a better way of life with *The Country Gentleman*. And if you subscribe and also send a friend a subscription, we'll send *you* the *Small-Batch Canning & Freezing Cookbook*. This durable softbound cookbook is filled with 144 pages of recipes and directions for putting up your summer harvest, and it's yours free when you take *The Country Gentleman* . . . and send the country to a friend.

©CBS Photo: Paul Robert Perry

SPECIAL BONUS



The Country Gentleman 1100 Waterway Boulevard Indianapolis, IN 46202

☐ Enclosed Check or Money Order ☐ Bill me
☐ BankAmericard/VISA ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
My Name (print) _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage U.S. Currency Only

Please send me *The Country Gentleman* for:

☐ 1 year (4 issues) **$4.95**
☐ 2 years (8 issues) **$8.95**
☐ 3 years (12 issues) **$12.95**

and to my friend for:

☐ 1 year **$4.95**
☐ 2 years **$8.95**
☐ 3 years **$12.95**

Total Amt. _____

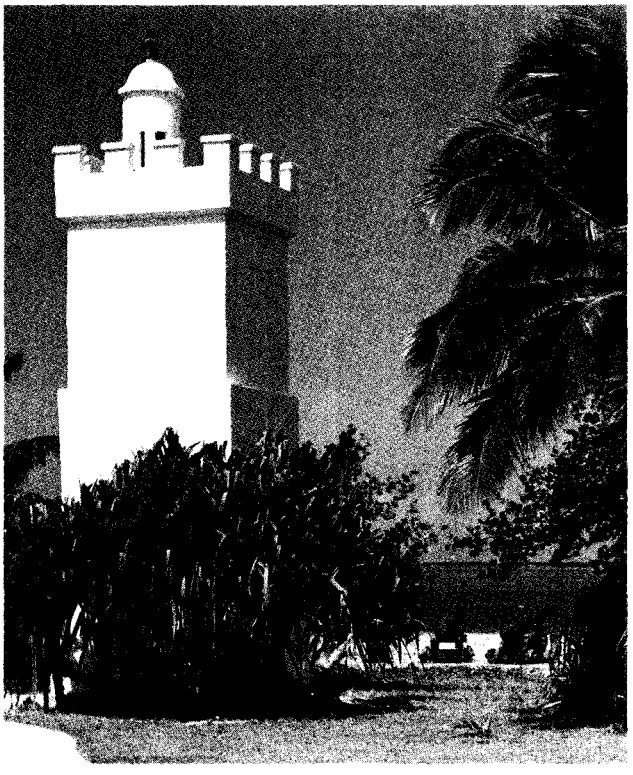
My Friend's Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State, Zip _____

461

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

There's something worth remembering about any place you go. Can you put these landmarks in their proper places with the hints supplied below?



1 ☐ **The Grenadines** ☐ **Canary Islands** ☐ **The Bahamas**
Ships flying the Jolly Roger were a common sight from this vantage point 300 years ago. Buccaneer Henry Morgan once had a cave hideout on this island, the largest in an archipelago named for the Spanish *bajamar* or "shallow water."

2 ☐ **Ghent, Belgium** ☐ **Lyon, France** ☐ **Utrecht, Holland**
The rugged Castle of the Counts of Flanders has stood guard over this ancient European town, the historic capital of Flanders, since the 9th century. Philip the Good of Burgundy established the famous knightly Order of the Golden Fleece here in the late 1400s.

3 ☐ **Montevideo** ☐ **Algiers** ☐ **Monte Carlo**
The wheels of fortune spin nightly behind the doors of this exotic establishment. Everyone may try his luck—except for the country's residents, the Monégasques, who are forbidden to cash in their chips. But their landlord, a princely fellow, exempts them, in return, from paying taxes.

4 ☐ **Hong Kong** ☐ **Taipei** ☐ **Peking**
The great Chung Cheng Memorial Hall was dedicated in 1980 to the memory of this republic's most famous leader, who died in 1975 at the age of 87. Over 20 stories tall, standing on a white marble foundation, it dominates the view of this Oriental capital city.

(Answers on page 125)

PROTECTED BY U.S. COPYRIGHT LAW
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

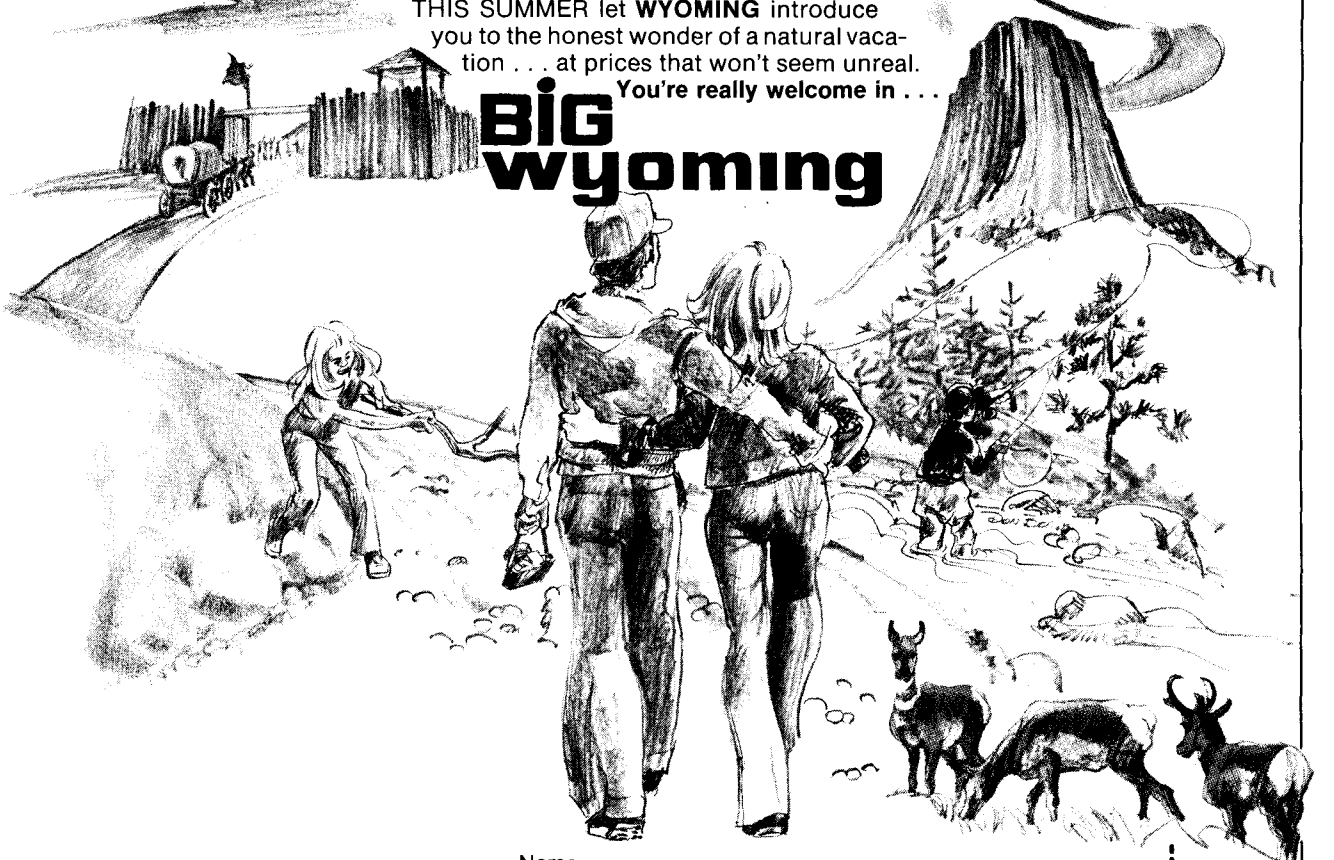
The Experience.

WYOMING . . . a special experience . . . Yellowstone, the Grand Tetons, Devils Tower, Cheyenne Frontier Days, Fort Laramie, Cody's Buffalo Bill Historical Center . . . the West as you want it! **WYOMING** is a natural state for your vacation pleasure . . . the things you like to do and the places you long to see . . . together. Wet a line in a mountain stream . . . enjoy the wonders of wildlife . . . watch a mountain grow in silhouette at sunset.

THIS SUMMER let **WYOMING** introduce you to the honest wonder of a natural vacation . . . at prices that won't seem unreal.

You're really welcome in . . .

BIG wyoming



I'm ready for a special vacation experience. Send me the details!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Wyoming Travel Commission, Room 81D, Cheyenne, WY 82002

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The remote, picturesque beauty of this South Seas fantasy land awaits the eye of the beholder, be he sportsman, tourist or inveterate loner.

North of New Zealand's North Island, just beyond the squat, white Cape Reinga lighthouse, the restless Tasman Sea rubs shoulders with the Pacific Ocean. The meeting is not always cordial. Even on quiet days, a foaming white surge erupts where the waters clash between the coast and The Three Kings islands in the distance.

These days, Cape Reinga is the jumping-off place of tourists, cameras in hand, eager to capture the remote splendor of this promontory on film or to mail a letter from the tiny post office which for New Zealanders stands at the top of the world. Far below, contained by long golden beaches, lie—to the left—the Tasman Sea and—to the right—the Pacific Ocean.

If someone held a popularity poll for these bodies of water, I think the Pacific would win—if not for looks, for deportment. The Pacific's *laissez-faire* approach to North Island's northeast-facing coastline has left generous aureate beaches and picturesque inlets spattered with islands—littoral splendors that defy adjectives.

Near the top lies Doubtless Bay, named by Captain Cook, who merely sailed by and noted absently in his log that it was "doubtless a bay." Farther along is the Bay of Islands, which Western writer Zane Grey plumbed for world-record marlins and kingfish, and much farther south, the Bay of Plenty, a sunny surfing haven.

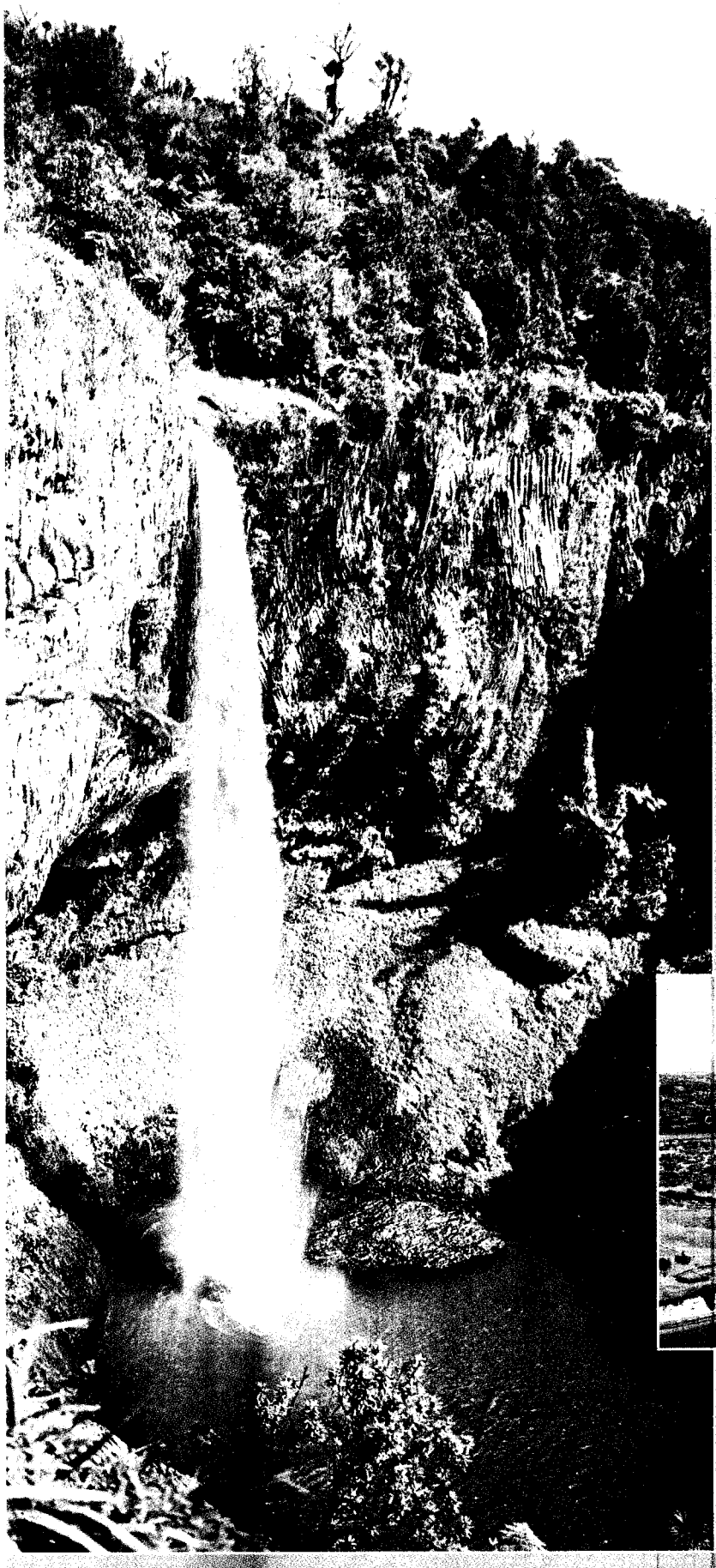
In contrast, the Tasman, backed by relentless westerlies, has pounded the western coastline into a great concave arc that bends from Ninety Mile Beach to New Plymouth, where it bumps abruptly against the foot of Mount Egmont, a volcano's volcano that rivals the majesty of Japan's Fujiyama.

A short trip down Route 10 brings into view the Pacific and the bright Bay of Islands. Picture books are made for places such as this. If the bay lay only 3,000 or so miles closer to the continental U.S., Walt Disney would surely have bought it years ago. The stunning sunrises that reach the seaside windows of the Waitangi Hotel could hardly be faked by a fantasy-land illustrator. Just across the one-lane bridge rides a real ship with a hold full of genuine treasure—gold, silver and jewels which a daring diver has wrested from shipwrecks off New Zealand's shores. Still farther around, at Paihia, fishermen launch off toward Urupukapuka Island, Zane Grey's 1926 fishing camp, and on to Cape Brett, the rendezvous point for some of the world's biggest fish and greatest fishermen.

Paihia keeps a low profile—no high-rise beach hotels here, no slick, sophisticated waterfront. A New Zealand acquaintance who had a restaurant and a residence in Los Angeles told us nothing could get him away from L.A. until he was offered a position at the Bay of Islands. "It's something a fellow just doesn't turn down," he said.

Farther around the bay, the once-brawling sailors' den of Russell is now a sleepy tourist town, showing little outward change since the days of sailing ships, when wily dealers did a fast trade in shrunken heads with Maori warriors. Here, the unassuming Duke of Marlborough Hotel, oldest chartered hotel in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

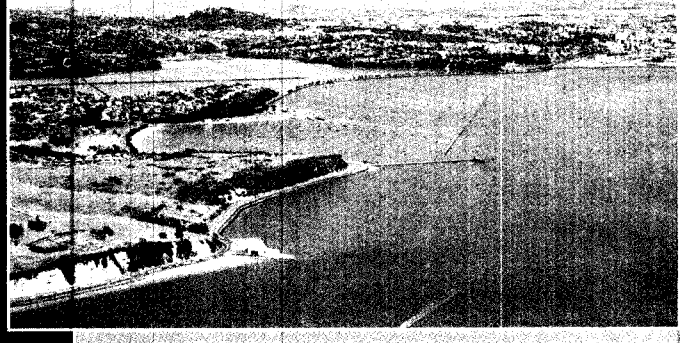


New Zealand, overstuffs lunch guests with a not-at-all-unassuming three-course meal for about four dollars. Before you eat here, remember that in New Zealand, fresh flounder doesn't arrive in dinky fillets, but enplattered head to tail with full trimmings. I suggest skipping breakfast before stopping by.

Just down the quay sits the musty old Pompallier House, site of the first Roman Catholic Mission printing press. I mention it only because it has a splendid veranda, the colonial type that, unfortunately, went out with Queen Victoria. If you're looking for the perfect vantage point for viewing New Zealand, I'd suggest a veranda, specifically the one at the Kerikeri roadside tea room the other side of the bay. Such tea rooms are a national institution in New Zealand. They offer travelers respite from the scourge of driving on the left-hand side along the islands' endless, tortuous roadways.

Farmers in surrounding fields tend vines of ripening kiwi fruits, sheltered by towering bamboo windbreaks. They take away all surrounding blossoms so bees, which like kiwi blossoms about as much as kids like spinach, will reluctantly pollinate them. Groves of tomato trees yield oblong tamarillos, tasty fruits I'd never seen anywhere before.

The North Island landscape is a puzzle. Even New Zealanders themselves



Even New Zealanders marvel at the scenic majesty of their country, whether in urban areas or where spring-fed waterfalls compete for the most spectacular view.

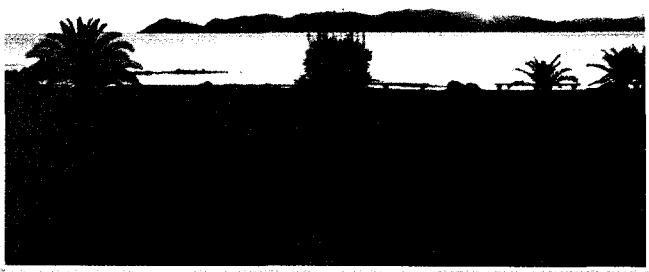
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are still baffled by its peculiar beauty. Picture books of the countryside are best sellers here. It is as if a great pastoral overlay has been performed upon a more abstract panorama. Exotic foliage pops up where you'd least expect it; strange subtropical concoctions of points and angles, flax plants, dells of giant fern trees and swaying hedgerows of toetoe grass like plumed spars—all kept in place by smooth green hillsides, buttoned down by statue-like grazing sheep.

Inland, at Rotorua, internal forces are still letting off steam. Area residents need only drive a pipe into the ground to tap free heat, which billows up in vaporous clouds from holes at every turn. Dante should have visited here. George Bernard Shaw did, and called it "the most hellish" scene he'd ever witnessed. "I'd gladly have given 10 pounds not to have seen it," he said.

Lake Rotorua itself is an ancient volcano. The black swans that add the finishing touch to this idyllic body of water must have had their feathers ruffled a mite back in 1886 when nearby Mount Tarawera volcano blew up without warning, creating a roar that people heard in Dunedin 1,000 miles away. Amphibian planes stand ready to carry visitors on low-cost air tours. They wing over the remains of Mount Tarawera, still a blackened cinder after nearly 100 years and sporting a gigantic red gash like an open wound that has never healed. More inviting are the numerous crater lakes, accessible by float plane, which harbor some of the world's most fruitful fishing preserves.

Even at seaplane altitude, the special essence of Rotorua causes us to wrinkle our unhabituated noses. There's really nothing rotten in Rotorua—it's just the sulfurous fumes that rise from the thermal springs.



This sunset illuminates a beach bordering upon New Zealand's aquatic hues—patches of beryl and cerulean which deepen into ultramarine and finally indigo.

The grandness of the real southern sky must be added to the indelible images of New Zealand—the Southern Cross and the broad beam of the Milky Way are novelties to the perspective of northern star-gazers. I'd like to return to New Zealand some day and stand at the summit of Mount Eden's volcanic cone on a cool austral evening, taking in the whole expanse of the stars above and the twinkling flow of the Auckland lights below as they spread over and around the somnolent volcanic cones and edge politely around Manukau and Waitemata harbors.

Far removed from the island's barren environs, civility and culture merge at one of the country's many museums.

It must have been the view from the top of Mount Eden or some other aerial summit that inspired Rudyard Kipling's description of Auckland—"last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite apart." In deference to him, East and West don't quite meet here, although the Tasman and the Pacific nearly touch in the heart of the city.

Seven hundred-fifty thousand of New Zealand's three million live and work here among great museums, good restaurants, flowering hedges and unavoidably spectacular ocean views.

Auckland only lacks one major ingredient common to other large cities. There's no honking. Motorists rarely touch their horns. One resident explained this strange behavior. "We New Zealanders believe the horn should be right up in the front seat next to the driver's ear," he said. That's a peaceable kingdom!

We dined with a New Zealand friend who lives just outside Auckland in a beautiful home he built himself. The house stands on a ridge and overlooks a steep gully kept trim by a handful of cattle and sheep. The garden flows with flowers; colorful birds flitter in a large wire cage on the patio; and nearby, edible fish he is raising swim in a plastic pool.

It's a typical New Zealand family—two well-mannered, towheaded children, a boy and a girl. We helped ourselves to potatoes and lamb sliced very thin and sipped some light, fruity New Zealand wine. Our friend says his wife is after him to finish up the odds and ends on the house. There's only one major addition to come, he said. He's going to build a veranda.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Farmhouse

continued from page 59

can either take the junk or take me home to Mother." Decisions....

Nor was it my fault the kids had such good luck at the dump. Nikki found a double-deck doll bunk with only one leg missing and what she insisted was a stroller (actually a grass seeder, or *had been* a grass seeder, let's say). Michael's contribution to the load going back was a windmill framework, which he said would make a swell Jungle Jym, and one stilt. The horsehair sofa, fluffed up with the rest of the baled hay, was to have been a surprise. But when Lois said, "When are you planning to take the junk?" and I said I had already taken the junk, I decided from the downward curve of her mouth it would be to my welfare to leave the sofa in the barn under the hay.

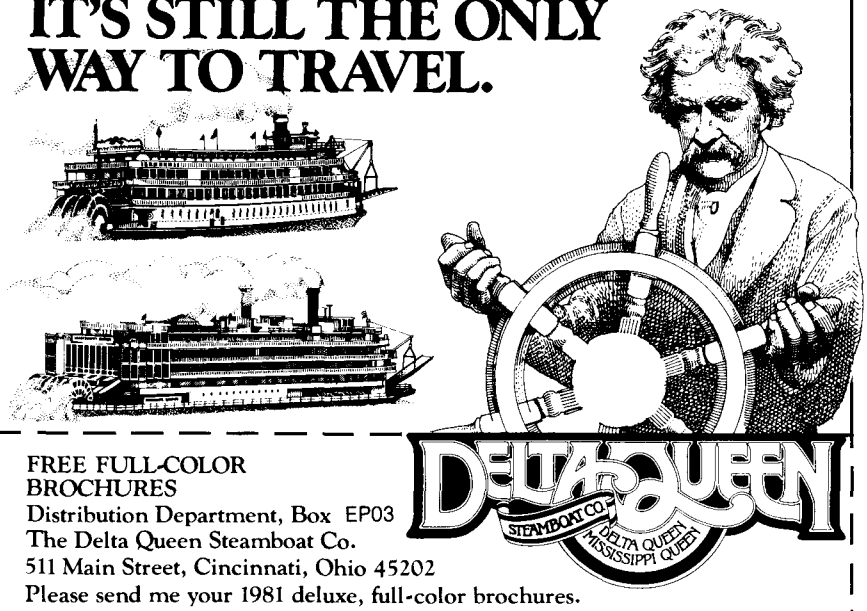
The next morning, over a bowl of chopped walnut meats I had mistaken for granola, we had a long talk. The conclusion was, all else would be forgiven if I would drain the cellar. She had found it a nuisance wading from the bottom stair step to the storage shelves, especially when she failed to avoid the area where the sump pump once sumped and she went in above her knees.

No problem. A simple matter of digging a ditch from the cellar to a small pond lying about 50 yards west of the house. The water from the cellar would run into the pond, the frogs would be happy and so would Lois.

Where I went wrong, so I've been told—and told *and told*—is probably in having flunked physics in high school. Something about the volume of the water in the pond exceeding the volume of the water in the cellar. Thus the water that was supposed to have drained from the cellar into the pond, vice versaed, and instead of stepping into the water from the bottom cellar step, Lois found herself plunging into water at the top cellar step. My suggestion that she store her stuff in the pond, which was now dry, did nothing to improve the situation.

The way it looks at this point, that horsehair sofa in the barn may come in handy after all.

STEAMBOATIN'
IT'S STILL THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL.

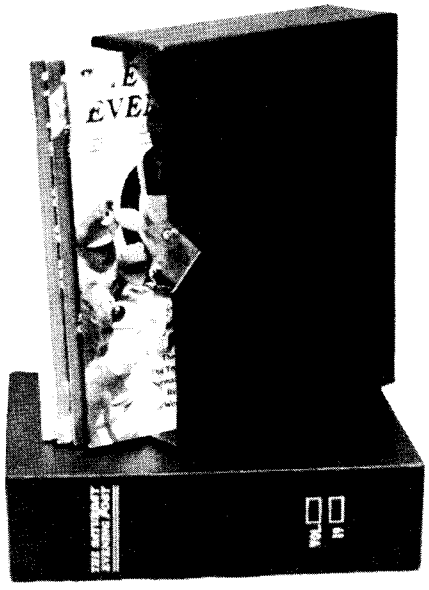


DELTA QUEEN
STEAMBOAT CO.
DELTA QUEEN
MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

FREE FULL-COLOR BROCHURES
Distribution Department, Box EP03
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
Please send me your 1981 deluxe, full-color brochures.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(Allow 3 weeks for 3rd Class mail delivery)
☐ Please send my free brochures by 1st Class return mail for which I'm enclosing $1.
Cruises from 2 to 14 nights.

Save Every Post...



in a custom-designed library case of fine-textured dark blue leatherette, embossed with gold lettering. Each case will protect and organize one year of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Armchair Shopper • P.O. Box 130 • Indianapolis, IN 46206
Send _____ SEP Library case(s) at $5.95 each; 3 for $16; 6 for $28. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge
Credit card # _____ Expires _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
e w 1B

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ray Kroc

continued from page 69

thought: "Why not let a bunch of other people open up some more of these drive-ins—say, one apiece—and operate them for you? And pay you for the rights and the idea?"

They'd already tried that, said the McDonalds. In fact, there were eight or ten McDonald's-type drive-ins scattered through California and Arizona that they'd licensed to operate pretty much as they did. But they were not all of the same high quality as the McDonalds' original drive-in, and anything lower in quality tended to reflect on the brothers and on their drive-in in San Bernardino.

So that was it. Kroc sent up two ideas and saw both of them shot down. It began to look as if he'd never get this new market for his Multimixers.

He made one last try. It took form something like this:

"Why don't you get one person—somebody you really trust—who wants the same high quality you have? And let that one person ride herd on the whole operation—finding operators, finding places for them to set up shop, building the drive-ins, making sure that all the operators adhere to the standards you want. That way you get some income and your standards, but you don't have the problems—that one guy takes care of them for you."

"One man? Like who?" one of them asked.

"Like me," he replied.

He didn't even begin to think about how much work it would be. Or how much he knew about selling hamburgers, which was zilch. All he could think of was that if he was on the "inside" of this kind of deal, he'd find it easier to peddle Multimixers to the new store owners.

By the time he went home to Chicago the next day, he knew everything about McDonald's from the recipe for their French fries to the details of the drive-in's floor plan. He also had a signed contract in his pocket, one that gave him the power to organize the system and ride shotgun on it.

The contract provided that there'd be a charge of $950 to each individual who wanted a license to duplicate what the McDonalds did. That was intended to offset the costs that Kroc encountered in getting the system going. Furthermore, Kroc would collect 1.9 percent of all the money that the new store owners took in—"right off the top"—and he'd give .5 percent out of this 1.9 percent (a half-cent out of every dollar that came in) to the McDonald brothers. That meant that if somebody they licensed opened another McDonald drive-in and took in $100,000 a year, Kroc would collect $1,900 of it. He'd send $500 of it to the McDonald brothers, and he'd get to keep $1,400.

Kroc's expectation was that he would get his expenses paid and that he might make a little more money by selling the new store owners some Multimixers. He didn't arrange to take a salary; in fact, he didn't take a salary for a number of years. He lived off his old job and whatever profits the new enterprise might turn up for him.

They had no trouble with the name. Kroc thought that "McDonald" was a promotable name and he—like everybody else—could see there might be certain difficulties with a food-delivery system using the name "Kroc..." There was no trouble with quality control. They wrote the quality standards into the agreement with an innocent arrangement that would cause Kroc endless anguish later on. The clause simply bound him to do exactly what the McDonald brothers did to guarantee that the new drive-ins would be exactly like the San Bernardino drive-in. That didn't bother Kroc. He liked the San Bernardino drive-in—and the golden arches—and he liked the idea of doing everything just as the McDonalds did. In fact, he went so far as to agree in the contract that he wouldn't deviate from any detail of the San Bernardino drive-in without getting the agreement of both brothers in writing and having it sent to him by registered mail.

On the whole, he was quite pleased when he flew home to Chicago. He had the beginnings of a new growth market for his Multimixers, and he had something that he thought would make him a little more money on the side. He decided that the first thing he'd do would be to open a McDonald's in the Chicago area as an experiment, to learn about the business from the inside and—assuming it was the hit that it had been in San Bernardino—to make a bit of a profit.

So he found a lot on Lee Street in Des Plaines, a suburb northwest of Chicago. It was a seven-minute drive from his home and a short walk from a commuter station where he could catch a train into the Loop. He'd get up around 5:30 in the morning, drive to the McDonald's site around dawn, work until it was time to go downtown and then leave his car and walk to the train station for the Loop-bound commuter. He'd work all day and into the evening with his Multimixers, catch an evening train back to Des Plaines, work at the McDonald's to closing time and then drive home to catch a few hours of sleep.

There was an overriding problem: He didn't have much money to build his dream. Or to build his McDonald's, for that matter. So he went to a construction man named Art Jacobs and offered to split the ownership with him 50-50 if Jacobs would build the stand for him. Jacobs agreed. And the first question he asked—on studying the floor plans of the drive-in he was to copy—was to set Kroc on the path to years of travail: "Where do we put the furnace?"

That was a question which

Continued on following page

Long ago in the Post

What price Government?

"Amateur Administration," Editorial, August 31, 1918

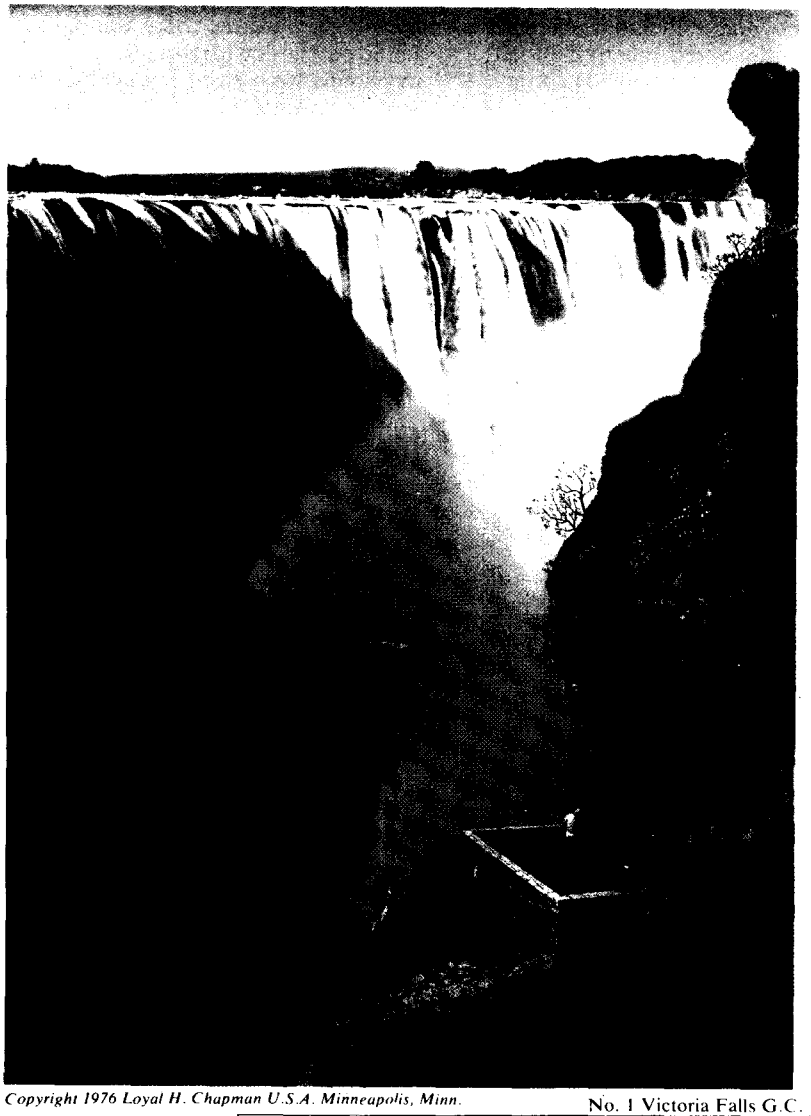
"Cost of government in the United States, exclusive of the federal government, is now about two billion dollars a year. Pretty largely this money is spent by amateurs relying on improvised and impressionistic methods. There is not much of exact science about its spending; the expert comes in to only a minor degree. Pretty largely we hand over the spending of these two billions to the man who can say, "Hello, Bill!" in a hearty manner. A good many of our friends think that is democracy and that the all-important thing about a public officer is his political idealism. We think it quite as important that he know something about the business he is undertaking."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Golfers, Reach for Excellence!

A Limited Offering of Chapman's

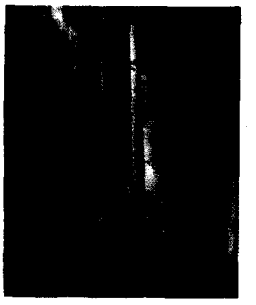
Infamous Golf Holes!



Copyright 1976 Loyal H. Chapman U.S.A. Minneapolis, Minn.

No. 1 Victoria Falls G.C.

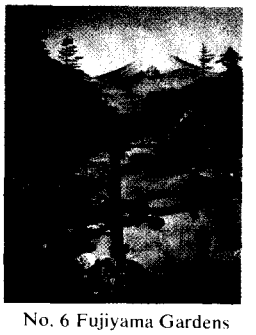
No. 2 Smoky Mountains



No. 3 Redwood Forest G.C.

No. 4 Grand Canyon C.C.

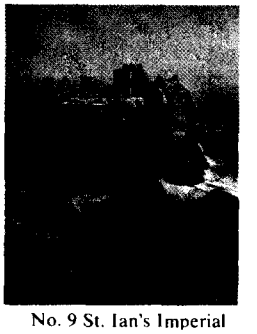
No. 5 Big Sur G. & C.C.



No. 6 Fujiyama Gardens

No. 7 Desert Winds G.C.

No. 8 Mauna Pele C.C.



No. 9 St. Ian's Imperial

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-431-1866
24 Hours per day, 7 days per week

New York State Only 1-800-942-1917

Exciting, Truly Dramatic

Imagine, teeing off at Victoria Falls, or The Grand Canyon, or Desert Winds, for the challenge of a lifetime! The original paintings are by world famous artist and golfer, Loyal H. Chapman.

Natural lifelike quality

These vivid, full color prints are perfect for your office wall, den, family room, or at the club. Captions for each print give a witty description of just how tough each one is to play, in Chapman's own interpretation.

Framed Prints include a top quality walnut finished frame with a distinctive color panel, and a unique protective coating which will protect your print from moisture, dust, and stains. Comes complete with hanger strap, ready to hang. Print size 18"x 24".

Satisfaction Guarantee: You must be completely satisfied with Chapman's Infamous Golf Holes, or simply return them within 10 days for a complete refund of your purchase price.

___ Yes, please rush me the Infamous Golf Holes prints I have indicated below. If I am not satisfied with them, I may return them within 10 days for a complete refund.

Check One:	FRAMED	UNFRAMED
___One only	$ 39.95 ea.	$ 19.95 ea.
___Suite of any 4	139.95	69.95
___Full Suite of 9	299.95	149.95
___Full Autographed Set of 9	445.00	295.00

My choices are: Please add $2.00 per unit for shipping and handling.

Print No.	Title	Quantity Framed	Quantity Unframed

___My Check is enclosed. (NY residents add 5% Sales Tax)

___Charge my credit card, No. _____

___B.A.C./VISA ___M.C. Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

the PLEASANTVILLE PLAN, Dept. SP-2 62 Eastview Ave., Pleasantville, NY 10570

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kroc never quite anticipated. But it was logical when he thought about it. The San Bernardino drive-in was designed for a semi-arid near-desert region where temperatures were usually moderate and the precipitation was low. So it had no furnace and no dehumidifying system and no real ventilating or exhaust system outside of open windows, the desert breezes and a "swamp cooler" on the roof. Chicago, of course, has extreme temperature variations and heavy precipitation.

"How about the basement? That's where they usually go," said Jacobs.

But there was no basement in the original San Bernardino drive-in. It was built on a concrete slab. And Kroc was obligated to follow the original plans in every detail. He was legally bound not to put a furnace in his new building in Chicago. Or a ventilation system. Or a cooling system.

He did the logical thing. He phoned the McDonald brothers long-distance and got their permission, over the phone, to deviate this much from the original plans. They agreed readily enough. The trouble was that the contract did not allow for a verbal permission to make a change from the original plans; the permission had to be in writing, signed by both brothers and sent to Kroc by registered mail. Somehow the McDonalds never gave him written permission via a registered letter. He was technically—and factually—in violation of the contract from the moment he made a change with only verbal permission.

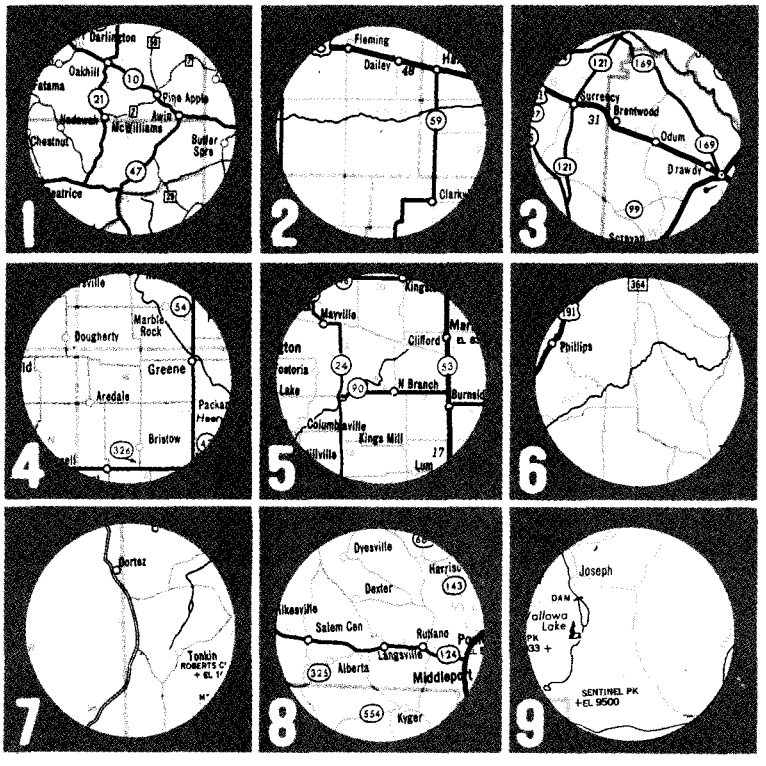
That worried Kroc but didn't deter him. He went ahead and got the Des Plaines drive-in built and opened it in April 1955, just a year after he'd seen the first McDonald's in San Bernardino. It made money virtually right from the start and it gave him a start on something else: all the other problems he'd never thought of.

One problem was the French fries. In Des Plaines, he couldn't even begin to duplicate the singular taste of the French fries served in the San Bernardino store, no matter how hard he tried. He didn't know why. He followed in explicit detail every direction the McDonalds gave him.

He phoned the McDonalds repeatedly and had them recheck. He tried everything and still his French fries came out bland and mushy instead of golden-brown and crispy. He went to the Potato & Onion Association and all he found out was that they were baffled, too. That upset Kroc, because he regarded the French fries as an imperative part of the menu—otherwise a very slim menu—and he didn't want to reduce them in quality or quantity. Finally he went to a scientific type, a laboratory expert, who found one significant difference: Kroc was storing the potatoes, before use, in a dark place in the basement of his hamburger store, while the McDonalds stored them in chicken-wire bins in an open-roofed area in a shed behind the San Bernardino drive-in. He theorized that the McDonalds' storage place—and the soft desert breezes that blew through and over the open-air bins—provided a certain curing effect for the potatoes, drying them out and changing their sugars into starches at a different rate than in the potatoes in Kroc's basement. Kroc couldn't duplicate the shed in San Bernardino; there was no room for it on the lot in Des Plaines. So he developed his own curing system, built largely around the use of large electric fans blowing air across the potatoes in the basement.

Solving these problems consumed a great deal of time. But one development shook him profoundly: He discovered that the McDonald brothers had previously sold the rights to duplicate their hamburger drive-in within the boundaries of Cook County, Illinois. That is where Chicago is located—and Des Plaines and Kroc's own McDonald's drive-in. Somehow the McDonalds had never quite gotten around to telling him about this detail. They had gotten $5,000 for selling the Cook County rights, and now, Kroc says, he had to come up with $25,000 to get his drive-in out from under another legal entanglement—by buying the Cook County rights from the party that the McDonalds had sold them to. Kroc was long upset, because clearing up the Cook County rights cost him "blood money. I could not afford it. I was in debt for all I was worth already." But he still had faith—in himself, in his ability and in his idea.

At first it took enormous patience, because everything went very slowly. Consider: He got the idea in April 1954. He opened his own McDonald's Hamburgers place in Des Plaines in April 1955. In the next year he opened three more, all of them in southern and south-central California, where the drive-in phenomena was commonplace (and where, therefore, there were fewer risks than if it had been entirely new to them). He did not venture to open another one outside of California until May 1956, some 25 months



Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 128)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after he'd seen the original McDonald's in San Bernardino.

In the last half of 1956, he opened eight more McDonald's, and only one of them was in sure-to-be-safe California. Then, in 1957, he opened—through franchises—24 more all over the country. That was a two-a-month pace and gave him a total of 37 hamburger sites.

After that, the pace increased sharply. In the next 2½ years, he opened 164 more McDonald's. Investors began approaching him, clamoring to own a hamburger stand. The cost of a franchise began rising. (Today it takes $250,000 to get into business with a McDonald's.) It wasn't long before Kroc realized he was onto something much bigger than selling Multimixers.

Bit by bit, he changed his attitude toward the scope of the business. Clearly he was no longer involved in McDonald's as a way of trying to develop a market for Multimixers. Yet he hated to give up his job with Multimixers because he liked the security of having a paid job—he still wasn't taking a salary out of McDonald's. Finally the time came when he had to give up his job with Multimixers and sell out his interest in the company. McDonald's was growing so fast that he and his associates were preoccupied with problems of prosperity. For example:

—What do you do when your French fries are so popular that you might run out of potatoes? The answer: McDonald's began buying out the entire crop of Idaho Russet Burbanks every year.

—How high can you stack hamburger patties—when you need scores, even hundreds of them handy in rush periods—without having the patties on the bottom crushed? The answer: Kroc and others at McDonald's began experimenting with stacks of hamburger patties until "we arrived at the optimum height." Knowing the "optimum height," they went to the people who made the packages that the hamburger patties were shipped in and got them to make the package to that optimum height. The reason: That would eliminate the step of unloading and restacking the patties in the store; instead, the package could simply be opened and used as the container to hold the patties as they were used.

—How do you know you'll have the right pieces of land in the right places for hundreds of future McDonald's drive-ins when you don't know precisely how many you'll need or where or when? The answer: McDonald's began buying up a certain kind of vacant lot all over the country—usually in the open spaces in or beyond suburbs—and "stockpiling" them until they might be needed.

Continued on following page

ARE THE LIVES OF YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES WORTH $29.95 AND 14 MINUTES?

Every 17 minutes someone is victimized in his home, and this year one in every 11 families will suffer at the hands of criminals. But the most insidious killer of them all—Night Fires—is on the rise, especially so during the holiday season. Fires kill most of their victims by suffocation long before they've begun to fully blaze. These tragedies kill and maim more people each year than all the people killed in the Vietnam war. These tragedies always seem to happen to someone else, but with crime increasing at almost 20 percent each year and home fires at 12 percent, it won't be long before we will all be affected. What can you do to reduce your chances of involvement in these tragedies?

There are many companies selling all manner of early warning systems and various alarm systems to the homeowner, but unfortunately they seem to be more interested in making large profits than in offering a fully rounded system at a truly affordable price. We have been in the field for many years and have dealt with many people such as yourself, and we have analyzed what the real needs of a homeowner or apartment dweller really are. We know that each system should be reliable, small and preferably provide wireless operation for ease of installation. This last feature means you could move the entire system to a new apartment or a new home, quickly and easily, without losing your investment. We know that each system should be able to detect the poisonous gasses produced by fire as well as protect the entrance ways into your home from intrusion whether you are at home or away. We also know that systems presently sold by several large national manufacturers, offering only the features mentioned above, normally retail at $250 and up, and we're not impressed. This is the age of micro-computers now, not keys and switches.

So. . .we set out to assemble the most advanced home-security package available, using today's technology, at a price no one could afford to be without. It can easily be installed by anyone capable of replacing batteries in his flashlight in just five to ten minutes. If you add the four minutes required to read this ad to the time to install our system, you have the 14 minutes mentioned in our headline. . .And the price of our *Budget System is only $29.95*. Our Budget System consists of: three window/door transensors, one UL-approved poisonous gas transensor, Computerized Control Panel with two-level alarm and our 32-page manual. PLUS at no extra cost we are including a 3-oz. mini-spray can of mace, a safe, humane way to protect yourself and your family until the police arrive, when it's your turn to be next!

We also have a Deluxe System for larger houses consisting of: six window/door transensors, two approved poisonous gas transensors, 3-oz. and 6-oz. spray cans of mace, a Deluxe Computer Console and our 32-page manual. The Deluxe Console features a large digital-readout clock and a programmable 16-level alarm sequencer, which allows you to set your normal weekly schedule into the system. Once set it will cut your exterior alarms on when you are in for the day and your internal alarms on when you are gone for the day, all automatically, until you change the settings. The specially designed circuit continually checks the system for 72 hours and the power fail. With all these features I'm sure you'd expect a price upward of $100 or even $200, but in keeping with our plan to deliver the very best available at a really affordable price, we are pleased to be able to offer our Deluxe Unit for only $59.95 complete.

When you purchase either of our units we will also enclose a copy of Bob Reiner's new book *Safeguarding Your Family*. This book retails for $14.95, but it's yours absolutely free for trying out our system. If at anytime you are not pleased with our system, return it in its original cartons for a complete refund, but keep Bob Reiner's book as a gift for yourself.

These units need no service, repair or maintenance except for installation of a battery every year. No tools are required for installation. Each unit carries a replacement warranty for three years from date of purchase.

International Security Corporation
1703 Raintree Drive,
Richmond, VA 23233

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
☐ VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE

Send me ____ Budget Units @ $29.95 each
Send me ____ Deluxe Units @ $59.95 each
Send me ____ extra Door/Window Transensors @ $10.00 each
Send me ____ extra Poison Gas Transensors @ $15.00 each

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please, do not send cash — SEP 21 — Allow three to six weeks for delivery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The last strategy offered great opportunities. It allowed McDonald's to buy up a great deal of property before the prices went sky-high. But the very explosiveness of the growth caused problems. Ray Kroc had to scratch around hard to come up with $1,000 to get the real-estate venture started and in a relatively short time found that his company owned—through leverage and a number of ingenious financial devices—some $170 million in real estate. The problems this caused were totally unexpected. For one thing, some people began to look at McDonald's as a company that dealt in real estate, not one that sold hamburgers or sold franchises so that others could sell hamburgers. Almost every penny Kroc—or McDonald's—was taking in from the franchises that McDonald's had already opened was going into real estate for franchises that McDonald's might open in the future. The result was that he and the company were cash-poor: He wasn't taking much cash out of the operation and neither were the people who worked with him and for him. Not only that: If the company needed cash to handle any other problems, it had difficulty coming up with it in a hurry.

Take, for example, the problem of clearing up the contract entanglements between Kroc and the McDonald brothers. From the start, Kroc was aware he'd made many, many deviations from the original McDonald's drive-in in San Bernardino and—though he'd gotten verbal permission all the time—these deviations put him in violation of the original contract with the McDonald brothers.

That raised the possibility that he was completely liable to them legally. He'd violated the contract and perhaps they could sue—and win—and put him out of the business. That doesn't mean they *would* do it. It meant only that they *could* do it. And the possibility left him feeling very insecure. There was also the knowledge that the McDonald brothers were getting more money out of the company for doing nothing than he was for working 12 to 18 hours a day. So when he heard that the McDonald brothers wanted to retire from running their own drive-in, he thought he'd help them along. By buying out all their rights in McDonald's.

"How much do you want for them?" he asked.

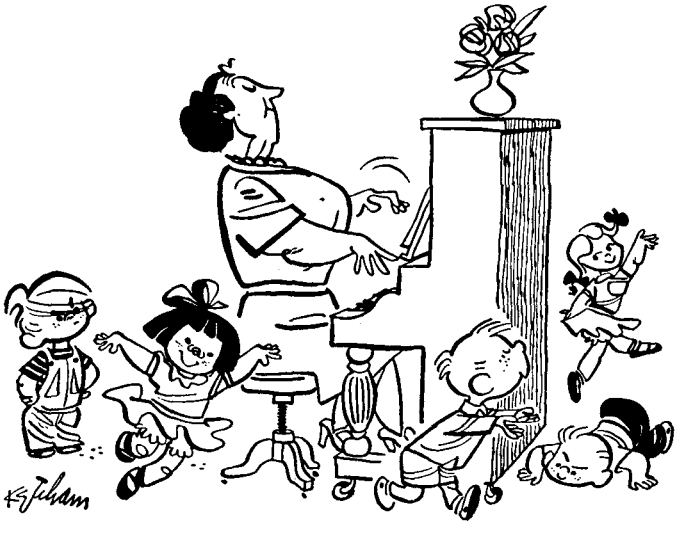
What they wanted was a million dollars each—after taxes.

That isn't bad in today's terms. But this was in the days before McDonald's had its explosive growth, in the days when McDonald's was cash-poor. Kroc figured out that it would come to $1.35 million each, or $2.7 total. Neither he nor McDonald's had that kind of cash. So he had to go out and borrow it, and borrowing is much more expensive than paying cash. The cost of paying off the McDonalds came, in the end, to almost $14 million (the $2.7 million for them and all the interest charges and other borrowing costs). But now, even with that high cost, he thinks it was worth it on a dollars-and-cents basis. Because their original cut—a half-cent on the dollar—from the annual sales of the entire McDonald's system would now come to more than $30 million a year.

There were many other problems, and opportunities, of growth, but the most celebrated was Kroc's decision to "go public" with the company. On the morning in 1963 the stock went on public sale, the asking price was $22.50 a share. Before the end of the day it was up to $30 a share, and in a relatively short time it was up to $50 a share. Kroc suddenly found himself worth hundreds of millions of dollars—only a few years after others felt that his prospects and markets were declining and that time was closing in on him.

A lot of other people got rich along with Ray Kroc. Some of them got stock early and held on to it. Others became suppliers to McDonald's and grew with the company. One meat supplier—who'd lost money for 13 consecutive months and needed a million dollars just to keep his business going—not only rebuilt his business but wound up selling 300 million patties of hamburgers to McDonald's every year. A paper supplier agreed to take on Kroc's needs for paper for napkins, menus, order forms and sacks; his company grew so fast that a larger paper company took it over in a merger—and the Kroc supplier became chairman of the board of the merged company.

Thus Ray Kroc—now 77, a man well recovered from the hazards of his early 50s—became a Protean figure: He became to the fast-food industry what Andrew Carnegie was to the steel industry, what Henry Ford was to the auto industry, what John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was to oil and finance. A dreamer. A visionary. A man of ambition whose idea made him rich, even as it spread and enlarged to bring fulfillment to others who cherished their own dreams. ★



The Perfect Squelch

The new music teacher was drilling the class in songs that were acted out as the children sang them. After a number of songs in which the youngsters hopped about and waved their arms to represent various subjects, she noticed that one small boy was doing very little acting.

"You're not using your imagination, John!" she said sharply. "The next song will be about flowers, and I want you to act like one!"

John started out willingly enough, but halfway through the song, obviously tired, he stopped suddenly and sat down.

"John!" the teacher called sternly. "Get up at once! You're supposed to be a flower. You must have some imagination. Now use it!"

"But I am," the youngster protested.

"Then why are you sitting on the floor?" the teacher demanded.

Looking up, John quietly explained, "My stem broke."

—Charles V. Tavender

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great Gift for Every SATURDAY EVENING POST Reader —

Genuine HAND-Enameled Silver Coin Pendants!

We would bet dollars to doughnuts that you have never seen money as beautiful as the coins shown in the photo!

Now, for a limited time, Coin Concepts is pleased to offer readers an unusual opportunity to purchase one or more of our classic Silver Coin Enameled Pendants.

The coins photographed represent the culmination of a highly creative and time-consuming process in which master craftsmen meticulously HAND-Enamel **both** sides of three of America's most beloved coins.

The extraordinary care taken by our artists enable actual letters and dates to be read. Indeed, the striking detail is superb! You can be certain that **only** the finest condition silver coins are selected by our craftsmen.

Each specimen is securely mounted in a 12-Karat Gold-Filled frame and looped upon an elegant 24-inch Gold-Filled chain. To ensure that the baked enamel lasts a lifetime, every coin is protected with a crystal-clear encased finish.

These pendants COMMAND attention by all! Each one brings to life in BOLD COLORS *an outstanding* memory of America's past. These pendants will indeed make a PERFECT GIFT for **any** man or woman who appreciates "distinctive and original" jewelry! Your selection includes:

A. **The Liberty Head Morgan Silver Dollar**—Minted from 1878-1921 of 90% pure silver, the Morgan Dollar is a favorite collector's item today. Colors available: Betsy-Ross Red (shown), Patriotic Blue, Buckshot Black and Prairie Green. Price: **$69.95**

B. **The Walking Liberty Half Dollar**—Minted from 1916-1947, this coin has been hailed as one of America's most beautifully designed coins. The skirt of Miss Liberty is patriotically enameled in red and white stripes amid a blue/black background (shown). Price: **$59.95**

C. **The John F. Kennedy Half Dollar**—minted since 1964, this coin features the forceful bust of the late President on the obverse, while the reverse depicts The Presidential Coat of Arms. *Colors available*: Prairie Green (shown), Betsy-Ross Red, Patriotic Blue and Buckshot Black. Price: **$55.00**

D. **NEW . . . Especially For Men!** Classic Silver Dollar Money Clip with Rhodium finish for durable wear. Please specify which color you desire on the obverse (front) of the silver dollar. (Clip not shown.) Price: **$69.95**

"I personally pledge that the quality and craftsmanship of our pendants are among the finest you've ever seen. Should you be dissatisfied with your purchase, simply return the pendant to us within 15 days for a full refund."

Jack K. Mandel
President
Coin Concepts

Our Customers Write:

". . . *my favorite piece of jewelry.*" (D.B., *Anaheim, California*)

". . . FANTASTIC . . . the piece is beautiful." (Maj. F.B., Mexico)

". . . my husband insists on wearing it all the time . . . send another in red." (Mrs. E.B., Brooklyn, New York)

". . . *a unique conversation piece everywhere I go.*" (Ms. I.T., *Hollywood, Florida*)

TO: COIN CONCEPTS, c/o P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please detach this to place your order.

Letter	Quantity	Item Description	Price	Total

Name (Please Print)		Total Purchases	
Address		Tax (NY Residents only)	
City	State	Mailing & Handling ($3.75 each*)	
Zip	Phone	Order Total	

Send check or money order only. Make payable to "Coin Concepts"
Please send no cash through mail, unless registered. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery. 1B

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lightning

continued from page 22

She did not speak at once. She sat in her chair, looking up at Jay on the hearthrug and trying to see him as the chief figure of some great passion, a man capable of tragedy and pain, ready to cast the world away for love. All she saw, however, was Jay, who wore holes in the heels of his socks and took a liver pill on Wednesdays and Saturdays and liked his breakfast eggs turned.

The first words she said were apparently inconsequential:

"I suppose it's Milla's baby."

"Don't be an idiot. What has Milla's baby to do with it?"

"It made you a grandfather."

"It didn't make me senile. Look here, Camilla; if this is the way you are going to treat a serious thing, a vital thing——"

"Oh, don't orate, Jay," she said wearily. "If you want a divorce, you'll get it. You always get what you want."

He looked as if a pet canary had turned and bitten him.

"I had hoped you'd be reasonable about this thing, Camilla. After all, you're a sensible woman. As to getting what I want, you've always had what you wanted, haven't you?"

She got up. Her long blue dress trailed about her and hid her shaking knees.

"I've always had what you wanted me to have. There's a difference," she said carefully. "I suppose you have it all worked out, so why discuss it? And I suppose we'll do the conventional thing, too. You'll sleep in your dressing room tonight, and tomorrow you'll go to the club. I'm rather inexperienced in such matters, but that's usual, isn't it?"

He stared at her. This was not the Camilla he knew at all. She was letting him go lightly, easily, without a struggle. It hurt his pride, and it demanded assuagement.

"It isn't," he said, "as though I really meant anything to you. I haven't meant anything to you for years."

And to her eternal credit, she used what amounted to her last breath to move to the door and, pausing there, to throw a barb instead of a sop.

"I wouldn't say that, Jay," she said gently. "You've supported me."

Then she went out of the room, leaving him staring after her as though he had never seen her before.

He was still astounded when, having put out the lights, he went upstairs that night. He was loaded with words, things he had meant to say to her. Kindly things, of course, such as still being fond of her and intending to see that she was well provided for. Even an explanation or two, such as the immorality of two people living together after they had grown apart and also just how she had lost him and so on. He liked things clean-cut and in the open. He had the exact amount of her alimony fixed in his mind as he climbed the staircase.

Unluckily, Camilla had shut her door and locked it and was inside along with all his pajamas and his dressing gown. He stalked into his dressing room, so-called, and surveyed it with distaste, but at last he went to the mirror and surveyed himself. What he saw was a man going through hell for the sake of his first real love; a tired man, but certainly no Methuselah; a man worn with the struggle of supporting a wife who did not appreciate him and two children who simply used him as a source of signed checks.

Then, very carefully, he took out his wallet and extracted from it the picture of a youngish woman on a horse. She held what was apparently a cocktail glass in her hand, and there was the tail of a hound in the immediate foreground.

He refused to get out his glasses to see it properly, but he knew it by heart anyhow.

Dear Mae. Darling, gay, high-spirited Mae. All that money and unspoiled. A child of Nature and the open fields.

As a sudden afterthought, he remembered his riding boots, which he had not used for years, and looked about for them. But they, too, like his pajamas, were in Camilla's room, and Camilla had locked her door and gone into the silence. Reluctantly he put away the picture and, crawling into the bed, which was too short for him, prepared to sleep in his skin: an outraged figure which grew cold toward morning and practically forgot the great passion in a severe attack of goose flesh. He had no idea where the blankets were kept, but at daylight he wandered stealthily along the hall, searching for the closet, and it was Gertrude who, coming down early with a toothache, caught a glimpse of him there and fled with a squeal.

That settled it; and when, having ascertained that the hall was clear again, he crept back to his dressing room, he merely took a hot bath to warm himself and, having dressed and shaved, proceeded to pack what he could find. True, most of the things he wanted were in Camilla's room, but she had apparently had a warm and comfortable night and was still sleeping.

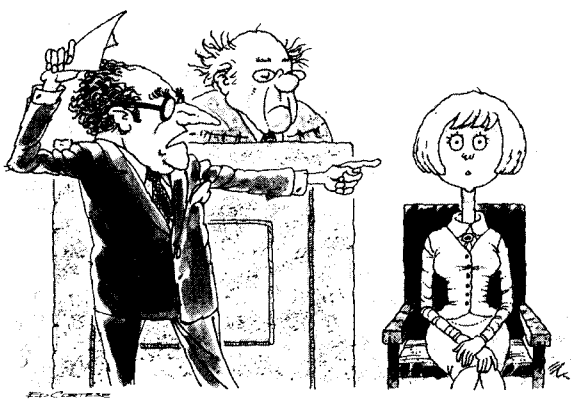
Before going, however, he left a note for her. It began without preamble:

I am going to the country for a couple of weeks and shall need the usual things. Please send suitcase to club.

J.R.

P.S.: Also my riding boots.

Cont. on following page



You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

When Susan applied for a loan with her credit union, she tried to hide a trail of bad debts by giving a false birth date and social security number.

The credit union found out, and Susan was charged with making "false statements on a loan application," a federal crime.

"My client is innocent because the law refers only to false statements about assets and liabilities," Susan's lawyer said.

"She is guilty, because she tried to mislead the credit union," responded the government lawyer.

If you were the judge, would you find Susan guilty of a federal crime?

Susan was convicted, the court ruling that false statements were made with the intent to secure the loan by hiding a history of bad debts. Susan was sentenced to one year in prison.

(Based on a 1980 federal case in California)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IQ of 145 and Can't Remember?

In just 15 to 30 minutes a day at home you can substantially improve your memory.

Don Bolander, B.S., M.A., Litt.D.;
Director of the Memory Training Institute

"You have intelligence! You have ability! You have ambition! But, if your ability to remember names, facts, figures, faces and places isn't equal to your intelligence, you will be held back in your business and social life," says Don Bolander, Director of the Memory Training Institute.

Whether you are an executive, doctor, teacher, engineer, lawyer, student, musician, controller, salesman, chemist or whatever, think of what it would mean to you if you could recall instantly hundreds of facts and figures that pertain to your work. But let's go further:

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU COULD . . .

- Instantly recall articles, reports, books, that you read weeks, months, or even years ago and could quote verbatim sections from that material?
- Instantly recall jokes, stories, anecdotes, things you read or hear, names and faces of people you have met only once?
- Instantly recall financial figures, prices, costs, inventory codes, treatments, legal cases, formulas or whatever detail is important to you, details that facilitate your work but at the same time impress and influence other people?
- Learn to remember a deck of cards in whatever order you want, what cards have been played, what cards your opponents are holding, and what plays will gain you the greatest benefit?
- Never again forget an appointment, birthday or other date, phone number or address.
- Learn a foreign language or the words and music of a song with amazing speed?
- Memorize a long speech and be able to deliver it without notes just the way you wrote it or after reading it only once?

DEVELOP YOUR MEMORY POWER

Yes, unbelievable as it may seem, you can substantially increase your memory power and do all of the things listed above—quickly and easily at home. You can do so through the most fascinating, compelling, and remarkable program in memory development ever offered.

The program was originally developed by Dr. Bruno Furst, perhaps the greatest memory expert in America—and even the world. His program has been taught as a course in classroom sessions to thousands of men and women.

But now the program is available to you for use in your own home. Or you can carry one of the handy booklets with you, and absorb the proven techniques as you ride the plane, train or bus.

By spending 15 to 30 minutes a day, or an hour or two a week, you can quickly develop the kind of memory power that will enable you to move ahead fast in your chosen work. Through the simple yet highly effective techniques presented in the program, you will soon be able to dominate almost any situation by your ablity to remember. In a sense, you will have a *computerized memory bank* in your head.

The benefits of the program are real. When you have the ability to quickly and accurately quote facts, figures, costs, sources of information, statements of others, you gain new respect and influence. You are looked to as a person with great knowledge, education and ability. You are looked to as a leader.

INSTANT QUOTATION DICTIONARY INCLUDED FREE

Included with your Memory Training Program will be a free copy of the *Instant Quotation Dictionary* containing 4,800 quotations on 600 subjects. Yours to keep even if you return the program.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL WITH MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Results are so dramatic, the Memory Institute will make the complete program available to you with an equally dramatic FREE trial and guarantee. Under the terms of this unusual offer, you can test the program for 10 days. Unless you are pleased and satisfied in every way, unless you see immediate results, just return the program for a full refund of your payment. If you wish, you may charge the program to your credit card. There's no obligation, and the *Instant Quotation Dictionary* is yours to keep whether you return the program or not.

What Others Say

So far, I have progressed only through Session 5, but the course has already surpassed my expectations. —V. Martin, Lemoore, CA

The number system is unbelievable—and it works! The course is easy to understand and really does everything you said it would. —Mrs. W. Kutscher, Cape Girardeau, MO

I utilize the principles in every phase of my work. My busy day has been made easier through this program. Thanks for the opportunity. —J. P. Hamby, Lubbock, TX

I strongly recommend it to anyone, whether or not they think they already have a good memory. —J. L. Shumuay, Tempe, AZ

Memory Institute, 62 Eastview Ave.
Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570, Dept. 000-000

MAIL COUPON FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Memory Institute, 62 Eastview Ave., Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570, Dept. 165-031

Send me postpaid for 10 days free examination the complete *Memory Institute Memory Training Program*. Unless pleased and satisfied in every way, I may return the program at the end of the approval period for a full refund of my payment.

☐ Payment in full enclosed—$39.95. New York residents add 5% Sales Tax.
☐ Charge my credit card:
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche

Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____

For credit card orders, Call (800) 431-1866 any day, any hour. In N.Y.C. (800) 942-1917

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Note: In most cases, the entire cost of your Memory Training Program is tax deductible. Also, many companies and government agencies have a tuition reimbursement plan. Check with your Training Director.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maupintour's Deep South

THE HEART OF DIXIE in 8 days. Circle the Deep South for history and culture. New Orleans' French Quarter and Bourbon Street jazz, New Iberia, St. Martinville, Bowling Green, Baton Rouge, Woodville, Natchez, antebellum homes, Natchez Trace drive, Vicksburg Military Park, Jackson, Hattiesburg, world-famous Bellingrath Gardens, Biloxi, Jefferson Davis' home at Beauvoir, Mississippi River sternwheeler cruise, the Cajun and *Evangeline* country.

HIGH QUALITY escorted tour. In-depth sightseeing by private motorcoach, best hotels, unique dining featuring regional cuisine, entertainments, limited size. Spring and fall departures for the best seasons.

Ask your Travel Agent for brochures or send this coupon to Maupintour.

☐ Alaska ☐ California ☐ Japan ☐ Fall Foliage
☐ Europe ☐ The USA ☐ Canada ☐ Galapagos
☐ British Isles ☐ Arizona ☐ Africa ☐ France
☐ Hawaii ☐ Alps ☐ Colorado ☐ Egypt/The Nile
☐ Opera Tours ☐ Scandinavia ☐ South Pacific
☐ New Mexico ☐ Trans Canal Cruise ☐ India
☐ Orient ☐ USA Deep South ☐ Spain/Portugal
☐ South America ☐ Middle East ☐ Morocco
☐ USA Historic East ☐ Greece/Aegean Isles
☐ Australia/New Zealand ☐ Mexico ☐ Italy

quality escorted tours since 1951 **Maupintour**

Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Ks. 66044. 800-255-4266.

name

address

city

state/zip

my travel agent sep-dsc-1

Camilla was apparently still sleeping when he left, and Gertrude failed to appear. The cook served his breakfast and had forgotten to turn his eggs, and he left his home for the last time like almost anything but a great lover. Nor were things better at the club. His room looked exactly like all the other rooms, and when he had time—it was still early—to realize that he had taken his first step toward his life's real happiness, he found it extremely hard to think about it at all. The situation was not improved by the discovery that he wore one black and one blue sock and had no others with him, and, all in all, the only passion observable in the Jay Rossiter who stalked into his law office at 8:30 that morning and found his secretary sitting on his desk chewing gum was one of pure fury.

He sent out for a pair of socks and looked over his mail. Then he got a long-distance number in the hunting country in Virginia, feeling quite sure that the operator at his switchboard was listening in, and held a brief conversation with a lady obviously just roused from sleep.

"Is that you, Mae?" he said with dignity.

"Darling! But what an hour! I've just gone to bed."

"Sorry," he said stiffly. "I just called to say that it's all right. I'll take the night train."

"Darling! I can't believe it. Was it terrible?"

"Not at all," he said. "Some details still to be arranged, but that's all."

The telephone operator took off her earphones and looked at the office boy.

"I win," she said briefly. "She's got him."

"Holy mackerel!" said the office boy, and reluctantly produced a quarter from his pocket.

Back at the house, Camilla lay, still stunned, in her bed. She had a feeling that her world had suddenly shot her off into space and that she was whirling there alone. She had not slept all night, and when she heard Jay slam out of the house, she got up and looked at herself in the mirror, as though she had to reorient herself among the world of the living. What she saw was not comforting—a woman who had lost her girlishness overnight and whose swollen eyes looked out from a blotched and certainly 40-ish face. ✖

"Lightning Never Strikes Twice" will be concluded in the April issue.

Can You Name This Star?

This bright-eyed Pittsburgh baby of nine months grew up to be one of the fastest things on two feet in his line. He studied law in college, but joined a brother in a business enterprise which was closer to his heart—and his feet. He appeared on Broadway in *Pal Joey*, *Leave It to Me* and *One for the Money*, then began his series of movie successes in 1941. During World War II, he served two and a half years in the Navy. He once danced with a cartoon mouse in *Anchors Aweigh*. Can you name him?

—Raymond R. Stuart

Answer: Gene Kelly

This sturdy, double-stitched, washable canvas utility bag measures 21" x 14" x 5".

TOTE BAGS

The Armchair Shopper
1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46206

Have enclosed a check or money order for _____ Saturday Evening Post bag(s) at $6.95 each plus $1.50 postage.

Name _____

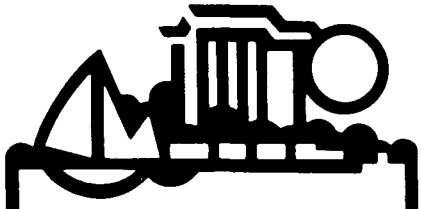
Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. IB

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bahia Mar. Ft. Lauderdale's private island resort.

On a 40-acre island in Ft. Lauderdale, you'll find one of the most unique resorts in the country. Bahia Mar Hotel & Yachting Center. With a towering 300-room luxury hotel and a magnificent 350-slip marina. Plus fine restaurants, lounges and shops. All on the Intracoastal and Lauderdale's famous 7-mile beach and minutes from great fishing, diving and sailing in the Atlantic.

Bahia Mar. Florida's popular marina resort.

BAHIA MAR

HOTEL & YACHTING CENTER

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316
Toll-free 1-800-327-3727
(in Florida 1-800-432-3746

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 110)

1 Lookout Tower on Andros Island, the Bahamas, is a reminder of past strife in a place where today's vacationers go to get away from it all. Today the island is so tranquil that one hotel boasts with pride, "There's nothing to do on Andros."

2 Once a powerful medieval principality, the county of Flanders occupied territory which includes parts of present-day France, Belgium and Holland. The castle stands in Ghent, capital of East Flanders.

3 The casino at Monte Carlo opened its doors in 1866. A famed movie set designer restored the building's turn-of-the-century splendor in the 1960s, and it remains the most luxurious casino in the world.

4 Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was also known as Chiang Chung-cheng. This monument to the man who served for 33 years as President of the Republic of China stands in downtown Taipei on the island of Formosa.

POST TRAVEL CENTER

Don't put off the sunny skies of Florida or the sparkling blue waters of the Gulf. Take your vacation now. There are fewer tomorrows today.

Kiawah Island. Enjoy ten miles of unspoiled beach at a village by the sea. Golf, tennis, gourmet dining at a walk-to-everything resort on a private island near Charleston. New golf course by Jack Nicklaus opens this summer. Full-color 28-page brochure. 1

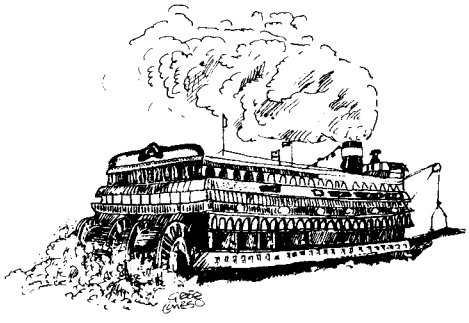
Steamboatin' on the legendary *Delta Queen* or the luxurious *Mississippi Queen* offers a unique cruise vacation featuring delicious food, great entertainment and historic landmarks and brings Mark Twain's America back to life. Send for our free 1981 deluxe full-color brochure. 2

Georgia—"This Way to Fun" is a comprehensive, full-color vacation book that describes all the family attractions, historical sites, parks and vacation facilities in Georgia—333 in all. Complete with maps and directions to get you where you want to go and factual information about what to expect when you get there. 3

A Travelers' Guide To Louisiana. A 32-page color guide to more than 200 places of interest in Louisiana, plus maps and recipes—*free*. 4

Maupintour's **Deep South.** The heart of Dixie in 8 days. Circle the Deep South for history and culture. New Orleans—French Quarter & Bourbon Street jazz—Baton Rouge, Natchez, antebellum homes, Jackson, world-famous Bellingrath Gardens, Cajun and Evangeline country. 5

Free fuel-saving vacations brochure with six colorful fold-out state maps and 49 self-guiding, mapped-out trips in the six states of **America's Heartland.** Send for "Discover America's Heartland." Six times the vacation in Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas. Free from Ozarks Regional Commission. 6



Enjoy miles of the **Golden Isles of Georgia.** Three islands and a port city that add to miles of beach, golf, tennis, restaurants, history and much more. For more information on our enjoyable vacation packages, circle 7

Own your own vacation home forever. . .at today's prices! **Captran Resorts International** is interval ownership. Own a beautiful, sun-kissed vacation resort home for only the time you can use it. Want to travel? Take advantage of Interval International. Vacation worldwide in exchange for your vacation weeks. 8

The Post Travel Center, March 1981

Please send me the travel information corresponding to the following circled key numbers: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send coupon to:
The Saturday Evening Post, P.O. Box 2810, Clinton, Iowa 52735
Please make sure you have circled the correct key number and filled in your name and address.

This coupon void after March 1, 1982

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"It is impossible for anyone to begin to learn what he thinks he already knows."
—Epictetus

Cramps Lose in the Stretch

I was reminded today while reading a year-old *Post* about the leg-cramp exercise.

Last winter my legs were bothered with painful cramps to the point that I was walking the floor several times a night. I am an active 52-year-old woman who works, walking and dancing being my favorite activities.

Wonder of wonders, I have not had a leg cramp since I began this exercise over ten months ago.

One exception—a three-week period this summer when I was on vacation. A severe leg cramp brought me back to my exercise. A minute a day sure keeps the pain away.

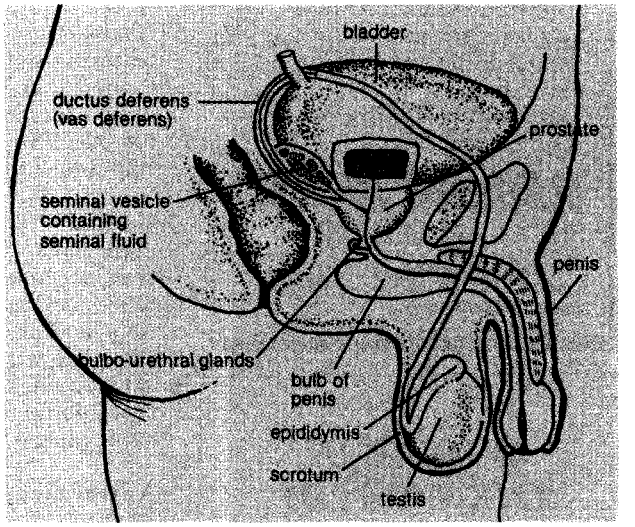
Thank you for recommending this exercise, and a special thanks to the California physician.

Mrs. Beverlee M. Wenthe

The leg-cramp exercise is as follows: Stand facing a wall, two to three feet away. Lean forward, arms stretched upward, and brace yourself against the wall with your hands. Keep your heels on the floor two or three feet from wall. You will feel a stretching sensation in your calf muscles. Hold the position 10 seconds. Rest. Repeat after five seconds. Do this several times a day. (November '79 SatEvePost, *page 115.)*

Sex and The Prostate

Men who hold back their sexual urges may be increasing their chances of developing cancer of the prostate when they become old, according to recent medical studies. University of Illinois medical researcher Dr. I.D. Rotkin found evidence for the sex-cancer connection when he compared the reported sex activities of 430 prostate cancer victims with those of noncancer patients. From personal interviews and questionnaires, he learned that the prostate cancer patients had a stronger-than-average sex drive which had developed early in adolescence but which was repressed well into adulthood. These patients had often engaged in pre-coital activities, such as heavy petting and necking, which did not culminate in sexual release.



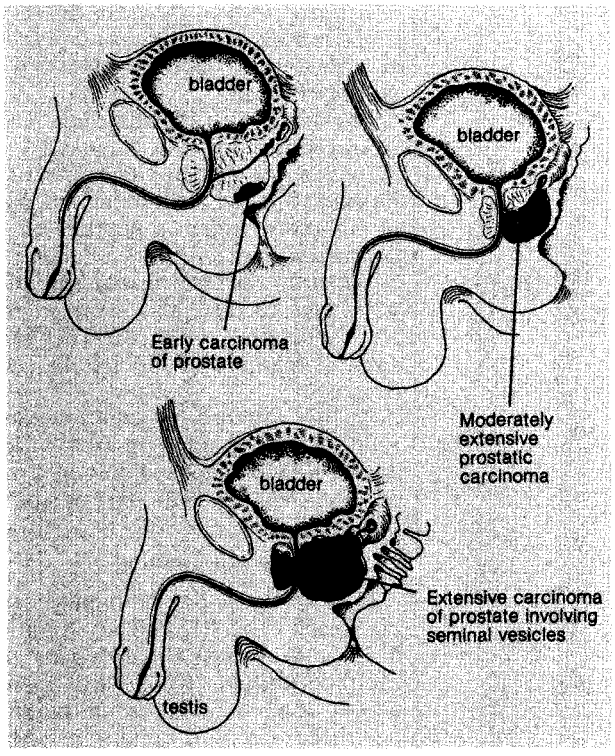
During ejaculation the sperm travel a long and indirect route from the testicles into the penis by way of the prostate through tubes called the *vas deferens*. Under normal conditions, as the sperm pass through the prostate, seminal fluid is added to the ejaculation before its discharge. It is hypothesized in some studies that when they are not ejaculated and remain in the posterior prostate, the sperm can penetrate the walls of the prostate cells and fuse with their nuclei. This theory says that nuclear fusion, other than in normal fertilization, can give rise to malignant changes in the invaded nuclei.

"Well, for one thing, he's very possessive."

Dr. Richard Ablin, who has done research with seminal plasma at Cook County Hospital in Chicago, explained how the cancer may be caused. "If you take an individual who is deprived of sexual activity, he will have a build-up of prostatic residue of sperm," said Dr. Ablin. "If there is some damage to the prostate such as an infection, sperm may enter the prostate cells and fuse with their nuclei, giving rise to malignant cells." Another researcher, Dr. Rachel Stein-Werblowsky of Jerusalem, has produced such a reaction by injecting sperm into the prostates of rats. The rats developed cancer.

Dr. Ablin said he suspects there might be more pros-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It is now theorized that undischarged sperm can penetrate the prostatic cells, causing them to enlarge and become malignant. Tests causing prostate cancer in animals have given some support to this theory. Prostate cancer is often relatively slow-growing, usually arising at the back of the prostate and spreading through the gland like lava, hardening as it enlarges. It eventually may obstruct the flow of urine from the bladder. In its late stages, the cancer may spread from the prostate and involve the bladder, the bones and other parts of the body. Enlarged prostates are more likely to become malignant. Some researchers believe that ample zinc intake may help prevent prostatic enlargement.

tate cancer among celibate groups such as priests than among the general public. Although there has been no recent research, a Florida physician has found an 1883 report on the incidence of prostatic cancer which compared celibate priests and laymen, finding a much higher cancer incidence among the priests.

Passive Smoking

The perils of passive smoking continue to reveal themselves. Recent evidence shows that nonsmokers who are continually trapped in an environment with smokers may develop Raynaud's phenomenon from the passive inhalation of nicotine.

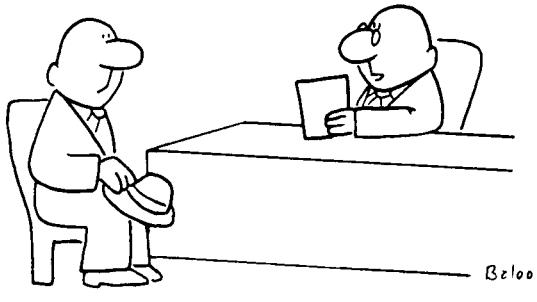
Raynaud's phenomenon, named after French physician Maurice Raynaud, is caused by the excessive constriction of small arteries in the extremities, causing numbness, tingling and sometimes pain. Occasionally the ears, nose and cheeks are involved and become pale and cyanotic. Raynaud's disease, a severe extension of

Continued on following page

Bearing and rearing eight children wasn't enough for Connecticut housewife Barbara Jean Gretsch. She decided at age 45 that it was time to fulfill her lifelong goal to become a physician. She had dropped out of premed classes in 1942 for lack of money. And her marriage two years later interrupted her medical plans indefinitely. But in 1966 she tackled the overwhelming odds against a middle-aged person becoming an M.D. She was turned down repeatedly by medical schools. She was finally accepted by one school but had to show perfect grades in her premed studies and a superior rating on her Medical Aptitude Tests to qualify. She made four-hour trips three days a week to attend medical school, while still cooking for and taking care of her family. At age 54 she finished her internship and residency to become a full-fledged physician, and she now sees about 7,000 patients a year at offices in her Connecticut home.

We applaud Dr. Gretsch for her demonstrated dedication to medicine and for her inspiring example that age need not be a barrier to accomplishment. We are happy to present her with this month's Benjamin Franklin Award.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical facts performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. The person nominating the winner will also receive $100.



"Somehow, in all the confusion, your uncle left his money to Johns Hopkins and his body to you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIAWAH

KIAWAH

1981'S FINEST ISLAND VACATIONS ARE IN THIS FREE BOOK. It's all new, send for it! Discover 10 miles of beach, a new Jack Nicklaus golf course, plus tennis, jeep safaris and Low Country dining. So call for your free copy. And read the latest about our resort village by the sea. On an island named Kiawah.

Kiawah Island P.O. Box 12910, Charleston, S.C. 29412 CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-845-2471. (In S.C., call 1-768-2121).

Name Address City/State Zip VMSP1

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 118)

1. Alabama
2. Colorado
3. Georgia
4. Iowa
5. Michigan
6. Montana
7. Nevada
8. Ohio
9. Oregon

Credit Correction

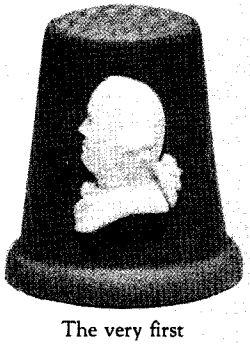
Proper credit for the article, "Stars of the NFL," which appeared in the December issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, should have read as follows: From *The Professionals*. Foreword by Tex Maule. Text by Ray Didinger. © 1980 by National Football League Properties, Inc. Reprinted by arrangement with The New American Library, Inc., New York, New York.

Text Credits

Page 77, from *The Economist*, London. Reprinted by permission; 44, © 1980, *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. Reprinted by permission; 104, © *The New York Times*.

Photo and Illustration Credits

Page 14, courtesy of the Kemmons Wilson family; 24, Michael Evans/Sygma; 28, 30, 32, 50, 52 (top), 105, 106, Freelance Photographer's Guild; 36; 38, David Bolling; 49, courtesy of Whitney Museum of American Art. Photo by Geoffrey Clements; 52 (bottom), The Bettmann Archives; 53, Stern/Black Star; 54, 57, Focus on Sports; 60, Ken Sakamoto/Black Star; 61, Jim Bob Russell; 61 (inset), Joe Camp/Mulberry Square Production; 62, 63, 130 (top), Steve Shapiro/Sygma; 68, 69, courtesy of McDonald's Corporation; 70-73, courtesy of The School of the Ozarks; 74, 75, Cassell Photographic Productions, Inc.; 76, courtesy of Mascom Advertising; 77, Jim Pozarick/Gamma-Liaison; 79, 81, Neveu/Gamma-Liaison; 83, courtesy of Borden Cracker Jack Company; 84, Alon Reininger/Contact Press Images; 110 (upper left) courtesy of the Bahama Islands Tourist Office, (lower left) courtesy of Monaco Government Tourist Office, (upper right) courtesy of Belgian National Tourist Office, (lower right) courtesy of Taiwan Tourism Bureau; 113, 114, courtesy of New Zealand Consulate General, New York; 127, Joseph Kugielsky/New York Times Pictures; 129, The Eastman Kodak Company. Reprinted by permission from *Photographing America*; 130 (center) courtesy of Universal Studios, Inc., (right) courtesy of CBS Photos.



The very first
JASPER WEDGWOOD THIMBLE
ever made by the world-renowned
WEDGWOOD artisans.
The JOSIAH WEDGWOOD THIMBLE
commemorates the 250th Anniversary of the
Birth of JOSIAH WEDGWOOD FRS
the Founder of WEDGWOOD, England.
ISSUE IS LIMITED TO 10,000 THIMBLES
in the United States of America.

The Josiah Wedgwood Thimble is indeed a rare work of art—so rich with detail that it possesses the timeless beauty of a treasured antique. The Josiah Wedgwood Thimble is made by hand. Each individual Josiah Wedgwood miniature bust is molded and applied by skilled craftsmen at the WEDGWOOD Factory in England.

By any standard of judgment, the JOSIAH WEDGWOOD THIMBLE is a historic event in the annals of collecting. The acquisition of the World Premier Edition JOSIAH WEDGWOOD THIMBLE may be the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to enrich your collection with such a world-acclaimed issue. To own the JOSIAH WEDGWOOD THIMBLE will—for generations to come—signify a treasured family heirloom.

Armchair Shopper • PO Box 130 • Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me ____ Josiah Wedgwood Thimble(s) at $25.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling each.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

Credit card #_____ Expiration Date_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

e w c Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery. 1B

Raynaud's phenomenon, is a spasmodic contraction of blood vessels which may lead to gangrene in affected limbs and sometimes even amputation. It is three times more common in women than in men.

Physicians at a Florida clinic recently traced the origin of Raynaud's phenomenon in a 47-year-old woman to her husband's habit of smoking 4½ packs of cigarettes a day, a practice he had continued for 35 years. Further investigation showed the man's previous wife, age 48, had also suffered from Raynaud's phenomenon, but her symptoms disappeared following their divorce.

At his doctor's request, the man reduced his smoking to two packs a day or less and smoked only in a room separate from his wife. Her symptoms disappeared.

Sun Tanning

Brown may be beautiful, but it's not necessarily healthy. The American Medical Association warns that suntanning parlors, which are opening across the country, are a potential health hazard. Sun tanning is bad for your skin, whether you do it outside or indoors under lamps.

Co-workers Suffer

Nonsmokers who work in a closed environment with smokers show a reduced breathing capacity, according to a California study. Researchers compared nonsmokers exposed to cigarette-smoking co-workers with those who worked in an unpolluted environment and found that the first group showed a significantly reduced respiratory function. A recent Surgeon General's report declares that the incidence of lung cancer in women is increasing as more women smoke. The American Cancer Society predicts that by 1983, lung cancer will replace breast cancer as the leading cause of cancer deaths among women.

FAMILY CREST RINGS

Ring #11
16x14mm top

Solid 14k Gold
$440.00

•

Sterling Silver
$145.00

WE WORK IN THREE BASIC WAYS

1. If you do have a coat of arms, just send us a photostat or picture of it and that is what we engrave.
2. If you do not have a coat of arms send us your name and we'll look it up for you at no extra cost, or you may check it against our list (see below).
3. If you wish you may design your own coat of arms.

SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE

If, in addition to our free catalogue you wish to get our booklet containing over 20,000 names for which we have records of coats of arms and for which this jewelry is available, plus instructions on "how to design your own coat of arms". **SEND US $1.00.**

HERALDICA IMPORTS, INC. Dept. SE
21 WEST 46th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST PEOPLE

After 14 years of service in the Senate, two terms as Republican leader, and despite his being a defeated challenger for the 1980 GOP presidential nomination, Howard Baker has emerged as one of the nation's most powerful figures. Suspected of ideological impurity by the far right but secure with the man who counts, it is upon this amiable Tennessean and newly elected Senate Majority Leader that the hopes of President Reagan's legislative program rest.

Can early influence channel the grandson of one president and the great-grandson of still another president away from politics and into a baseball career? Julie and David Eisenhower are prepared to let son Alex, who should have a pretty sound head on his shoulders, decide for himself. As for the head ever fitting into that Philadelphia Phillies cap—should the decision go to baseball—for Alex, born last October, it's a little early to tell.

How sweet it is suddenly to find yourself a big hit playing "Smokey" in the two hit movies of *Smokey and the Bandit*. In his critically acclaimed role of Sheriff Buford T. Justice, versatile comic Jackie Gleason adds another character to his lengthy line-up of hilarious crackpots who were once a refreshing oasis in the so-called "wasteland of television."

At 39, Linda Gray describes herself as an "18-year overnight success." But is the success of playing wife to the infamous J.R. in *Dallas*, TV's most popular current series, enough? "I want to do theater, I want to sing, I want movies, I want to build an empire and have T-shirts and everything," says this aspiring

real-life wife and mother. And what does Ed Thrasher, her art-director husband, and their two children, Jeff, 16, and Kelly, 14, say of this? It was Kelly, on a recent talk show with her mother, who spoke for all of them:

"She is doing what she was meant to do," stated her youngest, "and we are very proud of her."

"That," says Linda Gray, "was something I needed to hear."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

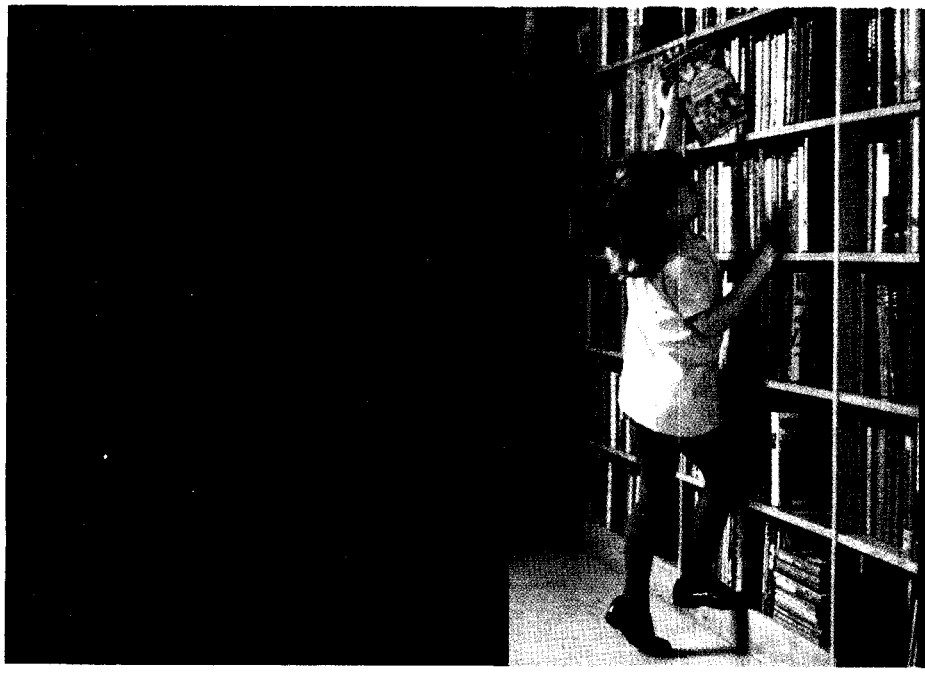
Can you name this photo?

. . . contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black-and-white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by March 30, 1981.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Patrick H. Hodgkin of Culver, Indiana, for the winning entry in our December photo caption contest.

It gave the right fielder a fit,
When the high fly eluded his mitt.
Deep fielding's a pain
In the depths of a drain.
It certainly was a grate hit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



a child prodigy? not at all! your child, too can be reading one, two or three years beyond his present age level... even if he's a "poor" reader now

Prove it to yourself . . . with this 10 day free trial!

Reading is fun for Sarah—as it *should be* for every child. At age four-and-a-half, she's already choosing her own books at the San Diego, Cal. library.

She reads books many third graders find "hard going." Yet she won't enter first grade for another year.

Sarah is typical of thousands of children who learned to read with "Listen and Learn with Phonics"—a reading kit that actually makes reading fun.

"Listen and Learn with Phonics" was developed by a reading expert. It has been endorsed, after extensive testing, by teachers, schools, and educators.

This practical (and inexpensive) home-learning kit *fascinates* eager young minds from three to ten. The child *hears* the letters or sounds on the phonograph records, sees them in a book and then repeats them. This makes an absorbing *game* of better reading—with amazing results!

For example: Slow or average readers show sudden—often spectacular—improvement in reading and spelling. Older children often advance their reading skills several years beyond their age level. Young "pre-schoolers" actually *teach themselves to read* by this simple but startingly effective method.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

I am tremendously pleased. My 5-year old is reading very well and I plan to begin with my 4-year old. I am so glad I invested in this set. *Judy I. Gay, Stow, Oh.*

Last year I taught grades 1-4. I had a 6-year old boy who came to 1st grade reading 6th-grade words. His father had taught him at home using your set. The father donated the set to our school. I was thrilled because some of the children need a lot of extra help with reading and phonics.
Janet Griffin, Triangle School, Apex, N.C.

What a happy Grandma I am! Since I ordered a Phonics set and had it mailed to my granddaughter, Kim, and her 6-year old sister, they are both making A's in school. *Mrs. Clarence Sparks, Clearwater, Fl.*

Four years ago, I ordered your Phonics set for my 2 children; then, ages 4 and 5. They are now top readers and spellers in their class.
Mrs. Nancy Cook, Santa Paula, Ca.

Your company has the best teaching method I have found. Thank you for offering such quality educational materials.
Mrs. Joseph Vandenbush, Green Bay, Wisc.

6 TEACHING GAMES INCLUDED FREE

Set includes six separate "word building" games. All six are sent with your Listen and Learn Phonics Set FREE of charge! Yours to keep even if you return the set.

SPECIAL PARENTS' GUIDE

A 32-page *Parents' Guide* is included. However, you don't need special teaching skills to use this program. Nor do you need any special knowledge of phonics.
In fact, your child needs no special supervision on your part. This set is so simple, so fascinating, children can learn "on their own" *without help.*

10-DAY FREE TRIAL WITH MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Results are so dramatic, the publishers will make the complete kit available to your child with an equally dramatic FREE trial and guarantee. Under the terms of this unusual offer you can test the kit for ten days. Unless you are pleased and satisfied in every way, unless you see *immediate* results with your child, just return the set for a *full refund* of any money paid. Fill out and mail the coupon below today. If you wish to charge the kit to your credit card just check the coupon. There's no obligation, and six teaching games are included free—yours to keep whether you return the program or not. For credit card orders, call 800-431-1866 any day, any hour. In N.Y. 800-924-1917.

Here's everything you need to teach your child reading—with guaranteed results. In addition to colorful learning booklets and your choice of records or cassettes, 6 "fun-to-play" word games are included free!

MAIL COUPON FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

Career Institute, 62 Eastview Ave., Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570 Department 8E8

Send me for 10 days free examination the complete *Listen and Learn with Phonics Reading Program.* Within 10 days after receipt I will either return it or send $9.95 as first payment and then $10.00 a month for 3 months, total $39.95 which includes shipping and handling.

Check here if you wish: ☐ Records ☐ Cassettes

Check here if you wish to pay in full now: ☐ $36.95 enclosed. Or charge my credit card. (You save $3.00 shipping. Same money-back guarantee.) N.Y. residents add sales tax.

☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ MasterCard

Card Number _____ Interbank No. (Master Card Only) _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone _____

☐ Check here if you prefer *Deluxe Set* at $10.00 more. Includes 5 extra records or tapes and 3 special phonics games.

© *Singer Communications Corporation 1978*

e w c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Too Busy

continued from page 40

ophy, education. . .we're at the other end."

"It is crucial," he insists, "that we put into effect gains in our social sciences equal to and in balance with our technological gains. The speed of our technological growth and change is now more per decade than it formerly was per century. Our ethics, integrity, values—once taught by the home, the church and the school—now are not effectively taught by any of the three."

Not *all* of Davis' energy has been devoted to saving the world. His walls are covered with photos of giant salmon and steelhead taken by fly rod from the great trout streams of the West. He still takes occasional pleasure in ballroom dancing and coaxing a small forest of bonsai trees into sculpted perfection. But he insists his greatest pleasure comes from doing what he does most—working and wrestling with the big questions confronting society.

If there's one thing missing in his life, it's his wife Helen. He lost her in 1975 and for a while considered "checking out too, just to be with her." He describes the almost 47-year marriage as "idyllic."

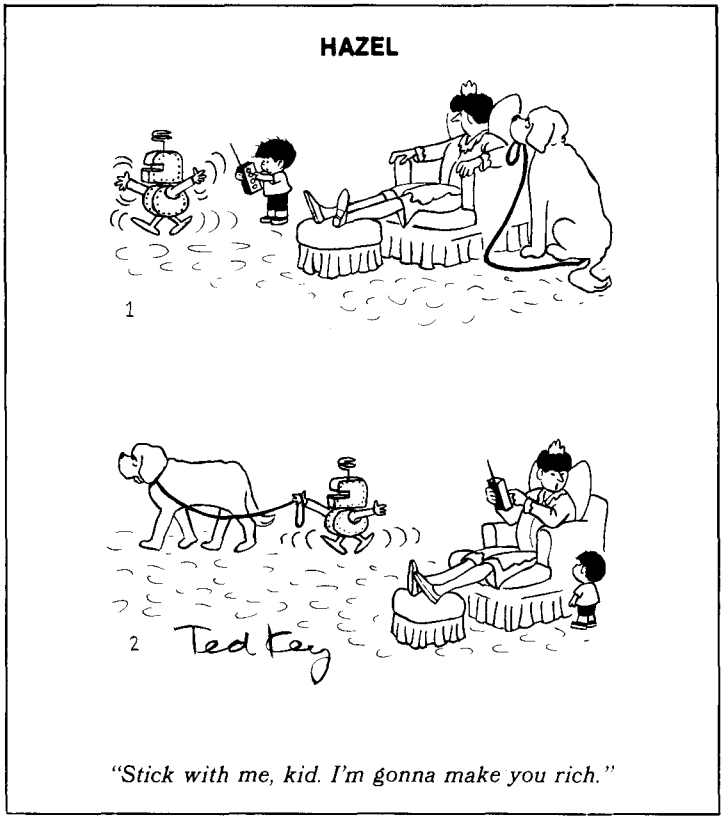
His devotion to Helen was epic. Once, when she was hospitalized in Pasadena, he stayed with her continuously. When the hospital staff insisted he leave, "I insisted that I *not* leave," he recalls. "And as a matter of fact, I slept in the hallway outside her door on the concrete. I told them, if they wanted to get me out of there, don't send one policeman, send two." He stayed.

It's easier to understand a man like Davis when you know that all his life he has rubbed shoulders with men and women of imagination and action, people who have achieved great things, people who have taken their lives into their own hands.

So he nearly shakes with enthusiasm when he swears, in his quaintly antique but emphatic way, "*Jove*, if we could just get enough people motivated and activated, we could turn this thing around." Older people, particularly, have a lot to offer, he believes, and their energy and ideas are too often wasted and ignored. "After all," he points out, "these people are demonstrating the survival of the fittest, aren't they, just by being the ones who are still alive? Well, now, one thing that all of these old folks could do would be to spend a certain amount of time every day *imagining* things that could be helpful to society and then, going on the other side, working on ways that the skills of imagination could be developed. Older people, retired people have the time to spend on developing imagination, to participate in the imaginative process." He pauses, looking a questioner in the eye. "Anything wrong with that thesis?"

Along with his friend DeWitt Wallace, Davis believes the powers of imagination are largely untapped and that *if* society can avoid economic collapse, the next frontier will be one of consciousness. "Think of what would happen," he urges, "if we got 10,000 senior people working on imagination, how to extend it, how to explore their own imaginativeness. . . ."

Conversations with Davis keep coming back to that word, "imagination." To him it seems to mean the ability to reach out beyond convention, to explore solutions not yet thought of, to increase the territory we think in. His friend Wallace, says Davis, "is of the opinion that imagination should be taught in kindergarten and elementary and high school, college and graduate school."



"Stick with me, kid. I'm gonna make you rich."

Tying Paul Davis' ideas and concerns into a tidy bundle, this is pretty much what you come up with:

1. Inflation, a critical problem, needs to be controlled immediately so that deeper, more serious and threatening problems can be dealt with.

2. The gross national ignorance about how free enterprise works has to be corrected. We all have to learn how our economy functions.

3. This, in turn, points to the need for a major improvement in the educational system, a top-to-bottom overhaul that places new emphasis where almost none now exists—on the training and enlightenment of teachers as human beings, not technicians. Until schools of education achieve the same status, importance and support that schools of medicine and engineering enjoy, Davis doubts the real educational needs of society will be met.

4. Morals and ethics have been brushed aside in much of American life, Davis fears, and the price has been heavy. We have been so captured by the materialistic ethic, by the lure of affluence, that we've lost sight of the qualities of character that brought us this standard of living in the first place. Davis believes the spiritual needs of a nation must be met. The alternative is decay and decline.

5. Quality leadership is the fundamental ingredient in the success of any nation. American history is rich with heroes who led, not just in political office, but in spirit and by the example of their work and their daily lives. The contemporary political scene seems barren by comparison. Davis doesn't believe that leadership is an historical accident. He thinks the creation of strong leaders can be cultivated and encouraged if it becomes a national goal.

It may not be the perfect blueprint for national salvation, but it's a start. Paul Herbert Davis would be delighted if others who share his concern would join him issuing a challenge to the nation—a challenge to recreate America in its own image, to make it fulfill its historic promise. If enough people cared, if enough people were to join with him, Paul Davis might someday be quite content to enjoy the quiet pleasures of that well-earned retirement he's never taken.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whirlpool wants to simplify your life.

Your neighbor just called—wants you to baby-sit. The kids are starved. You haven't shopped and dinner has to be ready at six. Do you panic? Certainly not. It's normal.

At Whirlpool we know all about it and that's exactly why we designed our latest microwave oven the way we did. It's a microwave oven, so you know it's going to cook food fast. But remember, it's a Whirlpool, so you can expect a little more.

Microcomputer Controls, so precise you can set them in the morning, leave for the day and come home to a meal that's ready to serve. A larger oven cavity so you can cook more complete meals, balanced wave cooking system, and of course, the solid state engineering will mean more and more as the years go by.

The latest Whirlpool Solid State Microwave Oven; there are lots of reasons for looking, but the best reason to buy is that day after day, meal after meal, it will simplify your life. And at Whirlpool, we believe that's the best reason of all.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

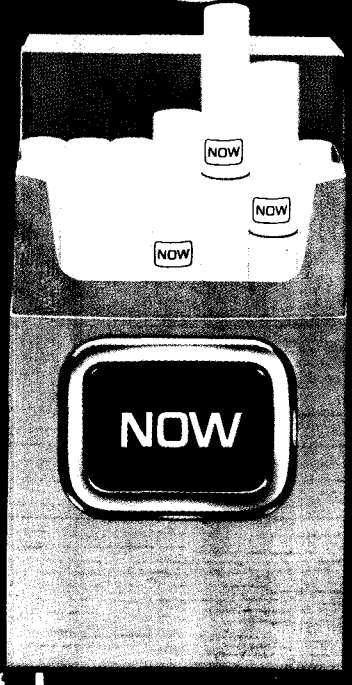
Quality. Our way of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

NOW

The Lowest



Box

Now–"closest to tar-free"™
Less than 0.01 mg tar

Also available:
Soft Pack 85's
and 100's

Regular or Menthol

BOX: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.005 mg. nicotine,
100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method; SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL:
2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette,
FTC Report DEC. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED